The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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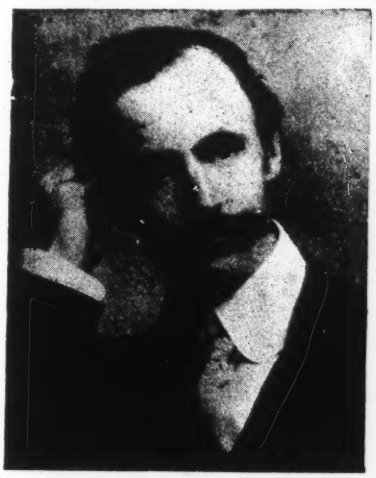
NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

There is no need to recommend to readers of THE BOOKMAN the posthumous volume of essays by Dixon Scott, "Men of Letters," which was published the other day by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. Most of the essays are on prominent living authors such as Bernard Shaw, Rudyard Kipling, Sir James Barrie, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Granville Barker, G. K. Chesterton, Mrs. Meynell, Max Beerbohm; the others dealing with such as Henry James, Stanley Houghton, Browning and William Morris. There is a frontispiece portrait of the author and an Introduction in which Mr. Max Beerbohm writes of the life and work of Dixon Scott and expresses his own high opinion of his qualities as critic and essayist.



Mr. Alex. C. Welsh.
An Australian poet, whose new book, "Australian Mothers, and Other Verses," Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing immediately.

No. 4 of the Norwich Public Library "Readers' Guide," contains some notes on the Bicentenary of Gray, and a goodly list of various editions of his works and of books relating to him that are to be found in the Library. It announces also that in December the Dean of Norwich will deliver a lecture on Gray, on a day that will be duly advertised The "Guide" can be had post free for three-halfpence, on application to Mr. George A. Stephen, the Norwich City Librarian.

A collected edition of the War poems of Mr. Cecil Roberts, the Literary Editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, has just been published by Messrs. James Clarke and Co. The edition is limited to one hundred copies, and has been printed on the hand press of Mr. Grosvenor Laing.

Another name to be added to the long and honoured list of journalists and authors who have laid down their lives in the War, is that of Sergeant Leslie Coulson. He had proved himself a very brilliant journalist; had served on the staffs of

Photo by Sherril Schell. **Mr. John Drinkwater,**
whose new book of poems, "Olton Pools," Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson are publishing

Mr. Newman Flower,
whose new novel, "Crucifixion" (Cassell), is reviewed in this Number.

some of the leading London newspapers; and had written stories and verse of fine quality—at least one of his poems, "The Rainbow," written in France and published since his death, deserves to go with the sonnets of Rupert Brooke into every war anthology. In September, 1914, he threw up his journalistic work and enlisted in the London Fusiliers. From Malta and Egypt, he went to Gallipoli; fought through that terrible campaign and was among the last who left the peninsula. Last April he was sent to France, and had shared in much fighting there before he was seriously wounded in one of the Somme battles, and some days later died of his wounds. He was the son of another journalist, Mr F. Raymond Coulson, well known for many years past as "Vexatus" and "Democritus" of the *Manchester Sunday Chronicle*

Sergeant Leslie Coulson.

and as the author of two delightful books of humorous verse. Mr. Coulson has another son, 2nd Lieutenant Raymond Coulson, formerly Parliamentary correspondent and, later, War correspondent for one of the great North-country journals, now serving in India on the Afghan border.

Photo by Jno. Emberton, Wimbledon.

Mr. G. W. Gough,
whose brilliant romance, "The Yeoman Adventurer" (Methuen), has just been published in America by Messrs. Putnam.

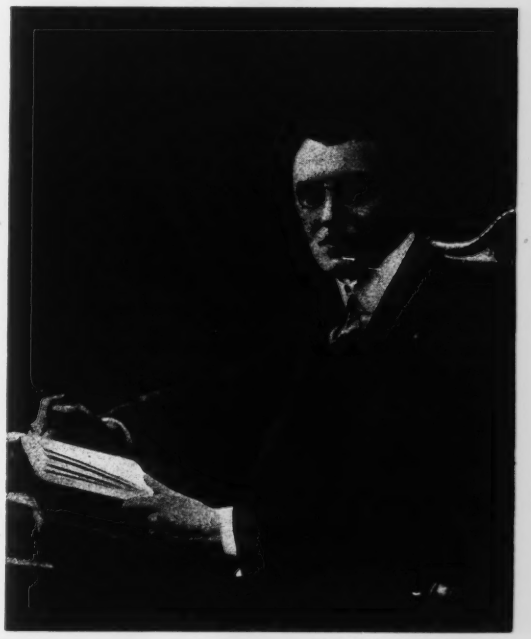
Mr. Maurice Hewlett's epic of the English peasantry, "The Song of the Plow," was published last month by Mr. Heinemann, and we hope to give it due consideration in our January Number. It is a great theme, a real epic subject, and Mr. Hewlett has handled it in the loftiest democratic spirit. Putting his argument in Aristotle's manner, when he hit off "The Odyssey" in three lines, he says, in

a preface: "A certain man, being in bondage to a proud Conqueror, maintained his customs, nourisht his virtues, obeyed his tyrants, and at the end of a thousand years found himself worse off than he was in the beginning of his servitude. He then lifted his head, lookt his master in the face, and his chains fell off him." He goes on to say how "the horror and menace of German despotry" has come upon us since he wrote those words, and adds: "Nothing in history had prepared us for the uprising of our peasantry so soon as the issue was plain: it was wonderful that they rose, still more wonderful that they should have seen what was really at stake. By those two acts they declared themselves at once

Photo by Sherrie Schell. **Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.**

responsible citizens and the equals of their masters. My hope is that their masters may not forget, since they themselves certainly will not. If a war which has stultified the very idea of Manhood has nevertheless made the British and their governors one people, it is worth the horror and the shame; and our sons' sons may bless the German unawares."

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing simultaneously in England and America a new volume of poems, "Livelihood," by Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. They will issue it in January, in which month Mr. Gibson is to go on a tour through the United States giving readings from his works. The new book consists of a series of poems written in a form which the author describes as "dramatic reverie," because



Mr. Sidney Dark,
whose new novel, "Afraid," Mr. John Lane has just published.

each poem is the reverie of a man or woman during a crisis in his or her life. Though most of the poems were imagined, and a number of them actually written, before August, 1914, the war has inevitably modified the poet's original conception of the series as a whole.

Agnes Herbert,
author of "Two Dianas in Somaliland," and other works, is the wife of Commander A. T. Stewart, R.N. Her new book, "The Elephant" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this number.

Mr. Harold Weston.

Authors are not only turning more and more to the writing of cinema plays, but one, at least, is now devoting himself to the practical business of producing them. Mr. Harold Weston, whose recent book on "The Art of Photo-Play Writing" (McBride, Nast & Co.), has been very favourably received by the reviewers, says the cinema attracted him away from literature because he found in it something that is lacking in literature and the other arts—"an unbounded breadth of vision which gives the power of narrating an impression or emotion practically without restrictions." The cinematograph, he says, "steals the printed word from the novel, the picturesque art from painting, and the beauty of form and pose from sculpture, and blends them all in a living and moving whole." He believes the possibilities of the shadow play are almost boundless, and wrote his book on the subject "to endeavour to awaken the interest of the more enlightened portion of our pleasure-seeking community." Mr. Weston first produced for the Cunard Film Company, then for the British and Colonial Film Company, and is now producing for the Broadwest Film Company.

"Knock Three Times" is the title given to a fantastic, eerie, whimsical story for children, by Mrs. Marion St. John Webb, which Messrs. Harrap are publishing early in the spring. This is Mrs. Webb's second book. Her first, a delightful book of children's verse, called "The Littlest One," which was published by the same firm nearly three years ago, met with a very favourable reception from critics and the public, and is now in its third thousand. It was illustrated by Miss Margaret Tennant, who is also illustrating "Knock Three Times."

Mrs. Victor Rickard,
whose new novel, "The Light above the Cross Roads," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

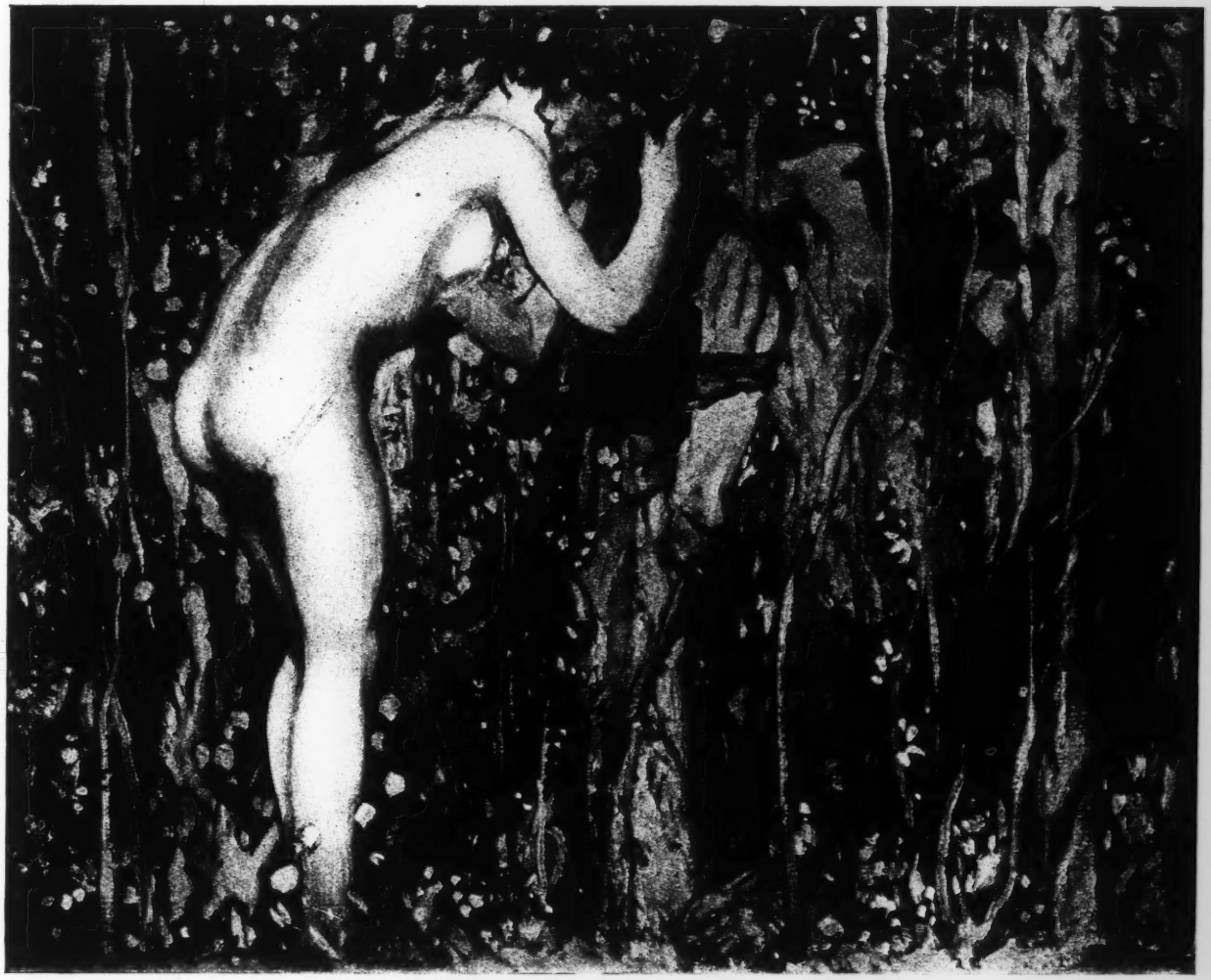
Colonel Meadows Taylor's remarkable story, "Confessions of a Thug," first published in 1839, is the latest addition to Mr. Humphrey Milford's admirable World's Classics series. It has an interesting Introduction by Mr. C. W. Stewart.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

PHILIP GIBBS.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

ONE of the writers who has come into his own in this war is Mr. Philip Gibbs, the correspondent for the *Daily Chronicle*. He has done this, perhaps, because in addition to being a curiously sure and brilliant journalist, he is also a novelist. That is, he has been able to bring the wide, modern, romantic outlook to bear in his survey and analysis of fighting and the conditions of fighting. He has been able to see that modern battle conditions, in spite of their machinery, their tedious trench life, their deliberate and almost commercial fashion of fighting, are yet full of the stuff of humanity. As Mr. Arnold Bennett has been able to prove that the commonplace days of existence in the dreary and harsh pottery districts can yet be days of glamour and romance, so Mr. Philip Gibbs has shown that the business-like mechanics of war have a large and thrilling drama



From a Painting by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.
From "The Girl and The Faun," by Eden Phillpotts.
Illustrated in colour, and black-and-white
(Cecil Palmer & Hayward).

SPRING.

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of their own. He is one of the men who is giving us not a realistic or a melodramatic vision of war, but a naturalistic vision. He is a war correspondent of a new dispensation.

Yet the most pronounced thing about Mr. Philip Gibbs, himself, is that he is the last person the man in the street would connect with war. He is as unlike the traditional picture of a war correspondent as any man could be.

He is not only built small, but built almost daintily. He looks frail. His features are delicately fashioned. They are neat, and well cut, and of a cameo kind to fit his cameo pallor. Someone has likened his features to those of a Victorian intaglio, and that is not inapt. He has, at first glance, the look of a student, a man who has, with a certain human austerity, withdrawn from the excitements of the world to live among books.

He has certainly a bookish flavour about him. It is not necessary to be informed that he has close on twenty books to his name, or that of these books more than half a dozen are novels. He has an air both speculative and curiously exact that suggests his work. It is easy to understand that his intense interest in humanity led him to write those novels which began with "The Individualist," passed through a phase of speculation when "The Street of Adventure," "Intellectual Mansions, S.W." and books of their genre were produced, and finally settled into a study of pure psychology in those novels beginning with "Oliver's Kind Women" which he continued to write until the war interrupted the vein just after "The Custody of the Child" had been published. It is also easy, knowing him, to see that his mind should be drawn to the study of exact fact also, and that he should have expressed his ideas both in two books of "Essays" and in the historical books he has written, a list beginning with "The Romance of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham" and including studies of "Men and Women of the First Revolution," "Founders of Empire," and other kindred volumes. It is a blend of these romantic, psychological and actual outlooks that has made his contributions to the literature of this war so valuable, and the success of his own great book on the war, "The Soul of the War," so emphatic.

Again, in the physical aspect there is a blending of delicacy and determination that has carried him through. Outwardly he appears the last man capable of "roughing it." You would say, at once, that it would not be possible for him to stand the hard life of campaigning. In fact that has been said to him already. When going to the Balkans in the war of 1912, his friends tried to dissuade him. "You'll be dead in a month," they insisted. He told me, with his warm smile, that he thought the prophets would be right. He thought that all the odds were on his dying. But he failed to die. "I put on several pounds in weight, that was all," he admitted.

You will see why Mr. Philip Gibbs takes risks in spite of prophets, when you look closely into his face. There is that in his eyes and mouth which speaks of his determination. His eyes are singularly steady and watchful. They are bright, not with the soul-piercing glance so popular in romance, but rather with an untiring alertness. You have the impression that they miss nothing, that every shade of feeling shown in your own eyes, face or lips is at once observed. You have to be careful before that glance, for it can see in your face the things you keep back from your lips.

One man of European reputation was not careful enough before the steady vigilance of that glance, and that was Dr. Cook of Arctic fame. Gibbs went to Norway for his paper to interview Dr. Cook when he returned from the "discovery" of the North Pole. Dr. Cook was glib enough, but there was something in his face that was not glib. "I knew he was a liar," said Gibbs. Working on that furtive look and not on Dr. Cook's story, the correspondent began to search for real facts. Both the facts and Philip Gibbs exposed the man in his fraud.

About Philip Gibbs' mouth there is also something alert, but an alertness of a repressed and determined nature. The lips are curiously puckered as though ever closing tight down on his own emotions, as though they were refusing to be misled by the amiability of circumstances, were determined to get at the root facts in spite of the plausibility of appearances. In that compressed strength, too, is written something of the resolute courage of the man.

His courage and boldness are remarkable. He takes risks with a calmness that is quite unexpected. At Sofia, in the Balkan Wars, the correspondents were forbidden to approach the scenes of fighting. Gibbs was not content to sit waiting for such crumbs of news as the Bulgar authorities let fall. One fine day he left the capital and struck out for the front. What might have happened to him, heaven knows, but the next thing the correspondents saw of him was his return to Sofia under arrest for defying the Bulgarian Government.

In the beginning of this war, too, when all the correspondents were greedy for facts, and experience was

Photo by Vandyk. **Mr. Philip Gibbs**

hard to get, Philip Gibbs found a way of obtaining what his paper wanted. It is no part of the correspondent's duty to his paper to run risks, but he ran them. He attached himself to one of the ambulances working with the Belgian Army, and with that ambulance went right into the firing line. Cover was not then the satisfying thing it has since become, and he was forced to get his news and help evacuate the wounded with shells exploding dangerously near him. When the shells began o come too close he "went a bit green," as he said, but he stuck to his task, and as a result his paper had some of the most thrilling personal despatches in the first months of the war. He had some escapes. Once he thought that the shelling was drawing too close, and moved his car from under a wall to another position. When he returned to his post a few minutes later, the wall had disappeared. A big shell had blown it to pieces. He had escaped by moments only.

In a personal sense his experiences in France will be as valuable to him as an artist, as they have been fortunate for us his readers. The war came at a phase in his mental development when his heart and mind were becoming more and more absorbed in a psychological interest in humanity. That psychological interest has made his writing on the war so precious; but how will the war affect him? One ventures to think that it will deepen and strengthen his artistic outlook to a very profound measure. For him it has come—with all its opportunities for perceiving the humanity of human nature made emphatic under great stress—when his psychological curiosity had entered on a phase of great activity after a spell of what one might call "retarded action."

I mean by "retarded action" that after starting out to consider human nature in sympathetic, spiritual fashion in his first novel "The Individualist," a thoroughly interesting study of a woman beset by mental and emotional circumstances, he swung off on to a series of novels apropos, in which the story, the actual theme, assumed domination over the psychological aspect of his case. Of this group "The Spirit of Revolt," "The Street of Adventure," and "Intellectual Mansions, S.W." stand as examples. The theme of each of these novels, as well as their treatment, gives each the aspect of a journalistic coup rather than of a spiritual, and humanly developed study. It was as though journalism had captured him, and had given him that "nose for copy" which had enabled him to perceive in each of his themes the great "story" that the public would want. "The Spirit of Revolt" is a novel of demagogy, written at a time when the power of the Labour men began to ferment the land. "The Street of Adventure" is the story of a great newspaper which failed just when it appeared to promise an influential career, the actual failure of that paper was a topic on men's tongues when Gibbs wrote. "Intellectual Mansions, S.W." caught the beginnings of the Woman's Suffrage and the Suburban culture movement just when these phases of life were beginning to impress the public.

It would seem that the "good story" was in his mind as he wrote more than anything else; and let it be understood that, as stories, they are as good as any of their kind, and the best of them, "The Street of Adventure," stands as the most actual of the pictures of Fleet Street yet given to us. It is also true that there is a certain amount of psychology in each of these books, but the psychology seems accidental rather than analytical. The writing, too, depends more on the narrative than on eloquence. The dialogue and the characterisation are forced to conform to the theme, not developing the themes unforced. The effect gives an air of unnaturalness, and a general atmosphere which is a little "cardboardy."

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MISS AMBER REEVES.

BY W. L. GEORGE.

"I DON'T agree with you at all." As she spoke I felt that Miss Amber Reeves would have greeted as defiantly the converse of my proposition. She stood in a large garden on Campden Hill, where one of those pre-war at homes was proceeding, her effect heightened by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's weary polish, and the burning twilight of Miss May Sinclair. Not far off Mr. Wyndham Lewis was languid and Mr. Gilbert Cannan eloquently silent. Miss Violet Hunt, rather mischievous, was talking to Mr. Edgar Jepson, who obviously lay in ambush, preparing to slay an idealist, presumably Sir Rabindranath Tagore. I felt very mild near this young lady so dark in the white frock of simplicity or artifice, with broad cheeks that recalled the rattlesnake, soft cheeks tinted rather like a tea rose, with long, dark eyes, wicked, aggressive, and yet laughing. I felt very old—well over thirty. For Miss Reeves had just come down from Newnham, and, indeed, that afternoon she was still coming down . . . on a toboggan. When I met her the other day she said: "Well, perhaps you are right." It is queer how one changes! But then, for many months Miss Amber Reeves has been working in the Admiralty.

Amber Reeves
(Mrs. Blanco White).
From a drawing.

She was about twenty-three, and that is not so long ago; she was still the child who has attended Sunday School and been "brought up pious." Daughter of a New Zealand Cabinet Minister and of a mother so rich in energy that she turned to suffrage the scholarly Mr. Pember Reeves, Miss Amber Reeves was a spoilt child. She was also the child of a principle, had been sent to Kensington High School to learn to be democratic and meet the butcher's daughter. She had been to Newnham too, taken up socialism, climbed up a drain pipe and been occasionally sought in marriage. At ten she had written poems and plays, then fortunately gave up literature and, as a sponge flung into the river of life, took in people as they were, arrived at the maxim that things do not matter but only the people who do them. A last attempt to organise her took place in the London School of Economics, where she was to write a thesis; one sometimes suspects that she never got over it.

This is not quite just, for she is changed. Not hostile now, but understanding, interested in peculiarities as a magpie collecting spoons. Without much illusion, though; her novels are the work of a faintly cynical Mark Tapley.

She is driven to mimic the ordinary people whom she cannot help loving, who are not as herself yet whom she forgives because they amuse her. She is still the rattlesnake of gold and rose, but (zoological originality) one thinks also of an Italian greyhound with folded paws, or a furred creature of the bush that lurks and watches with eyes mischievous rather than cruel.

On reading this over again I discover that she has got over the London School of Economics, though her first two books showed heavy the brand of Clare Market. Miss Amber Reeves started out to do good, but fortunately repented. She has not written many novels, only three in five years, an enviable record, and they were all admirable novels, with faults that are not those of Mrs. Barclay or of Mr. Temple Thurston. Over every chapter the Blue Book hovered. Her first novel, "The Reward of Virtue," exhibited the profound hopelessness of youth. For Evelyn Baker, daughter of a mother who was glad she was a girl because "girls are so much easier," was doomed to lead the stupid life. Plump, handsome, fond of pink, she lived in Notting Hill, went to dances, loved the artist and married the merchant, knew she did not love the merchant and went on living with him; she took to good works, grew tired of them, and gave birth to a girl child, thanking fate because "girls are so much easier." The story of Evelyn is so much the story of everybody that it seems difficult to believe it is the story of anybody. But it is. "The Reward of Virtue" is a remarkable piece of realism, and it is evidence of taste in a first novel to choose a stupid heroine, and not one who plays Vincent d'Indy and marries somebody called Hugo.

In that book Miss Amber Reeves indicated accomplishment, but this was rather slight; only in her second novel, "A Lady and her Husband," was she to develop her highest quality: the understanding of the ordinary man. (All young women novelists understand

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(Mrs. Blanco White).
From a drawing.

She was about twenty-three, and that is not so long ago; she was still the child who has attended Sunday School and been "brought up pious." Daughter of a New Zealand Cabinet Minister and of a mother so rich in energy that she turned to suffrage the scholarly Mr. Pember Reeves, Miss Amber Reeves was a spoilt child. She was also the child of a principle, had been sent to Kensington High School to learn to be democratic and meet the butcher's daughter. She had been to Newnham too, taken up socialism, climbed up a drain pipe and been occasionally sought in marriage. At ten she had written poems and plays, then fortunately gave up literature and, as a sponge flung into the river of life, took in people as they were, arrived at the maxim that things do not matter but only the people who do them. A last attempt to organise her took place in the London School of Economics, where she was to write a thesis; one sometimes suspects that she never got over it.

This is not quite just, for she is changed. Not hostile now, but understanding, interested in peculiarities as a magpie collecting spoons. Without much illusion, though; her novels are the work of a faintly cynical Mark Tapley.

She is driven to mimic the ordinary people whom she cannot help loving, who are not as herself yet whom she forgives because they amuse her. She is still the rattlesnake of gold and rose, but (zoological originality) one thinks also of an Italian greyhound with folded paws, or a furred creature of the bush that lurks and watches with eyes mischievous rather than cruel.

On reading this over again I discover that she has got over the London School of Economics, though her first two books showed heavy the brand of Clare Market. Miss Amber Reeves started out to do good, but fortunately repented. She has not written many novels, only three in five years, an enviable record, and they were all admirable novels, with faults that are not those of Mrs. Barclay or of Mr. Temple Thurston. Over every chapter the Blue Book hovered. Her first novel, "The Reward of Virtue," exhibited the profound hopelessness of youth. For Evelyn Baker, daughter of a mother who was glad she was a girl because "girls are so much easier," was doomed to lead the stupid life. Plump, handsome, fond of pink, she lived in Notting Hill, went to dances, loved the artist and married the merchant, knew she did not love the merchant and went on living with him; she took to good works, grew tired of them, and gave birth to a girl child, thanking fate because "girls are so much easier." The story of Evelyn is so much the story of everybody that it seems difficult to believe it is the story of anybody. But it is. "The Reward of Virtue" is a remarkable piece of realism, and it is evidence of taste in a first novel to choose a stupid heroine, and not one who plays Vincent d'Indy and marries somebody called Hugo.

In that book Miss Amber Reeves indicated accomplishment, but this was rather slight; only in her second novel, "A Lady and her Husband," was she to develop her highest quality: the understanding of the ordinary man. (All young women novelists understand

the artist, for nobody does; the man they never understand is the one who spends fifty years successfully paying bills.) The ordinary man is Mr. Heyham, who runs tea shops and easily controls a handsome wife of orty-five, while he fails to control Fabian daughters and a painfully educated son. He runs his tea shops for profit, while Mrs. Heyham at forty-five comes to the unexpected view that he should run them for the good of his girls. There is a revolution in Hampstead when she discovers that Mr. Heyham does not, for the girls are sweated; worse still, she sees that to pay them better will not help much, for extra wages will not mean more food but only more hats. They are all marvellously alive, the hard, lucid daughters, the soft and illogical Mrs. Heyham, and especially Mr. Heyham, kindly, loving, generous, yet capable of every beastliness while maintaining faith in his own rectitude. Mr. Heyham is a triumph, for he is just everybody; he is "the man with whose experiences women are trained to sympathise while he is not trained to sympathise with theirs." He is the ordinary, desirous man, the male. Listen to this analysis of man: "He has a need to impress himself on the world he finds outside him, an impulse that drives him to achieve his ends recklessly, ruthlessly, through any depth of suffering and conflict . . . it is just by means of the qualities that are often so irritating, their tiresome restlessness, their curiosity, their disregard for security, for seemliness, even for life itself, that men have mastered the world and filled it with the wealth of civilisation. It is after this foolish, disorganised fashion of theirs, each of them —difficult, touchy creatures—busy with his personal ambitions, that they have armed the race with science, dignified it with art—one can take men lightly, but one cannot take lightly the things that men have done."

That sort of man sweats his waitresses because such is his duty to the shareholders. It is in this sort of man, Mr. Heyham, who wants more money, Edward Day, the prig who hates spending it, that Miss Amber Reeves realises herself. Analysis rather than evocation is her mission; she does not as a rule seek beauty, and when she strives, as in her last novel, "Helen in Love," where a cheap little minx is kissed on the beach and is thus inspired, Miss Amber Reeves fails to achieve beauty in people; she achieves principally affectation. Beauty is not her *métier*; irony and pity are nearer to her, which is not so bad if we reflect that such is the motto of Anatole France. Oh! she is no mocking literary sprite as the Frenchman, nor has she his graces; she is somewhat tainted by the seriousness of life, but she has just this that distinguishes her from her fellows: she can achieve laughter without hatred.

One should not, however, dismiss in a few words this latest novel. One can disregard the amazingly good picture of the lower-middle class family from which Helen springs, its circumscribed nastiness, its vulgar pleasure in appearances, for Miss Amber Reeves has done as good work before. But one must observe her new impulse towards the rich, idle, cultured people, whom she idealises so that they appear as worn ornaments of silver-gilt. It seems that she is reacting against indignation, that she is turning away from social reform towards the caste that has achieved a corner in graces. It may be that she has come to think the world incurable and wishes to retire as an anchorite . . . only she retires to Capua: this is not good, for any withdrawal into a selected atmosphere implies that criticism of this atmosphere will be suspended. Nothing so swiftly as that kills virility in literature.

But even so Miss Amber Reeves distinguishes herself from her immediate rivals, Miss Viola Meynell, Miss Bridget Maclagan, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, Miss Ivy Low and Miss Katherine Gerould, by an interest in business and in politics. She really knows what is a limited liability company or an issue warrant. She is not limited by love, but embraces such problems as money, rank, science, class habits, which serve or destroy love. She finds her way in the modern tangle where emotion and cupidity trundle together on a dusty road. She is not always just, but she is usually judicial. Her men are rather gross instead of strong; she likes them, she tolerates them; they are together brutes and "poor dears." But then we are most of us a little like that.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1916.

We regret that as we are compelled to go to press this month before the last day fixed for sending in papers for these Competitions we are unable to announce the results of the December Competitions in our Christmas Number. Results will be given and new announcements made next month.

The frontispiece to "Somme Battle Stories." Recorded by Captain A. J. Dawson. Illustrated by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather (Hodder & Stoughton).

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THE READER.

THOMAS GRAY.

(Born Cornhill, 26th December, 1716.)

By Thomas Seccombe.

THE varieties and eccentricities of literary opinion are almost limitless, but I have never heard anyone say that if he had to restrict himself to one book for a period of solitude he would choose Gray's Poems. Three Odes and one Elegy, however perfect, would hardly satisfy the need of a reader even of the most concentrative type Cambridge has ever produced. And, indeed, to possess Gray in print would be superfluous, for even in this day of non-quotation and defective verbal memory the best stanzas of Gray are engraved upon the memory of most Englishmen. It is not more than the truth to say that the divine truisms of the "Elegy," which moved Tennyson to tears and stimulated the hero Wolfe at the moment when the solid world seemed in a state of suspense, have brought home the exquisite pleasure of poetry to more of our countrymen than any other poem in the world. No modern poem has withstood the attrition of Time better. It was incubated for six or seven years before completion, and it might almost be said that it became famous before it was born.

Like Shakespeare's Sonnets or Overbury's Characters it was passed round among private friends, and it became the rage of a coterie before it became the criterion to the general public of what Poetry could accomplish and what a poet existed for. The most learned man in Europe, as Gray was reputed, had written a poem so general in its sympathies and so universal in its appeal, that it carried all hearts by storm—young and old, gentle and simple, learned and unlearned.

Addison, Byron and other poets have won fame at a bound. Gray by a single stroke attained to the top of the Parnassus and was acclaimed as Laureate, though he was far too indolent even to accept a sinecure.

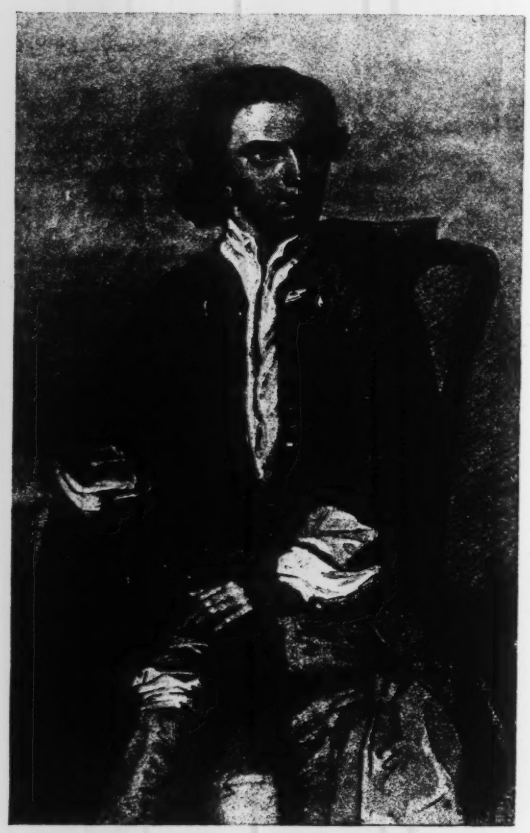
Gray was the target of the Conservative criticism of his day. What Wordsworth and Keats were to Lockhart and Jeffrey he was to Johnson and his satellites. His entrenched position, mysterious somewhat though it was, proved a source of vague uneasiness to the champions of the broad highway and the beaten path. The old guard of Dryden and Pope were conscious that a new standard was being set up in calm disregard of the canons of the metropolis. The dawn of what is now called romanticism was flushing in the critical views of Warton and in the delicate chiaroscuro of Collins. Gray was rumoured to be at work upon a History of English Poetry profoundly subversive of all recognised opinions. He never brought this to fruition. Gray was too fastidious to back his inmost intuitions, but his letters and fragments afford a mine rich in explosive material where the prejudices of the worshippers of the Augustan Age were involved. The old school of critics had tackled the older English in a very tenebrous and tepid fashion. The seventeenth century tasters and scholars had explored the writers of antiquity pre-eminently as a mine for precedents, quotations and doctrinaire opinions often in the most dry-as-dust fashion. Since the conspiracy of Swift, Arbuthnot and Bolingbroke against the scribble of the pedants, the older masters had been cruelly neglected. Now Gray frequently cites them, but he does so in a discerning way and with the familiarity of old and close acquaintanceship. He questions some of the conclusions of Puttenham and Sidney; he admires the picturesqueness of Froissart, the Herodotus of his age; he also knew Villehardouin and Commines; Pausanias and Athenæus he read more than once. "I take prose and verse together, like bread and cheese." He lived with the old poets; read and re-read Æschylus and Pindar and the Greek epigrammatists; was familiar with Chaucer and even with Lydgate. Later on he loved Racine and Gresset, and in Johnson's despite waxed enthusiastic over Rousseau and his Emile (he had not to digest the Confessions). "Remember Dryden; be blind to his faults" he ends a letter. "This man is a poet" he commented on the "Traveller." There is no trivial preciosity in his judgments. He spoke highly of stanzas in "The Castle of Indolence"; appreciated Montesquieu and Marivaux; delighted in Clarendon's "Continuation," and was an excellent critic of Buffon. He is in a characteristic mood in his letter to Hurd of August, 1757, which helps to explain his non-achievement of some of the great things posterity would have had from him.

Thomas Gray.
From the original by Eckardt now in the National Portrait Gallery.

"To be employed is to be happy. This principle of mine (and I am convinced of its truth) has, as usual, no influence on my practice. I am alone and *ennuyé* to the last degree, yet do nothing. Indeed I have one excuse—my health is not extraordinary, ever since I came

hither, to Stoke Poges. It is no great malady, but several little ones that seem brewing no good to me. It will be a particular pleasure to me to know whether content dwells in Leicestershire, and how she entertains herself there. Only do not be too happy, nor forget entirely the quiet ugliness of Cambridge."

The diagnosis of the melancholy and the *sombres plaisirs d'un cœur melancholique* from which he suffered resembles Burton's. You remember Burton's parting shot, "Be not solitary, be not idle." Gray suffered terribly from the sheltered college life, hobbies of curiosity, fastidious indolence, unlimited books and the habit of reclining on the sofa. But he wrote the most enchanting letters, and his indolence is far more interesting than the indefatigable energy of the generality of writers. There are numerous poets in France and England alike who are known for a single sonnet, a short lyric, men of one poem. Gray differs from them in the fact that although his fame depends upon one or two short things, he was the inspirer of a new era and a foreshadower of much that was to come to pass in the paradise of English Poetry. Gray's den at Cambridge was an epitome of his hobbies. A harpsichord was deeply encrusted with portfolios representing his varying and successive curiosities. Heraldry and archæology acquired at the British Museum (then recently opened), a herbarium, shells, drawings, glossaries, insects, northern antiquities, English ballads and foreign collections of poetic *rariora*. Where he really surpassed his age was in his much deeper love for nature. His comments in his Linnæus are those of



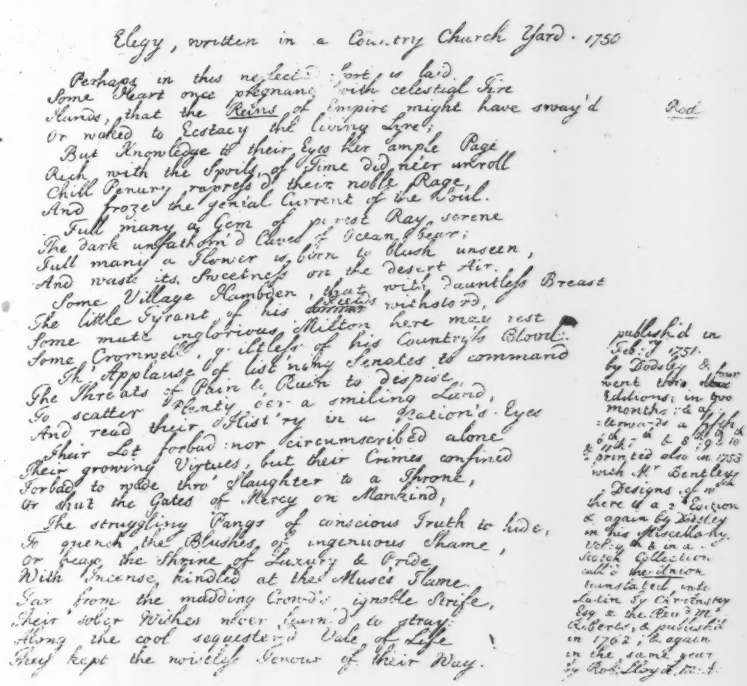
Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. **Thomas Gray (aged 15).**
From a painting by Richardson.

National Portrait Gallery. **Thomas Gray.**
Drawn by James Basire from a sketch by Gray's friend and biographer, the Rev. William Mason.

an intelligent naturalist. His rare drawings are exquisite. His notes on the signs of the approach of summer suggest the delicacy of Richard Jefferies or Edward Thomas. He notes the changes of the landscape in the progress of the day; marks the hoar-frost that melts and exhales in a thin bluish smoke; rejoices in the tender emerald green preserved late in the summer by the long rains. What sensitiveness to colour is there in his description of Saddleback, whose furrowed sides were gilt by the noonday sun, while its brow appeared of a sad purple from the shadow of the clouds as they sailed slowly by it. Both he and Cowper, more in their letters, perhaps, than in their poems, show themselves prophetic of Wordsworth and Tennyson, scholar-poets too like Spenser and Milton. No less important as a symptom of the growing revolt against the self-complacency of the moralising grand *siècle* was Gray's interest in the pioneers of our English Literature, and in the old Norse and Icelandic mythology as revealed now for the first time in Paul Henry Mallett's famous "Introduction" to Scandinavian Letters and Folk Lore. Northern Antiquities, the revival of Ballads, Documents, and Popular Legends, the resuscitation of Celtic, Gaelic and Erse poetry (whatever precisely those adjectives mean) was going to shift the centre of our poetic gravity profoundly. Wildly romantic, picturesque poetry was about to become the rage in this island and on the continent of Europe among the advanced school. Of this school Gray was a pioneer, of this new taste he was the most scholarly representative. That an erudite and virtuoso of such refined taste and such fastidious isolation should have produced the most popular poem in the language was a phenomenon as singular as if Walter Pater should have written "Crossing the Bar," or Professor Ker should be discovered by a detective critic of the future to be the only begetter of "Lest we Forget."

Johnson rallied the Conservatives to the standards of Dryden and Pope. Walpole who fell asleep over

Mallett occupied a midway position. At heart he was an Augustan, but in his desire to be in the front of *the* movement, he struggled to keep abreast of Ritson and Gray—not to speak of Chatterton. Gray was really quite isolated among the *gens de lettres* of his time. Fortunately he had a few disciples. One of these was Mason who wrote his life, and by the form he gave to it, supplied our first Biographer with his model. "I have resolved to adopt and enlarge upon the excellent plan of Mr. Mason in his 'Memoirs of Gray.' Indeed, I cannot conceive a more perfect method of writing any man's life." There is some irony in the circumstance of the life of the finicking scholar serving as the framework for the Life Story of the Hero as Man of Letters — tears trickling down the granite rock.


Elegy, written in a Country Church Yard. 1750

Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial Fire
Hands, that the Reins of Empire might have sway'd
Or waked to Ecstacy the living Lyre;
But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page
Rich with the Spoils of Time did ne'er unroll
Chill Penury, repress'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of the Soul.
Full many a Gem of purest Ray serene
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear;
Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its Sweetness on the desert Air.
Some Village Hambden, that with dauntless Breast
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his Country's Blood.
Th' Applause of list'ning Senates to command
The Threats of Pain & Ruin to despise,
To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land,
And read their Hist'ry in a Nation's Eyes
Their Lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confined
Forbad to wade thro' Slaughter to a Throne,
Or shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind,
The struggling Pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the Blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the Shrine of Luxury & Pride
With Incense, kindled at the Muses Flame.
Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble Strife,
Their sober Wishes never learn'd to stray:
Along the cool sequester'd Vale of Life
They kept the noiseless Tenour of their Way.

Rod

publish'd in Feb: y 1751. by Dodsley & four went thro' three Editions; in two months: & afterwards a fifth 6th 7th & 8th 9th & 10th & 11th & printed also in 1753 with Mr Bentley's Designs of wch there is a 2d Edition & again by Dodsley in his Miscellany. Vol: 4th & in a Scotch Collection call'd the Union translated into Latin by Christoffer Esq & the Revd Mr Roberts, & publish'd in 1762; & again in the same year by Rob: Lloyd M.A.

From the original in Gray's handwriting.

Now in the possession of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

It can hardly be said that Gray achieved any structural triumph for the "Elegy," if only for the reason that the "Elegy" has no distinct structural marks in English. But he consecrated the form he chose with much felicity, and his phrases and adjectives have worn a deep channel in literary English. Gray's epithets have become "immemorial"; but they are far sought; he gives three Italian parallels in notes to the "Elegy." He is fond of figures of speech, elaborate personifications, unwieldy adjectives—such as "circumscribed"—classical usages, hard syntax, inversions, compound epithets, outlandish phrases. One of these, "Far from the *madding* crowd," has become semi-proverbial—nay, it has been adopted to the service of one of the finest novels in English. Gray wrote and re-wrote with the meticulous concentration of a Milton or a Tennyson: various readings, suppressed stanzas, disputed punctuations abound. The poet's Miltonic ideals were never in abeyance and found characteristic expression. There was something stiff and unmalleable in Gray. You would as soon have thought of calling him "Tom" as of shaking an elm tree by the arm. Yet he found his way to the inmost heart of a prosaic people by invoking the Lettered Muse in accents tutored by the Alma Mater that has in the past been most propitious to English poetry.

There are people alike superior and superficial who appear to think that Gray merits to be laughed at as the creator of the most sublimely hackneyed stanzas that our tongue affords—stanzas which deserve to be ranked with those of "Rule, Britannia" or "God Save the King" as of purely ceremonial value. They miss the significant fact that, Shakespeare apart, no verses have expressed the genius of our language and nationality with such complete harmony and felicity as those of Gray. Gray was a scholar, he aimed at philosophic pathos, he aspired to the understanding of Europe, he despaired of attaining anywhere near lyric perfection. It is amazing that such a typical Don should have written in the vernacular a classical elegy which has become the best and most widely understood poem in the language. The "Ode" and the "Elegy" are found, when tested, to be supreme works of art. But they are something more than that. These well greaved stanzas take us to the heart of England, to the heart of our life, which is England, to that circumstance which preceded our birth and which gave not merely flesh and blood, but the minds that are thinking now. We have not to stray far from Stoke and 1760 to discover sublimer works of art. But though Wordsworth and Coleridge were greater poetic artists than Gray, Gray whispers something that is beyond art, beyond the present of life. As a shell with the sound of the sea, these stanzas seem murmurous with something that is eternal. It is often said that Gray wrote to please himself, but that is not quite true. Collins wrote to please himself, but Gray for an audience and with an eye deliberately fixed upon the effect he intended to produce upon that audience. Even in a work apparently so lyrical and spontaneous as the "Elegy," the construction is elaborate in its symmetry, the variety is studied and proportioned, the reader is led with exquisite art from one train of thought to another by successive transitions. In the "Eton Ode," still more, the change from emotion to emotion, the balance of the parts, the pathetic humour of the conclusion which recalls and binds together and suffuses the whole—everything, in short, that is most irresistible in this poem is most calculated.

A BI-CENTENARY PILGRIMAGE TO STOKE POGIS.

By Henry C. Shelley.

FOR a poet, Thomas Gray was an exceedingly practical person. He believed in insurance against fire, and expressed his faith in works. Consequently, when a disastrous fire reduced to ruins the house in Cornhill, London, which he had inherited from his father, he was able to face the calamity cheerfully.

Not because of the consolations of his friends—comprising tickets for the opera, invitations to dinners and suppers, etc.—but for the more substantial reason that his insurance policy provided him with the greater part of the money necessary for the rebuilding of his property. The one rather surprising thing about this incident in the poet's life is that he had no sentimental regrets about the destroyed house. He was born beneath its roof, and if Gray was not sorry that the place of his nativity was swept out of existence by the fire of 1748, the literary pilgrim cannot but regret its loss.

Thomas Gray.
From the original in the possession of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

Cornhill has changed vastly since that 26th of December, 1716, when a fifth child was born to Philip and Dorothy Gray, though it is some consolation to remember that the building now known as No. 41 is that reared by the poet to replace the house of his birth. There is no other structure in London more nearly associated with the life of the author of the "Elegy." His other London haunts have disappeared even more completely than his birthplace. Whither, then, shall the pilgrim turn for some shrine at which to pay his devotions on this two-hundredth anniversary of his nativity?

Gray was more a transient than most poets. "Happy they," he pensively wrote in his forty-fourth year, "that can create a rose-tree, or erect a honeysuckle; that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water! It is with a sentiment of envy that I speak it, who never shall have even a thatched roof of my own." He was, in fact, a lodger nearly all the days of his life. After attaining manhood his only fixed abode consisted of rooms now at Peterhouse, anon at Pembroke College, Cambridge. And for several months each year he flitted hither and thither over England, visiting his friends or journeying in search of the picturesque.

Yet one exception must be made. There is, after all, an abiding landmark in Gray's life, a little district of rural England which is more eloquent of his memory and consecrated to his genius than any London street, or the famed beauty spots of his summer tours. The name of Gray and the remembrance of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" must always be potent to suggest Stoke Pogis and Burnham, and the surrounding country.

Although born in London, Gray, because of his mother and aunts, was really a native of Burnham and Stoke Pogis. The poet's father did not count. No one was interested in his family or origins. He was a cruel husband and an indifferent parent. Gray owed everything to his mother. He was the only survivor of her twelve children, and the inheritor of all her love for his brothers and sisters. And Mrs. Gray's native region was Burnham, whither she returned after her husband's death to a peaceful country life with her two sisters, one a widow, the other her unmarried partner in that millinery business from the profits of which she paid for her son's education at Eton and Cambridge.

When a mere boy the poet was wont to spend his holidays with his uncles and aunts at Burnham. In manhood, it was to the same region he returned for his sole opportunity of enjoying a spell of home life. His mother and aunts finally took up their abode at a farm known as West End, not far from Stoke Pogis church. The building, as Gray knew it, has disappeared, but some of its rooms are embodied in the country house of Stoke Court. There are still shown apartments described as the poet's study and bedroom, while in the grounds may be seen the solid stone-built structure known as his summer-house.

But it is Stoke Pogis church and its God's-acre which have the most poignant interest for the pilgrim. That churchyard was, without doubt, the model which the poet had in mind during his protracted writing of the "Elegy." Of course the poem owes much of its fame to its universal qualities. It appeals so powerfully to all hearts because its imagery and sentiments are applicable to every rural graveyard. That fact accounts for the dispute as to which particular churchyard the poet had in mind. All who are familiar with his life, however, have no doubt on that score; his happiest days and tenderest recollections were so entwined about Stoke Pogis that there can be no question as to the original of the country of his verse.

In the older part of the churchyard the pilgrim will behold a scene which has changed little since it inspired

the poem which has been called the "most perfect" in the English language. Each object is easily recognised from Gray's description, and yet none are so sharply defined as to remove them from the realm of imagination. Here are the "ivy-mantled tower," the "rugged elms," and that "yew-tree's shade" beneath which

> "Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Photo by Henry C. Shelley.

Gray's Study, Stoke Court.

Naturally of a melancholy temperament, it was the loss of intimate friends and loved relations which was immediately responsible for the birth of the "Elegy." In 1742 Gray twice within a few months passed through the shadow of death. It was in the gloom of those days the "Elegy" was begun, though it was not to be completed until death touched him nearly again in the person of a beloved aunt. On a November day of 1749 news reached him at Cambridge that his aunt Mary, who had been his mother's partner in her London business, had suddenly been called from earth. How deeply the news moved him is clear from the tender letter he addressed to his mother:

"The unhappy news I have just received," he wrote, "equally surprises and afflicts me. I have lost a person I loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy, but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give, except He who had preserved her to you so many years, and at last, when it was His pleasure, has taken her from us to Himself."

When, a few months later, he returned to Stoke Pogis we may be sure that he did not fail to visit the grave of his lost relative, just as we may be equally sure that his mood was responsive to the shadow that brooded over his mother's home. That experience revived the spirit in which the "Elegy" was begun, and now inspired its completion. When the task was accomplished he at once sent a copy of the poem to Horace Walpole, intimating that he had at last "put an end to a thing" with whose beginning his friend had long been familiar.

Not merely as the original of the scene of the "Elegy," but as the resting-place of the poet and his two dearest relatives, Stoke Pogis churchyard must ever retain a singular interest for the literary pilgrim. On a simple brick-built tomb close to the wall of the church may be read the inscription by Gray which tells part of its mortuary history. "In the vault beneath are deposited, in the hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of Mary Antrobus. She died unmarried, Nov. 5, 1749,

Photo by Henry C. Shelley.

Gray's Summer House, Stoke Court.

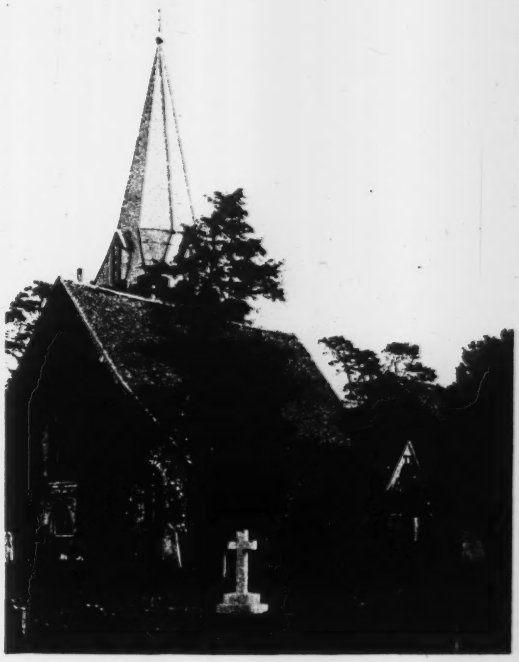


Photo by Henry C. Shelley.

Stoke Pogis Church.

aged 66. In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11, 1753, aged 67." Some eighteen years later the body of the poet was laid to rest in the same vault, thus rejoining in the eternal peace of the grave the two women with whom he had spent his happiest days of life. There is no intimation of that fact on the tomb itself, but a tablet on the wall of the church relates how he was, in conformity with his own wish, buried beside his mother and aunt.

Although the churchyard lacks a specific monument to Gray, he has a memorial in the park which adjoins the graveyard on the east. It is in the form of a massive cenotaph, with various inscriptions on the four sides of the pedestal. Three of these are quotations from the poet's verse; the fourth reads: "This monument, in honour of Thomas Gray, was erected A.D. 1799, among the scenes celebrated by that great Lyric and Elegiac Poet. He died July 31, 1771, and lies unnoted, in the churchyard adjoining, under the tombstone in which he piously and pathetically recorded the interment of his aunt and lamented mother." It is an interesting link between the Old World and the New to recall that the cost of this monument was borne by Mr. John Penn, a grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania, who, at the time of its erection, was the owner of Stoke Pogis Manor.

There is another association with Gray which the pilgrim must not overlook. Behind the church is Stoke Pogis Manor House, which figures in the poet's "A Long Story." Before the "Elegy" appeared in print it was widely circulated in manuscript, one copy being sent by Horace Walpole to his friend Lady Cobham, who then lived at Stoke Pogis Manor House. As soon as she discovered that the author was visiting his mother in the same parish she invited him to call, and the result of that incident was "A Long Story," the final scene of which is laid in the Manor House.

Thomas Gray.
Bust in terra cotta, probably by John Bacon, R.A., formerly in the poet's possession, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

Gray enjoys the almost unique distinction of having a dual fame. He is not less highly regarded by the learned for some of his verse than he is by the unlearned for his "Elegy." He has, too, a third title to fame by reason of his exquisite letters. With regard to his renown as a poet, some critics have seemed to chide him for his small output, and to resent his having achieved such assured immortality for so small a legacy of verse. The poet was fully conscious of his slender harvest. He anticipated his works being mistaken for those "of a flea," and realised that when he had gathered all his writings together he would be "but a shrimp of an author." But his apology was unanswerable. "If I do not write much," he said, "it is because I cannot." Most poets have been too prolific; many are seldom read save in "selections." If Gray wrote little, his quality was of the finest. Many an epic would be gladly forgotten for two or three poems as matchless as the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

Photo by Henry C. Shelley.

Gray's Tomb, Stoke Pogis Churchyard.

ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

READERS and reviewers, observant of other reviewers and readers, may have noticed in these others—and perhaps even in themselves—a certain tendency to distrust "universal" histories of large subjects. And they may have remarked further that this tendency grows stronger in regard to sections or sectors of these "Pisgah sights" devoted to particular divisions and published as separate accounts of them. This tendency may be unjust when it shapes itself into a prejudice; but it has some excuses. "Can a man possibly have read enough for such a survey?" is the first objection in the case. "Even supposing that he has qualified himself in that respect, for the general business, do not the necessary limitations of his qualification disable him for more particular guidance?" suggests itself in the second. And this latter is the weightier demurrer. The old "Mercator's Projection" maps were undoubtedly useful things of their kind; heretical and unscientific but not ignorant students of geography have sometimes wondered whether the disuse of them is not a mistake. But, if one cut out a continent or a country from a Mercator map, its omissions and its disproportions, excusable and even recommendable for its original object, would become nuisances and traps. Even if the general map were not Mercatorially wrenched, but given in the unsophisticated hemispherical fashion, the sections would remain inadequate for special purposes.

This is all true enough, but like other general and *a priori* objections it will by no means always lie in particular cases; and it certainly does not do so in the case of the book before us. It is a comfortable and satisfactory book for a reader who knows something about the subject; and it ought to be a really valuable one for others who have not yet reached even the middle state in which it comforts and satisfies. The author is careful when he borrows a quotation to state from whom he borrows it; and is not in the least afraid of giving references to previous writers on his subject even when he does not actually quote at first- or second-hand. But his book differs as widely as possible from some recent literary histories, which seem to consider that if you acknowledge the sources from which you have stolen you may steal half your volume with an easy and quiet mind. His arrangement of his matter is, without mere "tabulosity," very clear; and there are parts of the book—as for instance that dealing with the still rather obscure period between the very earliest Tudor plays and the coming of the University Wits—in which this clearness was very much wanted. With some exceptions, a few of which we may note presently, he is remarkably free from that "hariolation"—or guesswork, striding from "possible" through "probable" to "proven"—which is the very curse of sham-scholarship. In purely critical estimates he may be sometimes a little weaker, but, after all, this is, to some extent at least, matter of opinion. At any rate, on a subject so much written about, it must always be, to players with it who play the game and know when it is played, a satisfaction to see a new hand, so accurate and craftsmanlike as this, make its appearance.

That the plan of the book is perfect, or that Dr. Creizenach is infallible, are propositions not to be expected. It might be said without mere cavilling that the abundance of detail is likely somewhat to overwhelm the neophyte, while the expert does not want it and would be contented with broader sweeps. But the "gentle," that is to say charitable-intelligent, reader will be ready with the excuse that if there had been less the neophyte might have lacked information and the expert might have doubted the thoroughness of the writer's knowledge. What has principally determined the favourable remarks just made is the prevailing sanity—wonderful in any Shakespearean commentator, and more wonderful still in a German one—which pervades the book. There are indeed a few slips in this respect; the Shakespeare commentator, and especially the German Shakespeare commentator, who avoids them

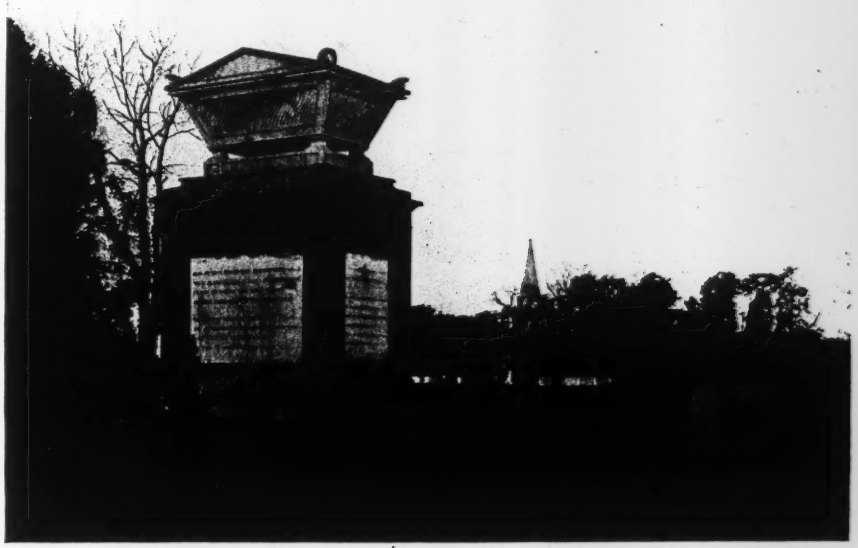


Photo by Henry C. Shelley.

Monument to Gray, in Stoke Park.

* "The English Drama in the Age of Shakespeare." Translated from *Geschichte des Neveren Dramas* of W. Creizenach. 18s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Photo by Henry C. Shelley. **Stoke Manor House.**

wholly is indeed the blackest and the most swan-like of black swans. In particular Dr. Creizenach not unfrequently succumbs to what—with an adaptation of Mr. Ruskin's famous phrase, which one is rather surprised not to find more common—we may call the *sympathetic* fallacy. He is constantly grieved at not finding something he would like to find, or at finding something that he does not like. He is much perturbed at being forced to believe that Shakespeare believed in witchcraft; and (though he makes excuses for him here) at his not having envisaged "the social problem." He is "cut to the heart" at the idea of Falstaff plunging his sword into the dead body of Percy: and he is saddened because Ophelia, Desdemona and even Miranda listen to, laugh at, and even say things which the young person should know nothing about. This reluctance to take the ford as you find it; this insistence on forcing the local and temporal conventions of your time and place into other times and other places—are not notes of the perfect critic. But Dr. Creizenach has some most remarkable redeeming utterances. It is astonishing to find a German professor who is content to admit that "we know very little about the lives and habits of the Elizabethan dramatists"; who poohpoohs attempts to make Shakespeare a Roman Catholic (this is all the more noteworthy because the writer's views of Anglicanism are far from well informed, and he evidently confuses it with the Lutheranism of his own country); who scouts the notion that Shakespeare chose his subjects because he found therein an echo of his own experience; and, most astonishing of all, who observes with refreshing dryness that "those persons who write treatises on the number of weeks, days and hours that should be assigned to the action of 'Othello' or 'Macbeth' are greatly to be envied for their superfluity of leisure." If one has noted a few passages in which (as in those already mentioned) this general sanity seems to be slightly disturbed, especially by the amusing and innocent belief that "modern" ideas must be right and that nobody will ever regard them as Dr. Creizenach regards some of the ideas of three hundred years ago, it need not be at all important to dwell on them. To find a Shakesperean commentator who is "right in the main" puts one in a disposition which is not apt to be severe on peccadillos. Even a tendency—itself a generous revolt from former errors the other way—to assign somewhat too much to "Shakespeare as origin," and to think that nearly all his successors, as some no doubt did, made use of him—may be merely registered and not dissected.

The divisions or chapters of the volume—they are called "books," but have no chapter sub-division as is usual with that arrangement—are, as might be expected, not quite of equal value. The first, dealing with the period of inception as above noted, and the second, on certain general literary features — collaboration, quotation, printing, etc. — are excellent. The third, getting into the more perilous stuff of "Moral and Social Ideas," is more prolific of the slips referred to; but the long Book IV., on "The Dramatic Materials," is again capital: perhaps it is unequalled as a clear and "well-stuffed" survey *inutile* of the whole subject. Book V., "Arrangement and Construction," is more mixed, for a good deal of its matter is ill to generalise about, and the whole, while unsafe as a guide without, or even before, reading the plays, becomes useless when a fair number have been read. This censure applies still more strongly to the Sixth—"Types of Character"; while the Seventh, on "Versification and Style," had better have been left out altogether. It is anything but adequate from any point of view, and perhaps its particular subjects are best left alone by foreign commentators, no matter of what literature. In particular, an attempt to discuss particular "Figures of Speech" in twenty pages is doomed to failure, and was scarcely worth succeeding in. These mischievous and obsolete tickets had better be left to critical museums. On the other hand, the summary of the abundant recent investigations as to the mere staging and acting, the playhouses, companies, tours, etc., is very good, and will save students an immense amount of duplicate and immaterial reading.

The book, in short, while hardly the most desperate wallower in the second-hand could take it as a substitute for reading of the originals, is a valuable companion to that reading, and an excellent time-saver in collecting the scattered help of other companions. There is hardly a mistake in it which the reading of the texts will not correct: and it supplies much matter which the most careful and intelligent reader could not find in those texts themselves.

The frontispiece to "The Flaming Sword in Serbia and Elsewhere," by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart (The Lady of the Black Horse) (Hodder & Stoughton).

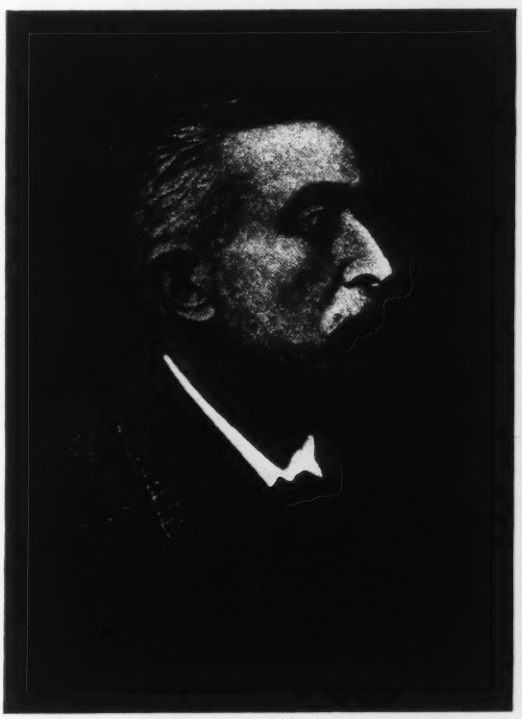
THE LADY OF THE BLACK HORSE.
From a painting by George Rankin.
(Reproduced by kind permission of T. McLean, Haymarket, London.)

LAFCADIO HEARN, PROFESSOR IN TOKYO.*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

FROM 1896 to 1902 Lafcadio Hearn held the chair of English Literature in Tokyo University. In the mind's eye it is not difficult to see this refined though wandering scholar seated among his young Japanese friends, all things clear and beautiful with simplicity about him, while he spoke from his heart and they listened intently, taking down the thoughts he uttered as if reading our Island-poets and story-tellers like a youth himself. He had come a long way, by many "winding paths of meditation," as the Greek tragedian says, over the rude wastes of life, to a people not at all resembling the Irish or the Greek from which he had sprung, nor the English or American in whose chilly latitudes his lot had been cast. Somewhere in these "Lectures" he illustrates a passage from Cowper—it is about the old English postman—from his memory as a very little boy, "living in the little town of Clontarf, in Ireland." It is a far cry from Clontarf to Tokyo. But his mind had travelled farther still. Bred and born a Catholic, sent for a year or so to our sturdy old college of Ushaw, near Durham, the lad known there as "Paddy Hearn" should have left it a fervent son of the faith. He went quite counter to Ushaw and Catholicism; he threw off his inherited religion with disdain. He became, if the thing is possible, an Atheist. He hungered, slaved, suffered agonies in that frightful mill of Yankee journalism. He married, and his wife divorced him. Then he found a philosophy in Herbert Spencer, a calling and a home in Japan, the task of interpreting the Far East to the Far West, and a wife and happiness during the few years remaining to him. He was born in 1850; he died in 1904. I remember meeting in a riverside house near Oxford Miss Elizabeth Bisland, then fresh from her notable journey round the world, who brought out in 1906 "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn." The two big volumes of lectures on which I am writing were made out chiefly from notes taken down by Hearn's devoted pupils, whose names are set in the introduction. His very words abide, and delightful they are, with a lucid charm, with distinction that has gracefully let fall the grosser elements mingled of necessity in any books where the life of our Western nations is reflected, and with a benignity of temper that never deserts him.

He had an amazingly hard thing to do. Imagine a Japanese professor at the Imperial Institute, London, talking in his native literary dialect to young Englishmen about his country's classics, their prose and verse, with allusions to the history of a thousand years, and how would he fare? One difference told in Hearn's favour. The tradition of Japan, as of all other nations, I think, except England, is to look upon philosophy, art, and learning, with respect from childhood upwards. Our public schools take care that the "young Barbarians" they train shall be untouched by that superstition. Lafcadio Hearn could count upon an audience not less eager to be taught than he to teach. The religion of these lads was indeed culture, a quick response to all things beautiful wherever seen, to the sublime in theory and in conduct, to life contemplated as really the finest of arts. Even while setting down truths axiomatic in old Japan, nor yet extinct in the new, I feel how artificial, how utterly to be despised, they would appear to the average school boy, trained on a system which moves round sport as the be-all and the end-all of existence. Yet the "bushido" cultivated in the Mikado's realm has proved capable of heroism not less unconscious or complete than the Englishman's when he is "playing the game." Happily, our literature holds within its borders the greatest poetry ever inspired, dramas excelling the Athenian, Milton's epics to which there is no parallel in any language, lyrical and meditative odes corresponding to the endless musings of man upon his nature and destiny. Our creators of fiction have set the examples that Western Europe has followed since Richardson gave the word to Rousseau. But where is the secret by which these far-off miracles of the English mind shall be brought home to students in Tokyo?



By courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Compy. **Lafcadio Hearn.**
From "Interpretations of Literature" by Lafcadio Hearn. (Heinemann.)

We cannot, of course, be sure that Hearn's meaning was altogether conveyed into the mysterious depths of a Japanese soul. His method seems admirable. He would go down to the plain unrhetorical style of a man who tells another what is the exact impression made on himself by reading, especially of the English poets. Dr. Erskine says, much to the purpose, that "Lafcadio Hearn is remarkable among critics for throwing a clear light on genuine literary experience — on the emotions which the books under

* "Interpretations of Literature." By Lafcadio Hearn. Selected and Edited by John Erskine, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English, Colombia University. Two vols. (pp. xiv. 406 & 380). 30s. net. (Heinemann.)

discussion actually give us." He is concerned with "the effect of the writing upon the reader." And he himself, first of all, is that reader. Again, "he lectured upon English literature in Japan," I continue to borrow from Dr. Erskine, "as we should like to see it taught in America and England—as a total expression of racial experience in which ideas however abstract often control emotions and conduct, and in which conduct and emotions often modify ideas."

Evolution is here taken to be the formula, the "Open Sesame" of our treasures heaped up during ages—past in present realised, present in past made ready and by many tokens prophesied. We might venture on defining this method as the science of a people's impressions and expressions when reduced to writing. Hearn, as I said above, lost his religion but came upon a philosophy in Herbert Spencer. It appealed to his intellect by applying to the whole of phenomena one synthetic idea; to his emotion equally so by postulating beneath or behind all fleeting shows an eternal, unknowable reality. In England, where mysticism either does not flourish or puts on religious forms, the system of Spencer was taken to justify mechanical views, or even a coarse materialism. In the East, there had never been a prevailing philosophy to compete with evolution; and its religion of Nirvana presented analogies to the doctrine of an everlasting Unknowable. Through wide gateways, then, Lafcadio Hearn might lead his company on, Spencer guiding them into a world made perfect by adaptation, although it could not last beyond its period. The bridge had been thrown over that great gulf fixed between the lands of the rising and the setting sun. Yet again, on Spencer's principles rightly understood, mind is more than life, and conduct more than mind. The highest beauty is moral; and "we needs must love the highest when we see it." Supreme art would be supremely ethical. Here it is that the Professor in Tokyo takes his stand; from this point he draws his circle with golden compasses.

Another consequence, not immediately foreseen, is that Lafcadio Hearn declares for the Romantic against the Classic school in literature. He could not logically do otherwise. The Classic is and must be the Conservative, careful of the type, doting on past wonders, to whom the rules and forms of the ancients are synonymous with perfection. He looks back on a world better than his own. Not so the Romantic, whose millennium is yet to come. Therefore, rebel and revolutionist he will be, seeking a type of which he dreams, nowhere as yet visible. Thus my Professor argues; but we are going down into deep waters, and I turn back hastily to the strand. His reasoning is clear enough, though Spencer in the guise of a revolutionary poet strikes me as somewhat grotesque. Hearn frankly tells his audience, "I believe very strongly in extremes, in violent extremes"; the classical tendencies may be a painful necessity; but he says, "I have never been able to feel any sympathy with modern classical literature in the strict sense of the word." We know now where to find him, what kind of authors he will select for praise or imitation, and why he will praise them.

I am a long time coming to the lectures themselves; yet a view of Lafcadio Hearn in his part as critic seems to me not uncalled for. He is always an interesting figure; his aims are noble. Art should be the expression (not that it need be conscious) of perfect love; the highest self-sacrifice would do no more than fulfil it. This, we may say, is Romanticism indeed, "All for love and the world well lost." Are we catching an echo from the New Testament? Let me hasten on. That change in the deepest mood of thought and feeling to which we owe, in Mr. Saintsbury's phrase, the "Romantic Triumph," is here traced in poems which follow the forms they would help to shatter, in Crabbe and Cowper, nay in Wordsworth and Byron, where the eighteenth century, as De Maistre said of it in philosophy, "still lives on." Keats also, the least "classical" in that narrow sense of any modern singer, though intensely Greek by temperament, used the rhyming couplet of Pope in "Endymion." No matter, the new spell was working and would subdue to itself any form, however reluctant, as Victor Hugo transfigured the Alexandrine. Beginning thus, Lafcadio Hearn unrolls his magnificent scroll of names and trophies, from Shelley onwards, which to pursue would be all one with quoting him down the line; and in fact he will be read by every scholar. His knowledge of English was wide; in citation he is constantly a master of the best; he moves rapidly; and I daresay the expert would strike no more slips in him than are not to be escaped by commentators grappling with whole libraries. I have remarked some in matters lying outside his proper range. For example, it is not true that monks in the Middle Ages regarded all classic literature, Greek and Latin, as merely wicked. Such statements are absurdly wrong. It is to monkish transcribers, Byzantine and Western, to clerics and even to nuns, that we are indebted for all manuscripts later than the third century; and what they copied they also studied and often taught. Certain odd mistakes occur which a little editing would remove. In the first volume details of biography well known to ourselves could not be omitted. They are, I believe, usually correct; and it was impossible for Lafcadio Hearn to bear malice; but he is just and holds the balance even. He is fastidiously delicate in handling Western topics which to a Japanese living at home are perplexing in the extreme. A short and powerful lecture brings out the difference between two civilisations so unlike in their treatment of love and the poetry of love—a religion, says Hearn, with Europeans and Americans, derived from mingled influences. On one side the Norse veneration of mother-goddesses, on another the Christian cult of the Madonna. Points as difficult to interpret with hope of success recur again and again. They might have been cast into a general view, related or opposed to one another by delineating the religion of Europe in which, as Hearn knew well, their explanation must often be sought. Though affirming this very thing of Shakespeare in a different work, he has not taken it much into account when dictating the lecture given here, full of marrow as it is, on "the greatest figure in all human literature." The analysis attempted is in essence founded on Spencerian principles; it has depth, sympathy and power of connecting by pregnant hints the life and sufferings of the poet with his creations. To the philosophy of Spencer our Shakespeare is a synthesis, a recapitulation of

previous existences, now focussed in this one. Curious—is it not?—that we should be taken back by the unexpected path opened to us in a Tokyo lecture to Plato's doctrine of reminiscence, to the immortal "Dialogues" and their divine ideals, which cannot easily be separated from any rational theory of evolution!

I like the second volume better than the first. Altogether it makes a rare sort of anthology, free from the elementary details that we skip while looking for Hearn's criticisms, which are what we most desire. Besides the essay on Shakespeare, we come to illuminating chapters on the Norse sagas and their modern imitations, on the supernatural in fiction—original and apposite—above all in a land which has produced a visionary literature and great artists of nightmare; on the "Havimal"; on Berkeley; but by way of glorifying our English bards as well as touching the heart of Japan, at last the Professor reads to us the finest things ever sung in Northern poetry on aspects of nature animate and inanimate, on birds and the night. Such chapters are wholly worth detaching for study in our schools, where they would couch the eyes now blind, unstop the ears now deaf, and prove to us that choice spirits, our own kinsfolk, have been tremulously sensitive to the message brought by nightingale and lark and swallow and seagull, by winds and waters, by the starry heavens. There is, I conclude, however we construe it, a unity between our life and the universe, a common language, prophesying of that which shall never pass away, which now is, and which, when we break "into eternity our due," shall be revealed as at no time very far from every one of us. Literature, dreaming on these things, has caught inspiration from the fount of light. All along, Lafcadio Hearn, disciple of Spencer, Buddhist, what you will, has been discoursing of the Great Unknown, who is not to be for ever the Unknowable. He has gone into the darkness where light shines that our weak vision cannot bear. May it shine on him at last!

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

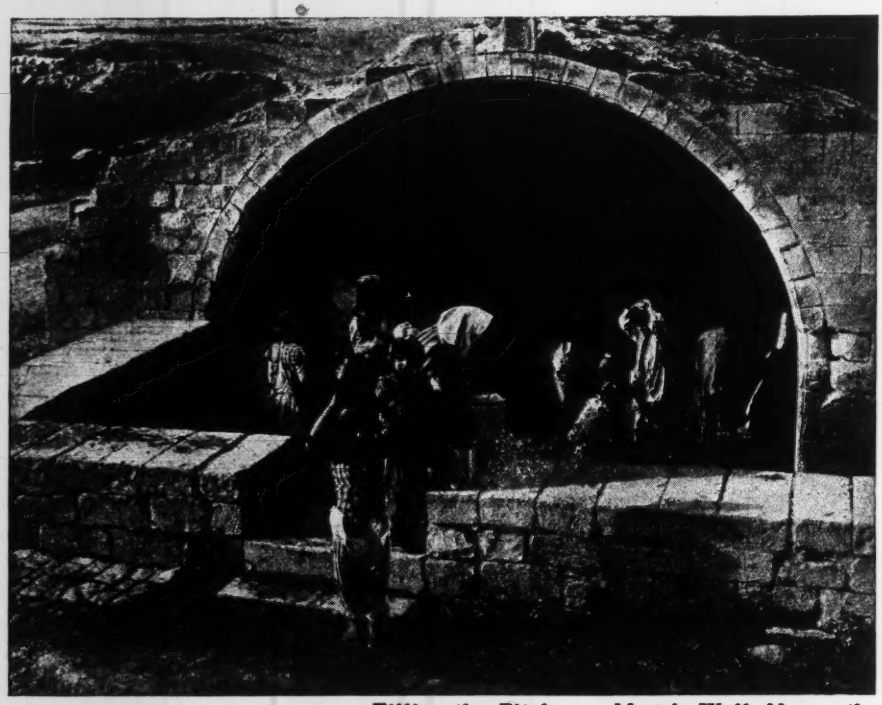
EVEN gift-books for children have in these strenuous days suffered a sea-change. They are much less magnificent than of old when in the peace days they grew more splendid year by year, the kings of the brush and the pen bringing to the nurseries their gold, frankincense and myrrh.

A famous publisher told me not long since that girls' books tended to disappear. Are the girls from twelve to sixteen reading their brothers' books or are they going back to Miss Thackeray, Miss Yonge and Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, all of whom did work of a kind not to be surpassed in our days? Has the fairy-tale gone after the fairies in these days of stark reality, that there is not one in my bundle? Or, do they make way for the new procession of heroes finer than legend or fable?

Before coming to the story-books let us consider the finest book in the world as presented to us by a true poet. There is some wonderful writing in Mr. William Canton's "The Bible"[1]; and it is fortunate he should have told the story and not any man with less gifts than his. This book is not a mere paraphrase of the Book. What he does is to take the reader by the hand and make him see with his own clear vision the whole wonderful story unroll itself in its own setting. I once heard a very brilliant Biblical scholar and poet explain the Creation of the World—seven ages, seven æons, as comprised within our seven days. I have ever since been

Little Folks at Volendam.
From "The Wonder Book of Children of All Nations." (Ward, Lock.)

[1] "The Bible Story." By William Canton. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Filling the Pitchers: Mary's Well, Nazareth.
From "The Wonder Book of Children of All Nations." (Ward, Lock.)

able to realise the Creation. One can only say that Mr. Canton's beautiful narrative is worthy. It would have been so easy to fail. But this countryman of Heaven who gave us "The Child's Book of Saints," has here seen and written.

Now to more terrestrial books, with a thought that earth is the ante-chamber to Heaven, and has its own joys. I envy the boy or girl who is given a Herbert Strang book this Christmas. "The Old Man of the Mountain"[2] is an Indian story, in which the plain and straightforward West is brought bang up against the mysterious and menacing East. Mr. Strang's powers of invention are great. One is hurried along breathlessly from one adventure to another, till we are left gasping at the end of the jolly narrative, with, of course, the white man on top. For excitement this book will be hard to beat, and needless to say Mr. Strang's books are full of the qualities to which boys—and girls—should aspire. Reading him, an older, less adventurous person, "lives by admiration."

Here again is Mr. Herbert Strang with "Frank Forester,"[3] which is a story of the present—of the war and the tragic Dardanelles. For boys who are in the war and boys who are going to be in it, and for girls who must content themselves in the lists at home, Mr. Strang has done well. This stirring story need not be only for the delectation of young people. Anyone who is looking for books to send to the hospitals cannot do much better than to give the soldier boys Mr. Strang's tales.

For a book of an entirely new flavour I would commend "Indian Tales of the Great Ones"[4] by a famous Indian lady, Cornelia Sorabji. The sub-title "Among Men, Women and Bird-People," indicates the atmosphere of these fanciful and often beautiful stories; full of the wisdom and poetry and the subtle simplicity of the East. Mr. Warwick Goble illustrates adequately a book which the grown-up may enjoy equally with the child.

"Stories of Russian Folk-Life"[5] is not to be mistaken for folk-stories. These are Russian stories, with an introduction which tells us a good deal about our Ally — that brave, kind, gentle and religious people of whom we were so long in ignorance. No one now trembles at the thought of a Cossack; or if anyone does let him read these charming stories. "The Man Who Fought the Wolves" is to be read at a gallop of the heart, but all the stories tend to a greater knowledge and trust of, and to a greater affection and admiration for our great Ally.

"The Wonder Book of Children of All Nations"[6] is a splendid annual, appealing not only to the young desire for entertainment, but also imparting knowledge in the most agreeable way. After the war we shall hardly be as insular as we used to be. The Empire should make us see to that. And, amusing as insularity was in the young Briton it constituted somewhat of a danger in the grown man and woman. No longer, helped to knowledge and sympathy by such books as this, will the boy and girl refer contemptuously to other peoples. Splendid isolation has its dangers as well as its advantages. As for entertainment the book is princely. It is profusely illustrated in black-and-white and colours. It is a huge book for three shillings.

POSTSCRIPTUM BY PAMELA.

The child of to-day is certainly very fortunate in the wide selection of books which are prepared for him, but there are surely few books to surpass "Collins's Children's Annual"[7] for 1916. This book contains thirty-four delightful stories for children, many of them from the pens of well-known authors. Every child will find his favourite form of story here, whether it be of fairies and witches or a modern war story. To complete this marvellous collection—which can be obtained for the very moderate price of three shillings and sixpence—there are thirty-six coloured illustrations by artists already dear to the childish heart, such as John Hassall, R.I.

[2] "The Old Man of the Mountain." By Herbert Strang. 3s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)
[3] "Frank Forester: A Story of the Dardanelles." By Herbert Strang. 3s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)
[4] "Indian Tales of the Great Ones." By Cornelia Sorabji. 1s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)
[5] "Stories of Russian Folk-Life." By Donald Mackenzie. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)
[6] "The Wonder Book of Children of All Nations." 3s. net. (Ward, Lock.)
[7] "Collins's Children's Annual." 3s. 6d. net.

From "Fairy Tales from Hans Christian Andersen." Illustrated by Harry Clarke. (Harrap).

"'I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT,' SAID THE SEA WITCH."

XUM

Altogether Messrs. Collins are to be congratulated on their "Annual" which is quite a remarkable achievement.

"A Nursery Geography"[8] is a delightful combination of a fairy tale and a lesson book. Many children will enjoy the story of how Tom and his younger brother and sister travelled on a Magic Carpet through India and Japan, and all the marvellous things they saw there, and incidentally will learn a great deal of geography as well. In the second part of the book the three children tour the British Isles, but this time in an aeroplane, which they found quite as exciting as the Magic Carpet. Mr. Dickson manages to make his geography lesson most attractive, and children will probably learn a great deal more from reading it than from a ceaseless perusal of geography books. To complete the book there are twenty charming illustrations in colour.

"The Peek-a-Boos in War Time"[9] is a continuation of the adventures of that interesting trio with whom we are already acquainted. Their various attempts at war work are most amusing, and we follow them with interest from munitions to the land, although both enterprises are doomed to failure. We leave them eventually, "busy resting hard," after their excitements. The story is told in large, clear print suitable for children, and there are six delightful plates in colour, besides a number of smaller illustrations, by Chloë Preston.

The last books in the pile are three little paper-covered stories in verse. "A Great Adventure"[10] is a rabbit's story told by himself; the other two in the series are "Miss Mouse's Moving Day"[11] with a thrilling tale of her escape from a dog and a cat, and "The Disappearing Trick of Mickey and Morris"[12] which, alas, has a tragic end. All these little books are in large print and cleverly illustrated.

[8] "A Nursery Geography." By George S. Dickson. 3s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)
[9] "The Peek-a-Boos in War Time." By May Byron. (Frowde, Hodder & Stoughton.)
[10] "A Great Adventure." ("The Tuppenny Tay Books.") (Stevenson.)
[11] "Miss Mouse's Moving Day." (Stevenson.)
[12] "The Disappearing Trick of Mickey and Morris." (Stevenson.)

"How Dicky's eyes glistened."

From "Collins's Children's Annual." (W. Collins, Sons & Co.)

THE REAL SOCIETY JOURNALIST.*

By RICHARD WHITEING.

SOME time ago, an enterprising publication started the question of the Ideal Editor. The discussion might more profitably have turned on the Ideal Contributor. Such a contributor should be the "swell" of mind, manners and connections, who has easy access to everybody worth knowing, and can report them and their cause aright to the unsatisfied—no small part of the community. Work of that kind can hardly, in fairness, be expected from any man who has merely dined with the Kaiser. It demands a longer and a far more comprehensive course—Eton, Oxford, Parliament, and the gift of getting oneself started as the grandson of a Duke. The type has its best, and indeed its sole exemplar in the journalism of our day, in the author of this most interesting book. He drops in at his ease on the most distinguished persons, or they drop in upon him. His discretion never moults a feather: we are to expect no revelations, but we have flashes of light that explain events by character, rather than character by events, the slower and by no means the surer way.

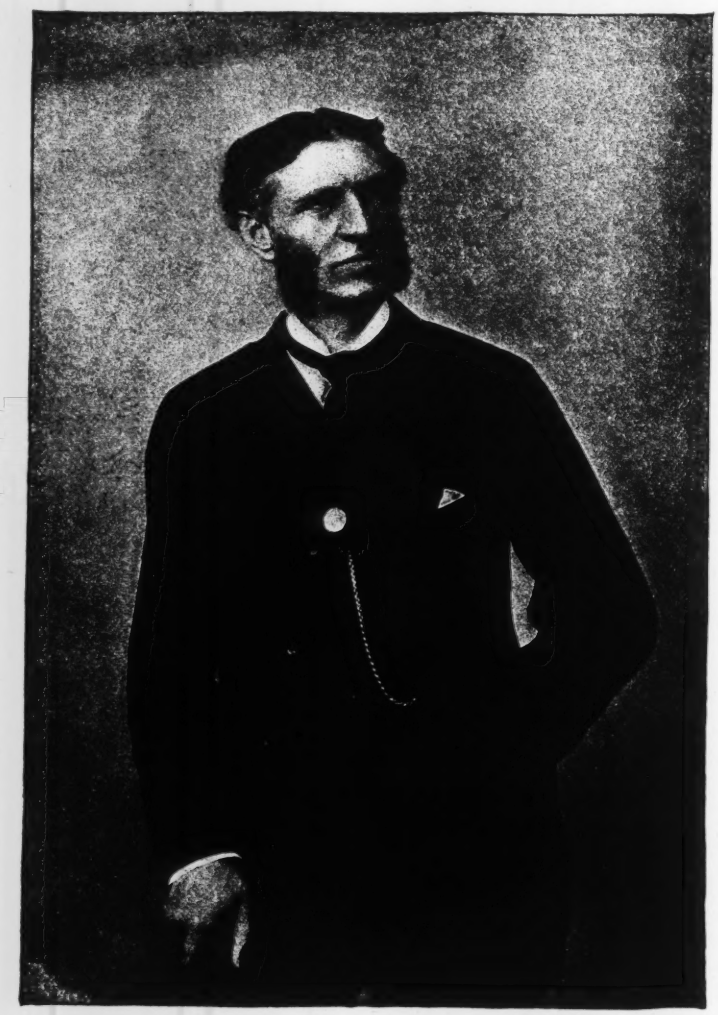
* "Portraits of the 'Seventies." By G. W. E. Russell. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

In regard to high life, he may be said to have lisped in subjects; and the subjects came. For the rest he has done serious work in literature in many a thoughtful page.

The politicians lead the way. Gladstone is touched more tenderly than some of the others, perhaps because the author was for a long time in very confidential relations with him. Chamberlain yields a rich harvest:

> "The extreme alertness of look and manner and movement irresistibly suggested the associations of the counter, and Gilbert's
>
> "'Pushing young particle—
> What's the next article?
> Threepenny 'bus, young man.'"

Poor fellow, there was a tailpiece, it seems, to his oft quoted receipt of the strongest cigars and no exercise as the preventive of shortness of days. "I mean to live to be a hundred." That rash and fateful utterance alas! marked the main difference between a triumphant Midlothian campaign and an abortive Tariff Reform one checked in mid career. "He thought political consistency an overrated virtue: 'in politics a year ahead is the same as eternity. You begin a new career each morning.'" Hence Mr. Russell's pithy comment: "The saying that Gladstone understood Man but not men was never more conspicuously illustrated than in the case of Chamberlain. He only admitted him to the Cabinet because he was forced to do so, and made no use of him when he got him there. . . . That Chamberlain felt this and resented it is only to say that he was human." Their common friend tried to patch up a peace, and Chamberlain was invited to Hawarden for a pow-wow; but nothing came of it. The visit was socially pleasant, but the Unauthorised Programme was a fatal bar. There was more even than this; and it came at the close of a talk between the two younger men. "Mr. Gladstone is certainly a wonderful old gentleman," said Mr. C., "but he is seventy-six. Do you think *I* am going to climb down to *him*?"



Matthew Arnold.

From "Portraits of the Seventies," by G. W. E. Russell (Fisher Unwin.)

Lord Hartington, we are told, was brought up too much at home. He missed Eton, owing to the fears or the fads of his father, and fell back on the society of the grooms and gamekeepers of the estate, with whom his word was law. This accounted for a kind of bluntness in him, sometimes hard to distinguish from bad manners, and even from absolute selfishness. "If he was engaged to dine at eight, he came at nine." He could grow quite animated on the folly of our restrictions on public gaming: "I own two towns (Buxton and Eastbourne): gaming tables are just what they want." This seems to carry the reflection that, if you will go on letting people own even one town in that reckless way, what on earth can you expect? However, we hear nice things of him galore; and even of the egregious "Labby," labelled as "a gentleman to the backbone." Did it actually touch the bone? We now learn why the latter could find no place in a Liberal Cabinet. It was not Gladstone's doing; it was the Queen's. The old statesman received a timely warning that, on this point, Her Majesty was "very stiff." In a bunch of "Demagogues," we find John Bright bracketed with Randolph Churchill, Parnell and Bradlaugh! It is impossible to forbear an "Oh! oh!"—of course in the strictly Parliamentary sense. Some of Lord Salisbury's following thought that Lord Randolph, who had so rashly got rid of himself, should be asked to return. "When one has had a boil on one's neck and it has burst," said the Premier, "one doesn't invite it to return." It was not perhaps quite gentlemanly "to the backbone," but it served.

The Church, though of course somewhat too exclusively as by law established, looms large in these delightful pages. Three archbishops are in the record. One of them is Erastian Tait—the prefix, of course, in this connection, not to be confounded with any name for a Christian. Another is Thomson of York—Vanity Fair's "Archbishop of Society," and "not the vulgar Thompson with a 'p'" as a lady was careful to insist. The

third is his brilliant successor Magee, who had little more than a six months' tenure before it was time to die. Three cardinals have their turn, as if to show there is no prejudice against at least one other communion. This section is mainly concerned with the famous fight to a finish between Manning and Newman. They were most unequally matched—Manning, all Catholic policy; Newman, all Catholic feeling, his whole life given to ideals and consequently to disappointments. No wonder Manning, as he told Mr. Russell, had once thought of going into politics. "But what a rascal I should have been by this time," he added, rather unkindly to a confidant who could write M.P. after his name. "I do not trust him," said Newman. "Poor Newman!" said Manning. "I suppose," he added to Mr. Russell, "you have heard that I tried to prevent Newman from being made a cardinal. . . . It is not true. . . . I said, 'Leave it to me'; I wrote to Rome and it was done in three weeks. *Very few people know that.*" "Very few indeed!" observes George Russell drily, and leaves it there. Other eminent clerics have their share of notice in generous estimates of Liddon, Mackonochie, Father Stanton, and Bishop Wilkinson.

The poets, too, eat and drink when they can, and their old welcome to the seat by the fire and the share of the mess has now matured into invitations to dinner. The noble successors of their former hosts, especially the great Dukes, are not ignored, and naturally so: it is almost a service of filial piety, not to say of the worship of ancestors. One of them, third of the Sutherland line, "apart from his paternal property," owns "much more than a million acres in the Highlands." The marriage that brought him a poor 150,000 more in Ross-shire must still have left him quite a King Cophetua in his own esteem. He was broad-minded, however, as well as broad-acred, and was "in favour of the equal division of all property—except land." Such was his solicitude for "the liberty of the country. 'As if a fellow could have too much land,'" he would urge. An extract describes an entertainment at his town mansion. "The palace, resonant with fantastic music, blazed amid illumined gardens rich with summer warmth," etc., etc. This suggests "Jeames" on the mount of inspiration, but it was really from the pen of the author of Lothair. Here, too, the whirligig of Time has brought its changes, if nothing of deeper import. Stafford House is now the London Museum, "by kind permission" of quite a new sort of chieftain, whose tenantry are also his co-partners in about the largest industry in the world.

Society—to find the most comprehensive name for it—is the general theme of the book. This imports much attention to great ladies, whether as wives of great statesmen, or as heiresses of fame on their own account. Even fashion is not neglected, in a way, for the chapter on "some medicine men" shows a nice discrimination of doctors by their bedside manners. The portraits, chiefly from photographs, are to be counted by the score.

It is a fascinating book, and none but George Russell could have written it—a sort of swan's song of the urbanities of that "so-called Nineteenth Century" which has come to its self-satisfied end, to make way for the most devastating upheaval in all history. Many changes portend. Only the Being, whom some of us, as prophets, rather ignorantly worship, knows what they are to be.

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR.

"Some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead . . . rather will I say: Here in this world he changed his life."—MALORY.

HE passed in mystery from mortal sight
Upon the waters that enshrined his sword.
There was no man whose eyes had seen the blight
Of death upon the face of Britain's lord,
And all of Arthur that was left his land
Was a great memory like an armoured ghost,
That steeled the sinews of the English hand
And thundered in the waves of England's coast.

Time made of Arthur and of Avalon
A poet's dream to please an idle hour,
While England through triumphant years went on
Proud in great riches, confident in power,
Girding the world with her imperial sway—
Too busy and too prosperous to see
The eastward threatening of a certain Day
That should make different all the days to be.

Before its dawn there came a man, whose eyes
Were strange alike to pity and to fear—
Not cruel, but unsparing, in the wise
Of those who see eternity too near.
Upon this quiet doer of his deed
Flamed the red morning of a world in dust.
"Trust him!" cried England in her final need,
And royally he rose to meet her trust.

Out of the stubborn stuff of youth untaught
He shaped an army to his high desire.
Unhastening, unfaltering, he wrought
Amid the rising tide of blood and fire
A living shield for England's labouring heart—
The breaking heart that is too great to fail!
And then—as if time's curtains drew apart
To welcome back a kingly ghost in mail—

He passed in mystery from mortal sight.
The waters took him, as it was of old.
The tale of how death came to England's knight
Never by any mortal may be told.
All we have left of Kitchener lives on,
Steel sinewed in the army that he made.
There may be joy to-day in Avalon
For the home-coming of a hero's shade.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

New Books.

THE FUTURE OF IRELAND.*

Mr. Lysaght's book appears in a series devoted to appreciations of Irishmen of To-Day: a series which, unhappily, has so far not equalled expectation or opportunity. The author is at pains to explain that his study is impersonal. Nobody, he says, wants a personal book. The time has not yet come to write even the history of Plunkett's work in Ireland. Mr. Lysaght fears "intrusion or adulation or impertinence," and shrinks from adding to the controversial flames that surround his subject. So, setting out hesitantly to deal with Plunkett's place in the Irish Nation, he, in his first chapter decides to write a study "of rural Ireland in relation to Sir Horace Plunkett"; and ends somewhat amazingly by writing a book containing the thoughts of Mr. Lysaght on things in general, from county clubs and continuous cropping down to Home Rule and Irish ecclesiastical buildings. Certainly there is occasional reference to Plunkett; there is an account of the I.A.O.S., written by Plunkett himself; and, finally, we are given two long precious chapters on Irish future politics wherein elections are forecasted, ministries formed, Mr. Redmond made the first premier under Home Rule, and Sir Horace calmly relegated to his old seat in the Department of Agriculture.

One the more regrets Mr. Lysaght's very poor use of his opportunities, because here and there, despite certain remarks about "political neutrals," time-servers, masters of compromise, and so on, he shows a high appreciation of Plunkett's work, and a cautious admiration of himself. Clearly, did Mr. Lysaght have his way, Plunkett would no longer be an "object of suspicion with the majority of his countrymen," or be waiting for political fogs to dispel, and so be revealed "in his true colours as a public man." Also there is certainly room in a series devoted to Irishmen of to-day for a book that shall be neither impertinent nor obtrusive, yet shall deal frankly with the career, work and personality of Sir Horace Plunkett. The facts are there. The personality is there, big, famous, persuasive, full of kindliness and humour and nobleness; just the figure for an artist who knew his work and could use his material.

A. E., whom someone has called the spirit of the great co-operative movement that sprang from Plunkett's brain, could write the book. Through thick and thin now for many years he has stood valiantly by his chief, aiding him unofficially but vitally with splendid eloquence of voice and pen, curbing that mystical genius of his within such bounds of practicality that in Ireland to-day is no higher authority on the economics of farming than the Editor of the *Homestead*. Perhaps, some day, when Patrick shall have evolved his Pericles, and out of Ireland has been carved another Attica; then, his dreams fulfilled and his labours culminated, A. E. perhaps may be persuaded to write the story of Plunkett, the man and statesman, as his friends would have it written. But Pericles and Attica are not yet, not by a long way. And A. E. knows it. So in this new book of his he attempts, in a series of what he calls "imaginative meditations," the task of guiding forward towards real nationhood the infant State which "in the year 1914 A.D., amid a world of conflict," was born. He wants to create Irish national ideals, to set Irishmen discussing the principles which shall bring about and prevail in an Irish civilisation, to gather about him all the imaginations and finer intellects of his race to help "raise the soul of Ireland nigher to the ideal and its body nigher to its soul."

No one with any interest in A. E. and his doings will need telling with what imaginative power and passion of word and thought the outlines of an Irish polity are traced in this book. It is a very noble book. It is honest in every line. It burns at times with such an energy of conviction, of longing for the golden age of the new Attica, of faith and hope and pity for the oppressed and scorn for those who oppress, that whilst reading it one sits as under the spell of a great orator. Since Ruskin died no man has written as A. E. writes. He is of the race of Carlyle and Mazzini.

But, though his heart is full of love of Ireland, and though he looks out hopefully towards the golden age of his new Attica, the realities are not hid from him. Home Rule he knows is no panacea in itself. He sees clearly the difficulties of that strenuous path, over thorns and pitfalls, from the slums and the lifeless villages, and the poverty and ignorance and strife and bitterness, up to the serenity of that state wherein Irishmen shall be reconciled, educated, prosperous, free, shall be "truly citizens, thinking in terms of the nation, identifying national with personal interests." He knows how much is against him. He feels that his cry for help, to the churches, the thinkers, the aristocrats, "the mob of politicians," may not be heard or be misinterpreted. Yet he keeps in high heart. There is, he says, "some incorruptible spiritual atom" in the Irish heart. What has been can be again. In the great co-operative movement A. E. sees the transformer, the great turning movement, not for Irishmen only but for humanity, towards the ideal of universal brotherhood, "where people will be at harmony in their economic life, will readily listen to different opinions from their own, will not turn sour faces on those who do not think as they do, but will come at last, through sympathy and affection, to a balancing of their diversities. . . ."

So may it be.

SHAN BULLOCK.

* "Sir Horace Plunkett." By Edward E. Lysaght. 2s. 6d. (Maunsel.)—"The National Being: Some Thoughts on an Irish Polity." 4s. 6d. By A. E. (Maunsel.)

FIVE NOVELS AND A BOOK.*

The function of a critic is to criticise. Obviously! But what is criticism? I think that the popular conception of criticism is altogether wrong. A critic is not necessarily one who carps at things, picks holes in things. A critic should aim rather at appreciation than depreciation. Any vainglorious fool, however small his understanding, can find faults in any masterpiece, however great. But to discern and appraise the beauties of a consummate work of art is not so easy. It is still less easy to discover merit, and perhaps a little beauty also, even in mediocre stuff. That is why we poor critics are so often tempted to eschew the harder way and just point out the flaws and blemishes in the books we review. For there are always flaws and blemishes, and—oddly enough!—it is not the worst but the best books that are usually most open to attack. The utterly uninspired, commonplace novel is far more likely to be technically above reproach than the breathless, impassioned creation of genius. To cite instances: Shakespeare is not comparable with Sardou, nor Dickens with Wilkie Collins, as a craftsman. Thus one inclines to the absurd paradox that the better the literature the worse the art.

And I am moved to these reflections by the fact that among these six volumes of fiction I have just finished reading there is only one that is really first-class, and only one other that is promising. Which saddens me because it means that I have got to be unpleasant, perhaps, to people whose only aim is my delight.

Mr. Samuel Gordon's volume of short stories is the one first-class piece of work. I don't like the name of the

* "God's Remnants." By Samuel Gordon. 6s. net. (Dent).—"Bindweed." By Gabrielle Vallings. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"The Tutor's Story." By Charles Kingsley and Lucas Malet. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)—"Redwing." By Constance Smedley. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Boundary House." By Peggy Webling. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"Madame Prince." By W. Pett Ridge. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

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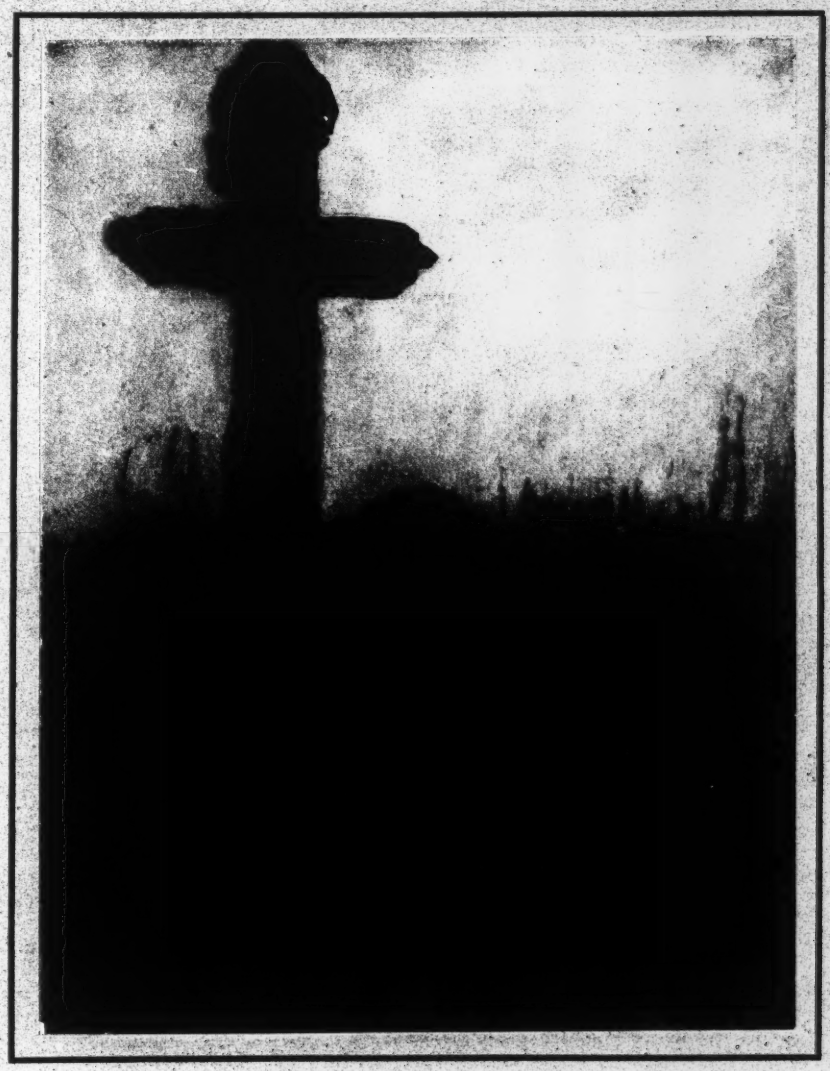
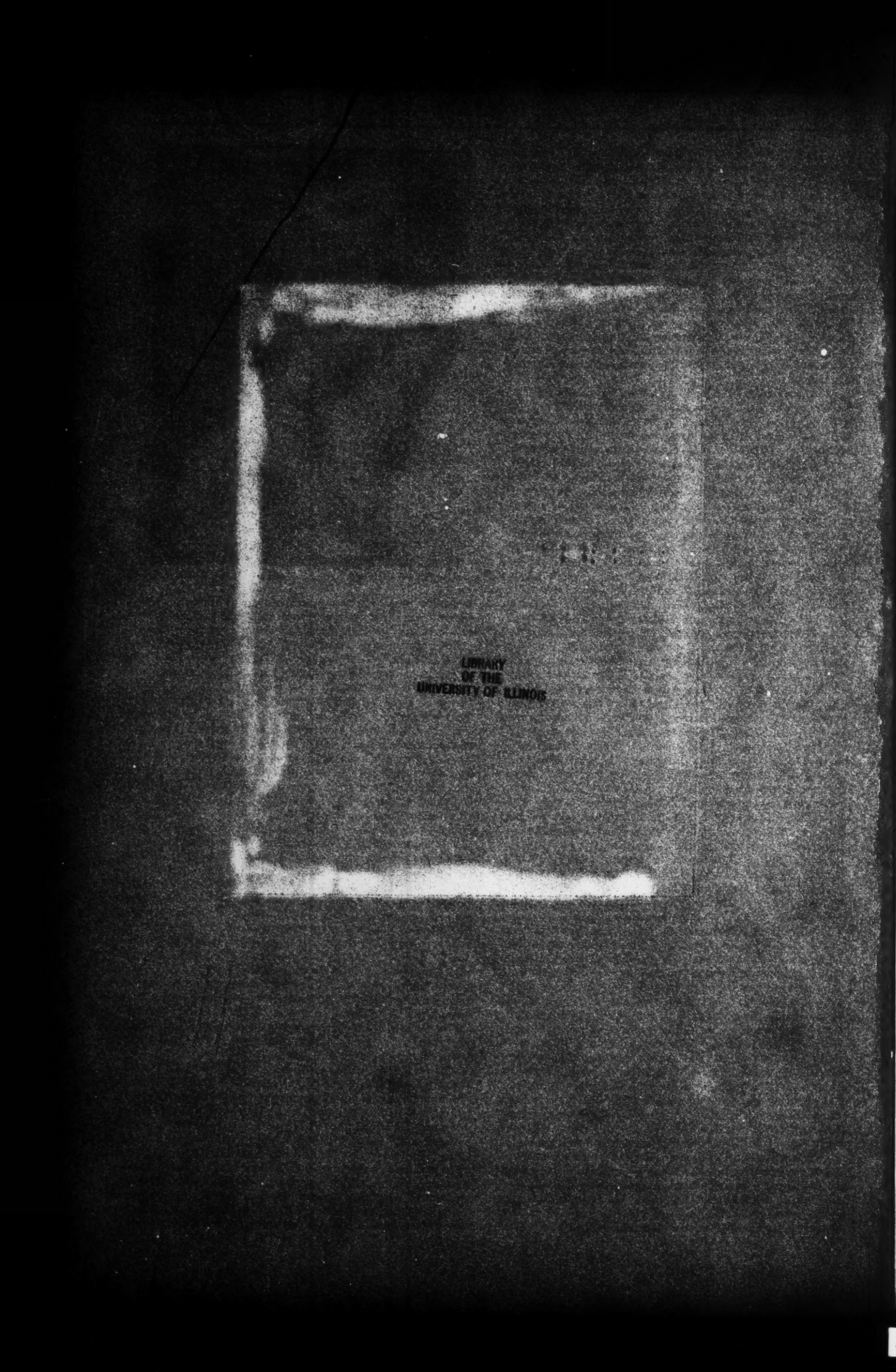
XUM



The Grave of a French Soldier

An Illustration from "MR. POILU"
Written and Illustrated by HERBERT WARD
Published by HODDER AND STOUGHTON
London New York Toronto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Deity to be taken in vain in the titles of books. I think Mr. Gordon would have been better advised to call his collection "The Chosen People" rather than "God's Remnants." There is a suggestion of bitterness in such a title, and of course it is very apparent throughout that Mr. Gordon, in these fine studies of Jewish life in the various ghettoes of Europe—and especially Russia—feels strongly the injustice and cruelty to which the people of his race have always been, and still are, subjected. In so far as that goes his title is justified, and yet it is misleading because there is nothing contemptible about any of the types he presents to us. On the contrary, they are most of them truly heroic figures, and even in the less heroic there is invariably some redeeming quality. But, apart from the title—and the American spelling—I have nothing but praise for these Stories of Israel among the Nations.

That American spelling, by the way, gives rise to a disturbing thought. Can it be that these stories have already appeared, either as a complete series or in more haphazard fashion, in American magazines? I am pretty sure that the bulk of them, at any rate, have never appeared in any English magazine. And why not? From every and any point of view they are good stories. Not only are they good as literature: literature is sometimes very dull; they are good as mere yarns. They would be worth telling, in any style, for their own sake. There is drama in them and much rare comedy, and almost always that little surprise toward the end without which no tale has any right to call itself a tale. Above all, there is not one single incident in any of the stories, or even a phrase, to offend the most delicate sensibilities. By which I do not mean that they are lacking in force or in any sense colourless. Indeed, they all alike grip and hold you irresistibly, from the opening to the concluding sentence. They have kept me from my work, they have kept me awake in bed, they have let my breakfast-bacon go cold and my morning newspaper neglected. They have thrilled me and tickled me, and moved me to the verge of tears. Their humour and their pathos, their tragic dignity and subtle sense of character, have given great joy to my soul. They are all so good I hardly like to particularise: I want to read them again before I discriminate; but offhand I would especially commend "The Lighter Sentence" as the most original story in the ironic vein I have read for a very long while, and "A Deal in Land" as the most humorously pathetic. Withal this is no mere idle book for an idle hour, but a stimulating and provocative book, a book rich in food for thought, a book expressing a ripe philosophy of life and a tender charity.

Strongly in contrast with the mature charm of Mr. Samuel Gordon's work is the manner and matter of a promising first novel by Miss Gabrielle Vallings. Incidentally there is some real good unconscious humour in this book. Indeed its note is struck in this foreword: "The author herewith declares that the characters and episodes in this book are entirely the work of imagination, they bear no relation to any living persons or their actions." In my younger and more flippant days, when to be smart at any cost—to my own or others' feelings—was to achieve artistic satisfaction—in those unregenerate days I should have quoted Miss Vallings' foreword as a sufficient criticism of her book. And I should have been grossly unfair. Despite its crudeness, "Bindweed" is not to be at all lightly regarded. It reveals an author with a native aptitude for inventing and handling strong situations. Indeed, one could use a stronger word than "strong" in this connection. To be precise Miss Vallings is a little too enamoured of horror, and as yet a little too obsessed by sexual considerations to do herself justice. One can hardly believe in her people: there is too much limelight, too much make-believe about them. You feel that, even in the privacy of their souls, they are always doing things or thinking things that will impress Miss Vallings, and, through her, her readers. Still, as I say, there is abundant promise in this book. Miss Vallings has the roots of the matter in her, and given a better theme, given a better sense of proportion and more restraint, she should achieve success. And anyway this first book of hers is well worth reading if only for the sake of its daring unsophistication.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Peggy Webling.**

The other four books on my list are all by more or less practised hands—too practised, perhaps even a little jaded, for they are none of them quite as good as they should be, as they might have been.

First is Lucas Malet's completion of her father's unfinished novel, "The Tutor's Story": no doubt a labour of love. But love is proverbially blind, and I think in the case of this misdirected effort it is proved so. Charles Kingsley was to my mind acting very wisely when he put this novel aside. It would have added nothing to his reputation. At best a good second-rate novelist, he had achieved his only real distinction by means of his political propaganda in such books as "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," which, in a way, heralded popular Socialism. In this aspect his "Westward Ho!" is negligible. And so it seems to me a pity that this dead fragment of a book should have been galvanised into a semblance of life by the addition of its missing parts. It is called a story, but there is very little story in it, and what there is is trite to the point of banality. The Tutor himself is the conventional figure of mid-Victorian romance, a morbidly modest person with a crippled leg, a heaven-born instinct for riding blood horses at sight, and a mania for heroism. It is all very old-fashioned, and perhaps Mrs. Harrison should be congratulated on her skill in adapting her own style to the style which used such phrases as "conspicuous by its absence" as a matter of course. Still, with all its faults, this is a book which is never boring, and most certainly deserves to be read if only as a survival of an almost forgotten fashion in literature.

My next two books are both purely woman's books, in every sense of the term. They are written by women, and though presumably not written for women exclusively, are of the class of novel which irresistibly appeals to women. To begin with, they both have blends of cad, bounder and fool for heroes. But women have always had poor taste in men. Miss Smedley gives us two unutterable outsiders in Redwing and Franklin Scott. Indeed, they are such very sorry specimens that I refuse to believe in them. Moreover, I cannot bring myself to credit that such a nice girl and a wise girl as Mimsy would ever have tolerated either of them for a moment.

That, of course, is in my reflective, critical mood. In my man-of-the-world mood I realise that these two cads are just the kind of men that women adore, run after, love and suffer gladly. They have been set up as heroes in the world of feminist fiction ever since the days of Jane Austen —they were almost canonised by Charlotte Brontë—and they endure to-day. One cannot, I suppose, blame either Miss Constance Smedley or Miss Peggy Webling for falling victims to their great-great-grandmothers' prepossessions in regard to the eternal masculine. One can only regret that wisdom is so far from them. For, apart from this seemingly inevitable misconception of average manhood, both these books are excellent, and I should not like to place one above the other. Miss Smedley has the firmer sense of character: her psychology is subtle and profound; but Miss Webling has the larger vision. She sees all of us as oddities, which we are, rather than as types—which we never can be. There is not much plot in either book, and what there is in "Boundary House" is fantastic almost beyond believing. "Redwing" relies rather on its manipulation of social values, and in that succeeds admirably. No library list could possible be complete that did not include both these books for reading in the gloaming at Christmas-time.

Of the last book on my list I can only say that it is the sort of book we expect from Mr. Pett Ridge. There was a time when one fondly hoped that he would some day give us a great book. His "Mordemly" certainly promised that as his gifts matured he would rank as one of our first novelists. And his gifts never have matured. He has never since written nearly so good a book as "Mordemly." He is always amusing, always entertaining, always worth reading for the sake of his unvarying good humour and high spirits, his sense of character and his wit; and yet he is always irritating because he never advances, he shows no slightest sign of any development. Here in "Madame Prince," he gives us a series of pen-pictures and character-studies, all in his best vein, and yet all futile. The people are real enough, but you cannot possibly believe in them. You know they would never do the things and say the things that Mr. Pett Ridge makes them do and say. You know that if the long arm of coincidence really acted as Mr. Pett Ridge makes it act, it would long ago have dislocated its shoulder and be no use at all—even to Mr. Pett Ridge. I have derived a certain measure of enjoyment from this book, as I do from all Mr. Pett Ridge's books; and yet at the same time I am again left with that feeling of keen disappointment and exasperation in which all Mr. Pett Ridge's latter-day books invariably plunge me.

EDWIN PUGH.

THE WHIG TRADITION.*

There is only one difference between the Whigs of the Napoleonic and the Whigs of the present war; there is no illustrious pro-German Whig in the country, and in Parliament there are none at all. There are anti-Russian Whigs; but even the most conspicuous of them cannot compare for force and energy with Charles James Fox and his followers. The Whigs—by which I mean those whose adherence to Liberalism is still as much a matter of tradition as of principle, of respect for the past as of hope for the future—have been solidly for England and the war. Not that this has resulted in any weakening of previous principles. In some cases it may have; but in the most notable cases the Whigs (and the higher Tories) have retained their old respect for English liberties with their new passion for the defeat of German militarism.

No better example of this enthusiasm for the British cause and this fidelity to old principles of liberty and justice can be found than in Mr. Galsworthy's essays on the war. They are now collected in this volume together with Mr. Galsworthy's other papers on social and political topics. If I deal more particularly with the war essays, it is not that the essays on feminism, on the slaughter of animals, on animals as pets, on our prison system, and on the administration of justice are inferior in interest and value. It is simply for the obvious reason that the essays on the war are on subjects which must still occupy a larger place in our thoughts.

That Mr. Galsworthy is a Whig is evident from his excellent paper "Diagnosis of the Englishman." In his novels Mr. Galsworthy, like an earlier Whig in his essays, Sidney Smith, has often mocked at the typical English virtues. An outsider, with Welsh and Irish in his blood like myself, can read those tiltings with pleasure; but, in this time of stress, Mr. Galsworthy, unlike Sidney Smith, reverts to type. He can even find praise for the English public school. He admits that "this great, unconscious machine has great defects"; but he claims that "it imparts a remarkable incorruptibility to English life; it conserves vitality, by suppressing all extremes; and it implants everywhere a kind of unassuming stoicism and respect for the rules of the great game—Life." This is no time or place to discuss the validity of Mr. Galsworthy's claim. I have quoted it merely to show how one of our leading satirists, one of the most inspiring critics of "English" standards, has, in time of war, felt bound to praise what he would almost certainly have blamed in times of peace. It proves Mr. Galsworthy a Whig of the milder school—the school of those who, unlike Smith or Fox, can be definitely blinded by results to the untruth or horridness of a thing. Whiggism was really an early form of Pragmatism; it has always praised what works—and its hatred of the Divine Right of Kings and of the writings of John Ruskin on political economy sprang from its fundamental distrust and dislike of idealism in any form. Yet we who are idealists, Celts and dreamers: we, who think that the only thing which can be said in defence of the public school is that it taught Landor to rebel, and inspired Shelley to anarchy—we must not mock at the Whigs. For they get things done, and do them. It is true, perhaps, that Shelley's poem on Peterloo is worth all the Reform Acts—nay, truer, that but for Shelley, but for Blake, there would have been no Reform Acts at all; yet it is the Whigs who do the spade-work. "Where there is no vision, the people perish"; yes, but if there be no people, no active, hard-working, patient, plodding folk, then there may be no prophet to have visions. And Mr. Galsworthy is anxious that the plodders should make the vision easier. And he has no doubt—nor, indeed, has any prophet—that the military system which enslaves Germany is blocking Europe's chance of a new vision.

> "I claim from the trend of events, and of national character, during the last century that in democracy alone lies any coherent hope of progressive civilisation or any chance of lasting peace in Europe, or the world. I believe that this democratic principle, however imperfectly developed, has so worked in France, in Britain and in the United States, that these countries are already nearly safe from inclination to aggress, or to subdue other nationalities that have reached approximately their stage of development."

It is then as one who believes this to be "a war to end war" that Mr. Galsworthy is a whole-hearted supporter of the Allies. And I am sure he is right in thinking that the great majority of the English people, and practically the whole of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the Colonies remain definitely anti-militarist; have entered this war, loathing and hating it and the necessity for it. It is true that the keen spirit, burning like a clear flame, which ran through England in August, 1914, has got rather smoky and sullen; but the flame is still there, burning as hotly if not as clearly as in the early days. Still there is grave danger, danger aggravated by the foolish, if natural, desire of nearly every adult to do distinctive war-work—as if all honest work in war-time was not war-work—that we may concentrate so much on the war as to forget its object. War is not an end in itself to any one except a Prussian or a savage. And so I welcome especially Mr. Galsworthy's articles "And—After?"

This war has made many see once more the truth that old-fashioned Christians and Mr. Chesterton have insisted

* "A Sheaf." By John Galsworthy. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

Her Majesty The Queen of Rumania in the National Red Cross Costume. From "My Country," a new and profusely illustrated book by the Queen of Rumania (Published for "The Times" by Hodder & Stoughton).

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From "My Book of Beautiful Legends" By Christine Chaundler and Eric Wood. Illustrated in colour by A. C. Michael. (Cassell).

"OUT FLEW A BEAUTIFUL, FAIRY-LIKE CREATURE WITH RAINBOW-COLOURED WINGS."

on for years—that belief matters supremely. Dogma is the most important thing in life. We have seen a whole nation, almost as intelligent as any people save the French, the Irish and the Scotch, drilled first to believe and then to do wrong. The methodical mental drilling of the German people into the belief that (1) Germany was a greater country than any other; (2) that she therefore could, and ought to, force her ideas and ideals on any weaker people; (3) that war was a nation's natural and sacred work, resulted directly in the present conflict.

"As a man thinks and dreams, so does he act. It is time to think and dream a little of the future, while the spirit of unity is on us, the vision of our country with us; so that, when we see again the face of Peace, we may continue to act in unity, having in our hearts the good of our land, and in our eyes the vision of her, growing ever to truer greatness and beauty."

It is a plea, is it not, for a quickening of the religious spirit. And although I cannot join the foolish cry that this war is a war of Christians against anti-Christians, one can, I think, say that the spirit which created the war is at odds with Art, Religion and Love—the only three things in the world which, fundamentally, are going to count. This is not to say that all Germans are devoid of any feeling for religion, art, or love—or to say that all Englishmen are devout servants of these three. But it is mainly in Germany that the spirit which mocks and despises has been manifest; for Germany lacked humility more than anything; and without humility no man can write a poem, love a woman, or worship God.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

MR. PHILLPOTTS AS PATRIOT.*

Let nobody be surprised that Mr. Phillpotts has left Devon for Kent. He seems to contemplate a series of industrial comedies, and "The Green Alleys" follows "Brunel's Tower." The green alleys are the hop alleys. Yet the greatest event in history may, for anything one can tell, have modified his plans, as it has profoundly changed industrial conditions; and a suspicion of this occurs because the new story is far less concerned with labour problems than it might have been if the war had not swept into it. There are no imported hoppers even. Instead of a comedy reflecting on such matters, we have one of which the plot seems to have been suggested by Mrs. Grundy's wild apprehension of war babies. The protagonists are brothers, one of whom was born out of wedlock; and the social moral is that it is high time we made it easy for parents to legitimise such offspring by subsequent marriage, as the Church was once prepared to let them do. For the rest, war comes with the climax of a story in which egotism and self-stultification are well contrasted in the group of its entertaining characters. They resolve themselves in a noble public spirit. Tennyson's "Maud" was sentimental; "The Green Alleys" is rational, with the modern aspiration that war's issue may be the end of war.

It is always with a sense of reassurance and rest that one lays down a new novel by Eden Phillpotts; his later method being so well balanced and so catholic. This is true in spite of a mild cynicism, and therefore says much for his art. He makes that effect while believing that "if one thing is less interesting to the bulk of men and women than their friends' good fortune, it is the bad fortune of their friends." Note that he says "friends," and not neighbours or acquaintances. I can only call the cynicism mild because it does not compel him to handle his folk unfairly. If it did, I suppose he would have transposed the words "good" and "bad." The new book is conspicuous among realistic stories for the fulness and justice of its portraits, of which four at least are painted with rare subtlety. It is rather scientific than realistic, of course. Perhaps the fact that its middle-aged and old people arrest most attention is proof of this. Georgina Crowns as a plain British mother and Mr. Witherden as a sophisticated type of weak father are both delightful studies. Besides, the story has that fine setting of sober life, terrene and human, which almost stands for the author's conscience, and should, perhaps, so stand with every good craftsman writing novels, whether he makes much of it or little.

That question of human egotism keeps us interested keenly in the two brothers' love affair, and I think that a hint of Mr. Phillpotts's view may have been put in the mouth of his Mr. Fuggles, whom I should rather have liked to meet in the flesh:

"There's a sane egotism as well as an insane egotism. We ought to submit to the first and defy the second. We mustn't make ourselves weaker to help those who can never be anything but weak. . . . We mustn't let the cankered people fasten on us, and so rob us of our strength to do our rightful work in the world."

It can only be a hint, of course; there might be infinite qualifications to make if any formal doctrine were in question. But this quoted passage will serve, in any case, to indicate the deeper issue of philosophy and ethics underlying his treatment of the story—which undoubtedly makes clear the folly of standing in one's own light, while it yet exalts public spirit as a greater thing than any zeal for personal ends, however "high-minded."

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

* "The Green Alleys: A Comedy." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Heinemann.)

EAST AND WEST.*

General Young, who appears to be known otherwise by a single work on the Medici, of which I have heard only at a distance, has undertaken a vast synoptic task, represented here by two out of its four proposed volumes. Including their admirable index, these extend to more than thirteen hundred pages. It is a point worth specifying because it indicates the probable dimensions of the complete work. The period which it designs to cover begins at 44 B.C., with the murder of Julius Cæsar, and will end A.D. 1453, having the inventions which led up to printing immediately behind it and the birth of Luther at a short distance in front. The present instalment breaks off at the death of the Emperor Leo III. in 740. In the face of such an enterprise our first question must concern the author's intention, and then—broadly speaking—as to the manner in which it is carried out. The aim, according to the preface, is to relate the history of fifteen centuries in such a manner as "to meet the needs of those who have not much time at their disposal." This being clear, the surface qualifications of General Young are an easy, if undistinguished, style and considerable narrative powers. It was his hope to avoid dulness, and there is no question that he has succeeded. His volumes, moreover, are no mere echo and reflection, but the work of a writer who forms his own opinions and expresses them clearly. He is also a liberal, though not exactly a critical expositor. The facility with which he determines dates and authorship in respect of New Testament texts may well leave those who are acquainted with modern extreme views in a state of amazement; but the particular instance is not meant to suggest that he is a manifestly unreliable guide. The impression which I have brought away personally is one of his general accuracy on points of fact, critical and debatable subjects set aside, though on some of these I am open to conviction that he might justify himself at need. There are cases also in which he has weighed evidence and counter-evidence, and has reached what in my opinion is the right conclusion, as, for example, on the question of St. Peter's visit to Rome, which has passed in these days from the realm of tradition to that of historical certitude. So also the long and very careful study of Constantine the Great is characterised by extreme fairness and considerable judgment,

* "East and West through Fifteen Centuries." By Brig.-Gen C. F. Young, C.B. First two volumes. 36s. net. (Longmans.)

especially in regard to the motives which actuated the Emperor in his recognition of Christianity long before he embraced it. I note as otherwise interesting—and, indeed, curious—that the legend of the labarum is accepted as true beyond doubt, on the combined authority of Lactantius, twelve months after the event is supposed to have occurred, of Nazarius and Eusebius; but General Young is careful to establish the fact that, great as the wonder was, it did not lead to the conversion of Constantine. The chapter on Gregory the Great is a luminous exposition of a momentous personality and period, and I suppose that many of the readers to whom these volumes are addressed will learn with some surprise that the so-called founder of the mediæval papacy has his chief title to greatness—from General Young's point of view—in his "steadfast and vehement effort" to save the Church from "imperialism through a claim to supremacy," meaning the subjection of all Bishops to one—which in Gregory's view was a "diabolical usurpation."

I have spoken of things which appeal personally to myself as of moment, and I could have cited many others, had I been attempting an adequate review of these volumes. Their claim to consideration is not in their novelty or greatness, but in the success which has attended so far the prosecution of a serviceable design, the production for general readers of a survey of the momentous centuries concerned in a very interesting and reasonably unbiassed manner.

A. E. WAITE.

WESLEY'S LETTERS.*

Mr. Eayrs, as one of the three scholars responsible for the recent and standard "History of Methodism," has all the qualifications of knowledge and sympathy for this task of selecting and editing a collection of Wesley's letters. About three hundred and twenty-three are printed, of which sixty-nine are new. Some of those reprinted are given in a fuller form here than elsewhere. Mr. Eayrs has supplied them with brief and telling introductions. Everything has been done to make the volume readable, and it should command a large public outside as well as inside the Methodist communion. Instead of presenting the letters in chronological order, Mr. Eayrs groups them in a series of chapters; for example, those to his father and mother, those to his brothers and sisters, the correspondence with his wife and other lady friends, etc. This plan has the merit of preventing the reader's knowledge of the correspondents from being scattered, and on the whole, it may be said to work out well, especially as an introductory outline of Wesley's life enables the subsequent chapters to be fitted into a coherent survey. There is a good index, the book is handsomely printed, and it is not even heavy to hold, in spite of its size. Certainly there is nothing heavy in the contents of these five hundred pages.

Johnson complained that Wesley was never at leisure for a good long talk. "He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do." But if Wesley had small time for conversation on general topics, it was not because he poured his soul out in letters. These letters are not written out of ample leisure, like the correspondence of Fitzgerald or Cowper or Gray. They are usually brief and businesslike. Wesley has only his correspondent in view, and writes with a compact brevity which rarely allows him to discuss outlying topics. Mr. Eayrs is fond of comparing Wesley's letters to his preachers to the despatches and directions issued by a general during a campaign. The parallel is more than an up-to-date allusion; it hits off the quality of large sections in his correspondence. One is left wondering how Wesley ever found time to write so many letters, besides his other works in religion and education. He must have had amazing health and vitality. He was "a human game-cock," says Leslie Stephen, and the impression of his physical and mental fitness is never stamped on the reader more than by his letters; even his journal does not illustrate his tireless grasp of details and judgment of individuals so vividly.

The notes to his preachers bring out his sense of authority and his insight into character, together with a frankness of counsel which is quite episcopal. "In the great revival at London, my first difficulty was, to bring into temper those who opposed the work; and my next, to check and regulate the extravagances of those that promoted it. And this was far the hardest part of the work; for many of them would bear no check at all. But I followed one rule, though, with all calmness: 'You must either bend or break.'" There is something distinctly naïve about this; it is almost as naïve as Sterne's famous remark: "We all live the longer—at least the happier, for having things our own way. This is my conjugal maxim—I own 'tis not the best of maxims, but I maintain 'tis not the worst." Wesley had to assert himself, like any great religious leader, and if he asserted himself it was not for the sake of personal happiness or power. But he was less fortunate in applying the same rule to his wife. Mrs. Wesley was not Mrs. Sterne. The letters in this volume which relate to his married life reveal traits in Wesley which remind us of John Knox—the John Knox of whom Stevenson wrote. Wesley, as Dr. Fitchett points out, was three times ill, and each time he fell in love with his nurse. The third time he succeeded in marrying her, and it proved a failure. The wealthy widow of forty, whom he persuaded to be his wife after an acquaintance of eight days, did not understand her husband's passion for itinerating, or his claim to be on frank terms with other ladies. As we can see from this volume, Wesley's judgment of the other sex was not always reliable, and even his best friends did their best to warn him against giving needless cause of suspicion and offence to his wife. But, though Wesley was amenable to advice, he was obdurate on this point. His wife must bend or break, like a local preacher.

This is only one of the human interests raised by a perusal of these letters. They are full of good things, scattered up and down the pages of the volume. On a Cornish clergyman, for example: "He is absolutely a Scot in his opinions, but of an excellent spirit." On the classics: "You would gain more clearness and strength of judgment by reading those Latin and Greek books (compared with which most of the English books are whipped syllabub), than by four score modern books." "The main point is, study the Greek and Hebrew Bible, and the love of Christ." "Speak as earnestly as you can, but do not scream . . . scream no more, at the peril of your soul." To the Bishop of London: "Your Lordship did see good to ordain and send into America other persons who knew something of Greek and Latin, but who knew no more of saving souls than of catching whales." On a parliamentary election at Bristol: "O what a pity there could not be some way of managing elections of every sort, without this embittering Englishmen against Englishmen, and kindling fires which cannot be quenched in many years!" "Of Calvinism, mysticism, and antinomianism, have a care, for they are the bane of true religion." It is disconcerting to find Wesley apparently calling Shakespeare "our heathenish poet." Mr. Eayrs notes that he rarely quoted from Shakespeare, and that a fine Shakespearean quarto, which he had annotated on the margin, was destroyed after his death by a Wesleyan preacher!

But space forbids any further quotations from these letters. They ought to be read as they stand. They are real letters, free and familiar, unconscious of any public except the writer and his correspondent, and, like all the best letters, revealing both.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "Letters of John Wesley: A Selection of Important and New Letters with Introductions and Biographical Notes." By George Eayrs, F.R.Hist.S. With a Chapter on "Wesley, His Times and Work," by Augustine Birrell; a Portrait of Wesley and Facsimiles. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THREE BOOKS OF LAUGHTER.*

A much quoted piece of cynicism expressed by a popular platitudinarian poet tells us in effect that we are a poor lot of creatures, ever ready for amusement and totally lacking in sympathy. The life and work of every true humorist proves the essential falsity of the jingling antithesis. Far truer is the suggestion that the springs of laughter and the source of tears neighbour each other nearly, the implication that those who can laugh best are those who can sympathise most. The three humorists whose books are here dealt with might all be subpœnaed on the side of that which I take to be the truer view, though for those of their works now before me two of them have gone more particularly to the springs of laughter for their inspiration.

The three books, widely differentiated in style and theme as they are, all appeal to the risibility of the reader, and to one who has read them in rapid succession they are strangely linked together. Mr. Pugh and Mr. Burke both affect the trick of talking to the reader, wondering whether he will have got far, and each nears the end musing over those who have accompanied him the whole journey. Then Mr. Burke and Mr. Jenkins both quote the same lines from a popular song of the day—a linking which perhaps I should not have noticed if I had ever heard more than the first line before! That I may not betray my terrible ignorance the song in question shall not be particularised. Those linkings are, however, merely verbal ones, the books are well and truly linked by a light chain of laughter, and may severally and collectively be commended to the notice of all in search of reading which shall place them under that sanative bondage.

In "A Book of Laughter," Mr. Edwin Pugh entertains us through four hundred pages in the easy, and often inconsequent, manner of a post-prandial raconteur, one who, whatever the ostensible object for which he has risen, can go on producing a succession of good stories which keep his hearers laughing in a way that should ensure good digestion waiting upon appetite. In the manner of the after dinner speaker, Mr. Pugh mostly gives a slight thread of conversational comment to connect the stories, or groups them according to their character, but the general effect is that of a well-made collection of good things, with many other good things added from the author's own fancy, experience or invention. There are a number of stories that will be familiar to some readers, but on the whole "A Book of Laughter" is remarkable alike for the freshness and excellence of its anecdotes. The early readers of it are likely to establish easy reputations as tellers of good stories.

Though Mr. Pugh hit upon the happy title of "A Book of Laughter," the words may appropriately be applied to each of these three arriding volumes. Mr. Herbert Jenkins in introducing us to the journeyman furniture remover, philosopher and practical joker, Joseph Bindle, and telling us of his doings and delineating his "circle," has given us a new friend provocative of much joyous hilarity. Bindle is really a joy, whatever he does and whatever he says, and though there may be readers who can find little entertainment in a record of practical jokings they must be dull dogs indeed if they cannot find much that is ticklesome in the quaint and comical things that the Cockney Aristophanes has ever on the tip of his tongue. The doings in which Bindle is either a principal or a partner are sufficiently diverting, including as they do the mixing of pure alcohol with the drinks lavishly served out at a temperance fête, the changing of the numbers on the bedroom doors of a large hotel, the personating of a supposed millionaire uncle from Australia, the "discovery" of a store of supposed German arms, the removal of furniture from the wrong house and so on, and the working out of a great hoax in acknowledged imitation of Theodore Hook's Berners Street Hoax of a century ago. By way of contrast to the irrepressible and droll Brindle we have his sourly sanctimonious wife and her brother-in-law, the greengrocer Hearty, whom "J. B." sums up:

"'E don't often smile, an' when 'e does it's as if 'e thought Gawd was a-goin' to charge it up against 'im. . . . 'E's so used to looking for sin in the soul that 'e can see a rotten apple in the middle of a barrel without knockin' the top off. Yes, I'll give 'Earty 'is due. There ain't many as can knock spots off 'im as a greengrocer, though as far as bein' a man, I seen better things than 'im come out o' cheese."

Mr. Edward Burke, in "My Wife," produces laughter by subtler methods. Though his volume is a laughter book, it is perhaps more frequently provocative of the deep understanding smile, than of the ebullient outburst. Some readers may think that it should have been called "My Wife's Husband," so clever is it as a piece of self-revelation of the supposed narrator. That same narrator has set out to win a bet by making a book by a truthful presentation of his wife; doing so he has succeeded in presenting himself with something of sublime unconsciousness with all the faithfulness of a Pepys. The egoist is really a finely futile person, who regards himself as the sport of circumstance, but is rather the sport of his own futility, and scarcely worthy of the "ordinary" wife whom he pretends to portray. His slangy daughter and son, the aeronaut who descends into his pear tree, his lady gardener, his Canadian friend, and the "dark Rosaleen" of that innocent past which induces so much self-pity in him, all take part in a delicious piece of comedy that is as heartily entertaining as the self-revelation of "Billy" is amazingly clever.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "A Book of Laughter." By Edwin Pugh. 6s. net. (Palmer & Hayward).—"Brindle." By Herbert Jenkins. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"My Wife." By Edward Burke. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

IRELAND AND FRANCE.*

Mr. J. de Lacy Smyth has well performed a loving and pious task in giving us a pleasant account of the relations between France and Ireland nearly half a century ago. His father, the late Mr. P. J. Smyth, was a man of the highest nobility of character, and of the most incorrigible and losing patriotism. When war broke out between Germany and France, it was his dream to raise an Irish Brigade to fight by the side of the French. "Europe," he said, "should know that the heart of Ireland was with the banner of the Tricolour on the Rhine. Those Germans were known in Ireland—in '98—and bitterly remembered. It was a saying there that each true Irishman should 'kill a Hessian for himself.' France should know whether her former allies deserted or betrayed her now, that Ireland linked to her by historic associations and proudly treasuring the glorious memories of Sarsfield's Brigade had thousands of men, each ready 'to kill a Hessian for himself' if France required their aid upon the Rhine."

The Foreign Enlistment Act made it impossible to raise an Irish Brigade openly. The British policy at the time was to strengthen Germany at the expense of France, and how well that policy succeeded it is hardly necessary to emphasise to-day. As it was not possible to raise an Irish Brigade openly, owing to the Proclamation of British neutrality, Smyth and his friends decided to do so secretly. A committee for the relief of the sick and wounded of the French Army and Navy was formed in Dublin, and subscriptions flowed in from all parts of the country. An ambulance corps arrived at Havre; the nucleus of an Irish Brigade was formed under Captain Kirwan, and commissions issued by the French Government. The Irish Company was ordered to the front on November 16th, 1870, and fought at Montbelliard and Busy. But the capitulation of Paris and the end of the war prevented the fulfilment of Smyth's hopes.

In the following year the French Government sent a deputation to thank the Irish people for their gift of an

* "Ireland and France." By Alfred Duquet. Edited by J. de L. Smyth, M.A. (Maunsel.)—"The Irish Rebellion of 1916." By John F. Boyle. 4s. 6d. net (Constable.)

ambulance, and it is their experiences and comments which form the bulk of this interesting little volume.

To the future historian, Mr. John F. Boyle's narrative of the events of Easter week in Dublin will be of great service. What were the causes which led a number of men of high personal character, poets, scholars and professors to undertake so desperate, so hopeless and so un-English an enterprise? Before the outbreak, the relations between the people of England and Ireland had been more friendly than ever before, they were almost cordial. The bitter memories of '98 seemed to have been forgotten. The country was—and is—crimeless, fear and hatred of the Germans, whom they well remembered as the mercenaries who fought for England against them in '98 and spared neither age nor sex, rallied the people to the British flag, even though their own was not set beside it. Recruiting was surprisingly good, despite the blunders and ignorance of many of the recruiting agents, who called upon the Irish to show their loyalty to England by joining the Colours, despite too the fact that the military authorities had refused to sanction the formation of an Irish Brigade, to fight as such, and win an undivided glory.

When the war broke out, the Irish were whole heartedly on the side of the Allies. The horrors of Belgium, the destruction of churches, the slaughter of priests and nuns, the outrages on women and children, moved profoundly a generous and warlike race. Their national antipathy to the Germans, their traditional love for the French, their sympathy with Belgium, as like themselves a small nationality whom the British were pledged to protect, set their blood on fire. It seemed as though the millennium had come at last, and that England and Ireland, after years of strife, had been united by the common danger and by the common detestation of their enemy. By the vast majority of the people the Sinn Feiners were regarded as, at the best, a band of unpractical idealists, of poets and professors, whose dreams could never be translated into tangible results, as, at the worst, hare-brained fools, braggarts and even cowards and shirkers. And then the most amazing and unexpected thing happened. Eleven hundred, men and boys, miscellaneously armed with rifles, shot guns and antiquated revolvers, seized the city of Dublin and held it for more than a week. Amazing, too, was their discipline and self-restraint. A police officer complained that while in '67, you could get anything out of the rebels for a bottle of whisky, these fellows were all total abstainers, and a judge of the High Court whose room they had occupied told the present writer that they left everything as they found it. They made no attempt to seize the Bank of Ireland, the old Houses of Parliament, or Trinity College, both of which were at their mercy. When a presentation was made to the O.T.C. of Trinity College for their valour in defending the place, Dr. Mahaffy, the Provost, handsomely acknowledged the fact that no serious attack was made on Trinity College.

Mr. Boyle writes with admirable restraint and impartiality, and his introduction, tracing the growth of Sinn Fein will be especially useful to English readers.

It is as yet too soon to write the final history of the Rebellion of 1916. H. A. H.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.*

James Flecker, the bulk of whose poetic output has recently been collected in one handsome volume, was born in 1884 and died of consumption at Davos Platz on January 3rd, 1915. He was educated at Dean Close School, Cheltenham, and then at Uppingham; and from Uppingham he gained a scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford. Oxford over, he travelled for a while in France and Italy, then went to Cambridge for a year to study languages for the Levant Consular Service. His first Consular appointment was at Constantinople. He was afterwards stationed at Smyrna and then at Beirut, where he contracted the illness to which he succumbed two years later.

In appearance he was tall, lean and swarthy. He had a pleasant, rather sardonic smile; a gentle, high-pitched voice and a very attractive, enthusiastic way of talking. At times he was extraordinarily witty, but on the whole he was, I think, a little lacking in humour. As a literary figure he had always an impressive aloofness; he was never in any literary clique, never fashionable, never boomed by any particular coterie of critics. In his literary tastes he was almost aggressively conservative, loathing particularly such fashionable vulgarities as the abuse of the Victorian great. I do not think he had a very high opinion of any of his contemporaries; but of the generation preceding his own he greatly admired Professor A. E. Housman and Mr. W. B. Yeats. I have a battered copy of "The Wind Among the Reeds" which I remember he insisted on giving me—it must be nearly ten years ago now—when I confessed that I had never read it.

I do not think I have ever encountered anyone who showed such a rapturous, such an intoxicating joy of living as James Flecker. And yet, behind his delight in life, there was always an undernote of sadness; and it is difficult to avoid the thought that the ecstasy with which he looked on the world was heightened by a premonition that his time in it would be short. Traces of this foreboding are perhaps to be found in two poems written in 1907—"No Coward's Song" and "Prayer." The thought of an early death was as hateful to him as it must be to anyone who is not a congenital idiot, but he faced his fate with undaunted courage, and when disease struck him down he gave the "last rotten remnants" of his life, the last atom of his strength, to his poetry.

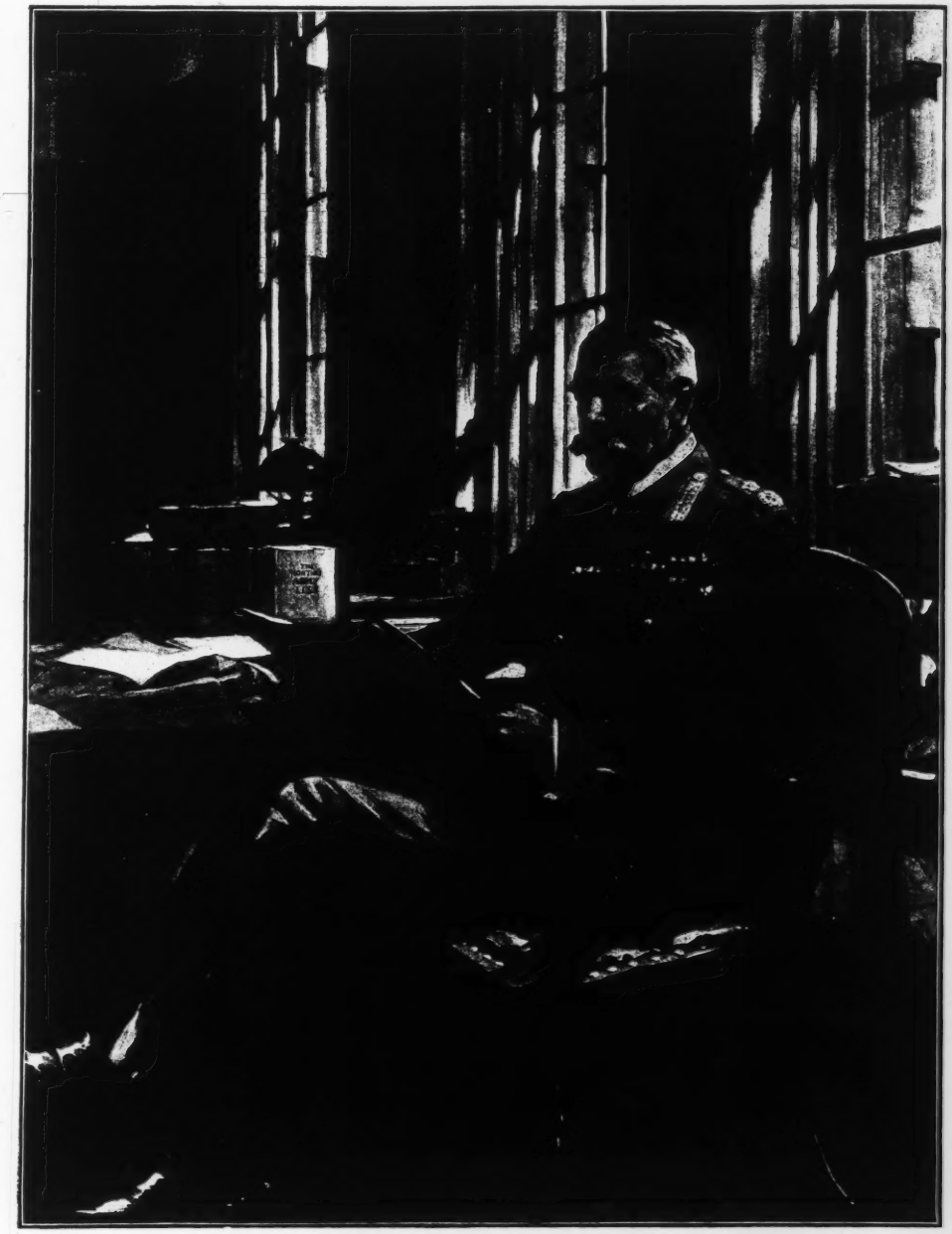
In his lifetime Flecker published only three small books of verse—"The Bridge of Fire" (1907), "Forty-Two Poems" (1911) and "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" (1913)—and most of his best work is to be found in the last of these. "The Bridge of Fire" contains a good deal that is poor or merely imitative and a few pieces, like the dismally unfunny "Ballad of Hampstead Heath," which are frankly bad. Most of the best poems in the book were much worked over—not always with happy results—before they reappeared in the later volume. It was with the "Forty-Two Poems" that Flecker first displayed his real poetic gifts. The book did not have a wide sale, but few of those who read it on its appearance are likely to forget the effect made on them by that marvellous "Ballad of Iskander." And in such poems as "The Masque of the Magi" and "Joseph and Mary," he gave a foretaste of the almost pre-Raphaelite vividness of colour and clearness of outline which distinguish "The Golden Journey to Samarkand."

It was not until Flecker went to the Levant and found in travel in Turkey and Greece and among the islands of the Ægean the greatest inspiration of his life, that he really came into his own as a poet. "The Golden Journey" is the book of his maturity, in which all his finest poetic qualities are displayed to the full, all his weaknesses expunged. Of the Oriental poems (which he pronounced, with justice, to be "unique in English") "Yasmin" and "The Golden Journey" were intended to form part of his play "Hassan." I have kept a letter, written a year or so before his death, in which he explains this:

> "It may interest you to know," he writes, "that 'Yasmin' is out of my play—was written for it—and also 'The Golden Journey to Samarkand' is nothing but the final scene. I admit a little verse into my play here and there. Read the poem called 'The Golden Journey' and consider the 'Pilgrim with the beautiful voice' to be Hassan, the hero of a whole drama, and think what it would be like actually on the stage, with Granville Barker scenery—moonlight."

Of the verses now published for the first time in book form in the "Collected Poems" there are, I think only two, "Stillness" and "The Pensive Prisoner," which are equal to the best things in "The Golden Journey." These two, however, are very remarkable. They are much more intimate and "subjective" than is usual

* "The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker." 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)



From "The Lord Kitchener Memorial Book." Published on behalf of the Lord Kitchener Memorial Fund for Disabled Soldiers (Hodder & Stoughton).

LORD KITCHENER AT THE WAR OFFICE.
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with Flecker, and seem to indicate that had he lived he might have discarded his Parnassian theory and grown into something greater. "The Old Ships" is a beautiful poem; but most of the other unfamiliar pieces show signs either of immaturity or of decay. "The Old Warship Ablaze" and "The Burial in England" (the poem which he was engaged in revising at the time of his death) are imposing works in the "big bow-wow" style; but though the European war stirred Flecker deeply, I do not think he wrote of it with any real conviction. The "Burial in England" is full of ingenious epithets, rich in poetic "ornament," and so brilliant in its technique that a superficial reader might easily mistake it for a masterpiece, and never notice the essential triteness of its underlying thought.

Flecker's poetry was always built up on a foundation of classical scholarship. He is at his best when he deals with subjects which are remote from the actual, definitely "poetic"; and at least a part of his genius seems to have lain in a realisation of his exact capacities. He rarely gropes after things which are too high for him. I think it can nowhere be said of him that "he wrought better than he knew," while, to judge from his constant emendations, he seems to have had an almost exaggerated distrust of what Mr. Arthur Symons has somewhere called "the plenary inspiration of first thoughts." In some ways he was more typically a French than an English poet, and his description of the Parnassians in the Preface to "The Golden Journey" applies to himself almost exactly. Like them, he loathed romantic egoism, and aimed at "a beauty somewhat statuesque"; like them he had a fine sense of language, using words and epithets with the nicest scholarship and taste; and again like them he derived his inspiration from the Classics, from History, from Mythology, from beautiful names, from places, and, indeed, from anything rather than from life. His work is an escape from life rather than an interpretation of it. His greatest strength lies in his power to create pictures compact, clear in outline, rich in colour; and in the haunting music of which he had the secret. "Emaux et Camées" would not have made a bad alternative title for his collected work. There are times when his art strongly resembles that of the jeweller or worker in precious metals; and most of his poems are hammered, like the "brass-ware" of which he tells us, till they attain a hard, indestructible perfection. And perhaps it is for this reason that it is so difficult to believe that they will quickly be forgotten. They seem to possess all the qualities that make for permanence; they depend on nothing transitory for their interest; they contain no "message" to grow stale. The amount of work which has been put into them has given them solidity. It has to be recognised about Flecker that in an age of anarchy in verse he took the trouble to become a master of technique; in an age of formlessness he upheld the finest traditions of form. What was beautiful two thousand years ago is beautiful still; and, as Flecker has told us himself, it was with the single object of creating beauty that his poems were written. Who can read them and imagine for a moment that he failed in his object?

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

WILD ANIMAL WAYS.*

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's new book should prove of infinite value to those who wish to study natural history in the easiest and pleasantest way imaginable. For here are facts about certain wild animals and their ways, presented to us in story form; and uncommonly interesting stories they are, too, told cunningly, entertainingly, with many deft touches of humour and sentiment. It would be difficult to choose a favourite out of the seven tales which the book contains—in its different fashion each is fascinating. There is the tale of Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse—who was "a symbol of the eternal spirit of Revolt against the Spur of Oppression"—a fine story, conjuring visions of great open spaces, and freedom. Another story concerns Foam, a Razor-Backed Hog and is written, as the author says, "in hopes that some will see the despised Razor-Back in a more friendly light when they realise the strong and wise little soul that lurks behind those blinking eyes." Then there are tales about Coon-Racoons Wild-Geese, "Winged Brownies"—a fitting name for those weird little creatures whom we commonplace folk call Hoary Bats—to say nothing of the history of Jinny, "a bad monkey" and the tale of Billy, the dog that made good. The book is brimful of incident and useful information and Mr. Thompson Seton's way of telling things is delightful, so that "Wild Animal Ways" makes a most desirable addition to the shelf reserved for books that are well worth re-reading. The volume is profusely illustrated, containing two hundred clever black-and-white drawings by the author.

* "Wild Animal Ways." By Ernest Thompson Seton. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE FLAW IN THE IDOL.*

For Lucas Malet the abnormal has always possessed peculiar attractions, not so much the abnormal in character, for her people are more often types than not, but the purely bizarre in physical or spiritual significance. In "Sir Richard Calmady," of course, the motive was the

* "Damaris." By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

One of Ernest Thompson Seton's drawings from "Wild Animal Ways" (Hodder and Stoughton).

struggle against the handicap of physical disability; in the present novel, "Damaris," it is the fight in a man's soul against a physical obsession. In this instance the tyranny of the fixed idea is accentuated by two peculiar features, one the influence of an old house of evil-records, and the other the repetition of a man's passion in the innocent form of his little daughter. It is this second idea that on some readers will produce an almost repellent effect, since we are all prone to consider that every child, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, comes new-coined from Nature's mint, or, at any rate, is never a replica of its parents' vices or failures. Yet Charles Verity, dragged down into his baser self by his love for the beautiful, heartless Henrietta Pereira, sees his adoration reflected, as in a mirror, in the heart of his baby girl; reflected and transmuted, however, for where the man's love is base, the child's is a fine, self-sacrificing force. The whole story culminates, as far as its spiritual significance is concerned, in the very telling episode of the green jade elephant, in which Damaris shows, not only the fine make of her own nature, but the essential idealism of real childhood. Here, too, is the parting of the ways for man and babe, since where Verity rather prefers his idol flawed and spoilt, the child turns her back on the elephant when she realises that it conceals by a trick the broken structure which no skill of goldsmith can replace in the perfection of invisible finish.

"Damaris" is, in fact, a tragedy of Humpty-Dumpty, for, just as when a toy is once broken, nothing can make it really perfect again, so nothing in the world can give Henrietta a heart, or make Charles Verity anything more subtle than a collector of bric-à-brac in the form of women. Yet, by a miracle in which one cannot possibly believe, when he sees his child dying for love of the woman he has ignobly desired, he rises to a mighty altitude and renounces the pursuit of woman from that day forth and for ever. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, of course, but such an event never happened, either by way of a little child or by any other means. Middle-aged men, grown grey in selfishness, even though, like Verity, they suffer from occasional qualms of conscience, are not to be converted by the spectacle of a baby's grief, since such ideas as Verity's simply destroy all capacity for reading subtle meanings. Mrs. Harrison had a thesis to prove and framed her story accordingly, but, alas! the theory does not fit the characters.

In the creation of atmosphere there is no living writer who surpasses Lucas Malet at her best; here, in this great Indian house, with the shrill wind echoing across the Maidan, we have all the horrible side of the woman's ancient immemorial life, as endured by harem ladies, coming to existence again in a woman of the West. We have its spirit fighting, as Lucas Malet loves to show it, against the hard, sane womanhood of the ugly nurse, we see it infecting the secretaries, the Commissioner Sahib, and the servants, till the end comes with the breaking of the monsoon and its flood of cleansing rains. And, whatever Lucas Malet meant at the back of her mind, we rise from reading "Damaris" more convinced than ever that the best thing to do with Henrietta and her comrades is either to put her in a sack of a dark night, *à la turque*, or, in the more modern way, to wear down her luscious charms by hard labour, say at hoeing turnips or tram-conducting for twelve hours a day. One cudgels one's brain to invent suitable torments in the way of work for the likes of Mrs. Pereira, and one finds it hard to forgive her creator for even suggesting the horrible idea that she will touch with her little finger the fine nature of baby Damaris.

This, of course, is but to confess that one feels the extreme reality of Henrietta, who not only lives in essence, but in physical power. We gain from her a sense of beauty and of evil charm, as well as of selfish desire. Yet she is unpardonable, for she is driven by no life-force, is played upon by no power that uses her as tool; she is simply made to amuse beings like Verity. And both are extraneous to the scheme of things; that is their offence.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.*

This, Mr Graham informs us, is his last book, after which he will write no more. And so, in the *Via Dolorosa* of the world's agony, he cries "*Vale*," and the moment of his farewell is like everything else to-day, to be accounted a symbol of things remembered and things that are already foreshadowed upon the horizon.

He was not of those succulent writers who appreciate how impecunious a thing is satire, or honesty, or pity; he never sought applause, nor ever produced a "big seller." It were better so, for had he written a popular novel his work would, in the nature of such things, have found its bourne, and tarried there. It was in short his detachment from passing things, that secured in his work an enduring and judicial quality. To take an example—in "El Tango Argentino," he reflects in a Parisian café, how swift is the touch of civilisation to turn the passion of the South into a thing of indecency and shame. Such a sketch as that is lifted above one year or another; its springs lie too deep in the wells of human life and human history. So it is with all, or nearly all, of Mr Graham's work, and of such is the kingdom of art. In days when the plains of the Argentine are hidden beneath the houses of the poor (and may that be a far cry) the tracks of these books will not be faint as our author would have us credit. In "Los Pingos," one of his most moving sketches in this last book of his, there is the concluding paragraph:

"So it appeared to me—the swiftly flowing river with its green islands; the pampas grass along the stream; the ruined buildings, half buried in the orange trees run wild, grass, shade and water; 'Pucha, no . . . Puta, Pingos, where are they now?'"

Does Mr. Graham not know? They are preserved against earthquake and prairie fire, machinery, and all the things he dreads, in no more books than a man can carry in his luggage.

Mr. Graham's heart lies deep in the past, in the days he rode over the prairies of South America, and in those earlier days when he walked by the waters of Menteith. In those so widely—almost antagonistic—spheres, has he written history touched with glamour. But his strength is not only in the past, for in the future that will dawn some day, he has planted his outposts. Through all the years that seemed to the thoughtful, ominous and stagnant, his voice was not silent, and what he has written of the poor, the oppressed, from a starving beggar to a London cab-horse, is also not journalism, but breathes the passion of prophecy and hope.

In this last book of impressions, stories, reminiscences, there is little beyond the preface to tell the reader that, for the last time, he will ride with Mr Graham under the American sun and see the mist rising above a Highland solitude. But to the observant there is a note of unrest sounding from the first study, "Brought Forward," to the far distances of the last, "Bopicuá," and it is with a sense of dismay, that one follows the war as it creeps over the wide world, and having robbed the Glasgow forge, spans the sea to those remote and guiltless pastures where the herds of untamed horses feed. The recent visit of Mr. Graham to the scenes of his youth carried with it the sense of sadness that is inevitable from such things. But it breathes pure tragedy as he guides his band of long-maned horses to the railway *en route* to the coast, and the far-off slaughter fields of Europe. In this is history for all time—not "topical" only in the sense of daily news but removed from years or nations, and glowing with the colours of which Mr. Graham, like the old masters, appears to hold the secret. So might horses have come to Alexander or to Cæsar or Napoleon, and so have they come again to Flanders from a hundred shores.

One suggestion I would make to Mr. Graham and his publishers. In a complete edition of his works could not some arrangement of place and time be found, as in "Scottish Stories"—a book with a most ineffective title, but possessing a larger hope of immortality than all the Scottish fiction of the last dozen years put together?

FREDERICK WATSON.

* "Brought Forward." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 6s. (Duckworth.)

THE WAVE, THE WHIFF, THE SOUND.*

Even as verse-writers can call in apt alliteration's artful aid to make their lines impressive, so can prose-writers get something of real assistance from a judicious management of initial letters. Where the poet, by alliteration, tickles the hearing, the romancer, by capitalisation, can touch the imagination through the eye. When we come upon such a sentence as "he heard the dry, rattling Sound that was associated with the Wave and with the Whiff," we are moved by a subtle suggestiveness that would be wholly wanting if the three nouns had not been dressed out in capital initials. To read that "he heard things moving about" leaves us unmoved; but 'he heard Things moving about," sends a delicious thrill down the spine. Why it should be so might be a matter for nice speculation in a consideration of the eerie in literature; here it must suffice to state the fact. Mr. Algernon Blackwood is a master of the creepy, the eerie, the vaguely disquieting, who does not despise the artful aid of capitals, but who is by no means dependent upon it for getting his effect. In his latest story he gives us a fresh example of what may be termed the romance of recurring souls; of the working out anew in terms of modern life of the relations of two people who had played their parts centuries earlier. In the present case we have a somewhat solid and stolid English boy who is haunted by a recurring dream or nightmare of a mysterious overhanging wave, which ever-threatening to engulf him never falls; and is at once dimly suggestive of the distant past and prophetic of the future. The boy falls in love with Lettice, a girl friend of his sister, and gets something of a shock when, a few years later, he learns that she is about to be married. Tom Kelverdon grows to be a man and a successful engineer, but ever with him is that sense of the Wave and its accompanying Whiff, later reinforced by a Sound. Then comes in the essential third, who, in the new arrangement, happens to be Tom's own cousin, and circumstances take the three to Egypt, where we are made to realise the climax is to be reached. There Tom is brought to that point of renunciation which lifts him to the height on Life's ascending Spiral from which Lettice had returned to raise him, and so, when things seem at their blackest, he meets his great reward. Mr. Blackwood manages to give us real studies of interesting people, while investing his whole story with an atmosphere of mystic speculation which matter-of-fact readers may find somewhat rarefied, but which those who have read his earlier books with keen enjoyment will breathe with zestful delight. "The Wave" will set many people who have experienced a recurring dream speculating as to the significance which it may have in regard to their positions on the ascending spiral, and wondering as to where it is that the reminiscent merges in the prophetic; most, however, will be contented to accept it as "a good story."

THE WONDERFUL YEAR.†

Grant Mr. Locke the run of France and two or more characters seeking adventure along its roads and at its inns, suffer him to tumble into their company an oddity or a philanthropist to play fairy godmother with their lives and fortunes, and you will have him in his sprightliest vein of fantasy. His forte is the picaresque romance, but in order to make the most of this form of fiction, he needs a Gallic setting, for the air of France raises his spirits and stimulates his invention. In the Paris cafés, and still more, in the provincial hotels which we frequent along with him, romantic meetings are bound to occur, quaint types to appear, and strange possibilities and choices to offer themselves; what is rash seems reasonable, and is always helped by some friendly agency. Youth takes its fling and stumbles across love and geniality. Starved souls have opened to them vistas of warmth and joy and colour. And in the case of Martin Overshaw and his associates, at any rate, not even the war stands in the way of the wedding bells which mean a happy ending.

Here, then, is the formula which Mr. Locke has adopted in his fairy tale of "The Wonderful Year," save that towards the end of his delightful narrative he quits his demi-paradise of France to afford his hero a glimpse of the East, and crowds into three chapters glowing pictures of Egypt and the Nile. Two youngsters, man and girl, of middle-class origins and with over much experience of poverty and narrow lives, are sent journeying through the French provinces, their goal the establishment of an intelligent and spirited Perigord innkeeper, Bigourdin by name, who in his simple way has much to teach both of them as to the realities of existence. Martin has been a slave in a crammer's school. Corinna is a revolting daughter who has made a failure of art. The good angel to whom they owe their holiday, is one Fortinbras, an English solicitor under a cloud, who gains his livelihood in Paris as a *marchand de bonheur*; his queer practice constitutes him *deus ex machina* in other folks' difficulties, arbitrator between busband and wife, lover and mistress, man and man or woman and woman, parent and child, a rescuer of the bankrupt and the compromised, a husher up of scandal. His fees are almost nominal, his good nature abounding, and his idea is that his latest protégés, thrown into each others' company on their unconventional bicycle tour, should automatically fall in love.

But with his sly, ironic humour Mr. Locke adopts an expedient of so many picaresque romancers, from Fielding downwards, and portrays his hero as a very Joseph of chivalry, and when his tourists reach the inn, and Fortinbras's pretty daughter, Félise, appears on the scene as her Uncle Bigourdin's manageress, and the innkeeper himself becomes attracted by his girl guest, it is obvious that the magician who sells happiness will have to readjust his plans. Félise resembles another heroine of Mr. Locke's, Stella Maris, in being brought up in an atmosphere of make-believe; she has been allowed to idealise a mother who is really a shameless drunkard. But she is made admirably representative of the bourgeois type, as indeed is also Bigourdin, whose sturdy patriotism reads Martin a very necessary lesson. Clever, however, and kindly as are the novelist's studies of French provincial character, it is his more eccentric portraiture which here, as always, lends his story its chief charm. and his shabby Quixote, Fortinbras, is one more triumph in that style.

No one with any knowledge of Mr. Locke's sophisticated sentimentalism, will imagine that he is content to reshuffle his cards and let his two couples pair off tamely. Corinna, for one, has to conquer her English middle-class prejudice against the innkeeper's business. Martin has to overcome the inertia consequent on years of slavery, and to learn more of the world and women. Hence the introduction of a new fairy influence into the scheme. There enters Lucilla, an American millionaire's spoilt but fascinating daughter, who gives Félise a peep at Paris and luxury, and leads Martin, who might have settled down as a waiter, even further afield. At her call he follows her to Cairo and Luxor, bathes in the sunlight and colour of the East, and is so transformed from priggishness that he woos and all but wins his goddess-like comrade. Now at length his creator thinks him fit for the dainty little French girl, Félise, fit to take his share alongside Bigourdin in the Great War; and with the return home of the men invalided but far from scatheless, he drops the curtain on prospects of married bliss which both may be considered to have fairly earned. Throughout, the story has been written in the highest of spirits as well as with Mr. Locke's customary wit and care for style, so that readers under his guidance can share his Martin's pleasure and count on a pilgrimage full of adventure and variety.

F. G. BETTANY.

* "The Wave: an Egyptian Aftermath." By Algernon Blackwood. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

† "The Wonderful Year." By W. J. Locke. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

TWO IRISH POETS.*

For bookmen, at any rate, the tragedy of the recent rebellion in Ireland is intensified by the fact that among those identified with it were a number of well-known writers representing the younger school of Irish men of letters. Among these the highest place belonged, probably, to Thomas MacDonagh, whose collected poems have been gathered into this well-produced volume, which has the advantage of a warm-hearted, but cool-headed, introduction by Mr. James Stephens. Only three weeks before the Insurrection, Mr. Stephens was walking in Dublin with MacDonagh, and nothing in his speech or manner suggested that he was contemplating violence. And, indeed, as one looks at his portrait, and as one reads the preface and the poems themselves, one constantly asks in bewilderment, "By what inexplicable irony of fate did a man like this come to play so foolish a rôle or to meet so bitter a doom?" We see in him, according to Mr. Stephens's description, a man of a quiet and meditative nature; intensely unselfish; with a genius for friendship, and apparently asking nothing of life but the pleasure of writing verse and of loving and being loved. And these are just the qualities that are implicit in his work. There is little in his poems of action; and of pre-occupation with politics, or enthusiasm for any cause, good or bad, there is hardly a trace:

"There is no moral to my song.
I praise no right, I blame no wrong;
I tell of things that I have seen,
I show the man that I have been
As simply as a poet can
Who knows himself poet and man,
Who knows that unto him are shown
Rare visions of a Life unknown,
Who knows that unto him are taught
Rare words of wisdom all unsought
By him, and never understood
Till they are taken on trust for good,
And, all unspoiled by pride, again
Uttered in trust to other men.
This is my practice and my rule,
Albeit I have been at school
These thirty years and studied much,
I've found wise books, but never such
As could teach me a single word
To set by what my childhood heard."

He is content to sing simple songs about himself, about Nature, and about the common cares and joys and hopes of life. His verse is accomplished and graceful, and never fails to please; but, if honesty is to be the standard of criticism, it cannot be said that his work, either as regards thought or expression, shows great evidence of the divine spark. Its chief characteristic is, perhaps, a gentle and wistful sadness. Mr. Stephens tells us that often, when they were roaming the world together, MacDonagh would stare away at the hills or the heavens and sigh "Ah, me!" —an interjection, half humorous and half tragic, in which, as it seems to one reader at any rate, the spirit of his work may very accurately be summed up.

Joseph Plunkett, whose collected poems are issued in uniform style by the same publisher, was a great friend of MacDonagh and, like him, was associated with *The Irish Review* and the Irish Theatre. In structure his verse closely resembles that of MacDonagh, but in subject-matter it is widely different. Plunkett belongs to the mystics. He drew much, it would seem, from the wells of Francis Thompson; but, though he has vision, he lacks ease and clarity of expression, and his poems are not to be read by those who run. Now and then, however, when he attempts a less ambitious theme, he is able to make a simple and direct appeal, as in the following verses:

"I see His blood upon the rose,
And in the stars the glory of His eyes;
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower:
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice—and carven by His power
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn;
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea;
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His Cross is every tree."

GILBERT THOMAS.

* "The Poetical Works of Thomas MacDonagh." 4s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"Poems." By Joseph Mary Plunkett. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

A FAIRY BRIDE.*

When Flight-Commander Raffleton set out to fly from Brest to Farnborough he little thought that he was destined to pick up his wife on the way! And such a wife, too; a wife who was not far short of four thousand years old, and a fairy to boot. But here is his story as set forth by the pen of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and "as it is in print it must be true." Malvina was one of the original mysterious White Ladies of Brittany, and in consequence of a certain freakish action of hers was placed without the pale of the fairy sisterhood, and became an immortal who had to return to earth until three kisses should convert her to normal womanhood. That being so it is not surprising that the young aviator, forced to descend on a lonely French moor, found her serenely sleeping among the ghostly rocks; and—he being impressionable and she beautiful—it is not surprising that the first kiss happened. It was perhaps a little rash of Raffleton to give the lightly-clad young lady a lift in his aeroplane, and would assuredly have caused comment had he arrived at the aviation camp with so unconventional a passenger. But he was not quite rash enough to invite that comment. Faced by the problem of what to do with his fair (and fairy) companion he suddenly remembered his cousin, the Oxford Professor, who lived near a village that afforded a perfect landing place, and would be an ideal host for the living lady who yet belonged to ancient legend. Thus, in the early hours of the morning, the surprised professor was unceremoniously called from his bed to have this strange visitor thrust upon him; and thereafter strange things befell. It is true that, in taking his hasty departure, the young aviator planted a second kiss upon the lips of Malvina—but a third was necessary before the fairy was lost in the woman, and meanwhile there came calls for the exercise, in a modified form, of that power of changing people which had been Malvina's particular prerogative in times become legendary. The demands were not for the transforming of people into wild animals, but merely to alter their characters a bit to suit the wishes of their families. Mr. Arlington, for instance, who had taken to farming, was convinced that any lack of success was merely owing to his wife's constitutional laziness and inability therefore to fill the rôle of a farmer's wife. Well, Malvina soon changed that! Then, when an M.P. complained that his fluffy little wife took an insufficient interest in public affairs, Malvina was equal to that also. What was the result of these changes; how the inconsiderate aviator came and planted the third kiss before all the changes back could be made, must be read in Mr. Jerome's entertaining volume, which gives five shorter stories, tragical and humorous, as well as that which supplies a title to the collection.

BELGIAN VERSES AND ENGLISH VERSIONS.†

A recent writer on Verhaeren said that his love poems were "very sweet and graceful but it must be confessed not of extreme importance." Criticism of this remark might no doubt be parried by the retort that the importance of no poetry, except the very greatest, is extreme; but

* "Malvina of Brittany." By Jerome K. Jerome. 5s. net. (Cassell.)

† "The Love Poems of Emile Verhaeren." Translated by F. S. Flint. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"New Belgian Poems: Les Trois Rois et Autres Poèmes." Par Emile Cammaerts. English Translations by Tita Brand-Cammaerts. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

such a reply would not justify the writer's undeniably contemptuous tone in a matter where contempt is absolutely out of place. The primary importance of any work of art is conditioned by its artistic quality, and the hundred poems of "Les Heures Claires," "Les Heures d'Après-midi" and "Les Heures du Soir" have the grace and fragrance, the warmth and clear light, of the garden which is at once the setting and the symbol of the love they celebrate. But they have also a relative importance. They are an essential chapter in that spiritual autobiography to which everything that Verhaeren has written is in some degree a contribution. Without them, we could not perfectly trace his progress from the distresses of "Les Débâcles" and "Les Flambeaux Noirs" to the large calm of "Les Rhythmes Souverains."

"Ce chapiteau barbare, où des monstres se tordent,
Sondés entre eux, à coups de griffes et de dents,
En un tumulte fou de sang, de cris ardents,
De blessures et de gueules qui s'entre-mordent,
C'était moi-même, avant que tu fusses la mienne
O toi la neuve, ô toi l'ancienne!
Qui vins à moi, du fond de ton éternité
Avec, entre les mains, l'ardeur et la bonté."

And again:

"Au temps où longuement j'avais souffert,
Où les heures m'étaient des pièges,
Tu m'apparus l'accueillante lumière
Qui luit, aux fenêtres, l'hiver,
Au fond des soirs, sur de la neige."

There are two reasons, therefore—the artistic and the psychological—why these poems should be given to English readers as an example of the great Belgian poet's work. There is also a third, an accidental reason. Thanks to the limitations of Mr. Bithell's selection in his "Contemporary Belgian Poetry," Verhaeren is best known in this country—at least to those who have to be content with translations—by a phase of his work which, though assuredly there was nothing in it to be ashamed of, the poet has long outgrown in spirit and surpassed in craftsmanship. It is well, therefore, that another impression should be created; that it should be seen that he can be tenderly passionate as well as violently passionate.

Mr. Flint's renderings, however, are not altogether satisfying. Verhaeren is very difficult to translate. Like Hardy, he has the gift of producing an intensely poetic atmosphere by the use of language which, analytically inspected, seems to be harsh and angular and unsuited for poetry. This, of course, is a purely personal magic, and it can only be represented (not reproduced) in another language by the deliberate adoption of an idiom and rhythm fashioned to create the illusion of equivalence. Mr. Flint has been content with a merely verbal literalness and consequently falls very far short of equivalence. Nor is it easy to see why he has eschewed the use of rhythm and rhyme. The difficulty of rendering these poems adequately in prose—though prose perhaps would be the more suitable medium into which to translate other work of Verhaeren's—is probably insuperable. To turn them into verse of equal value would of course be just as difficult; but rhyme and rhythm flatter the ear, and such flattery is a perfectly legitimate aid in the creation of the required illusion. For example, Mr. Flint renders the latter part of "Heures d'Après-midi, XXII.," as follows:

"It was as though our happiness had suddenly become azure, and required the whole sky wherein to shine; through gentle openings all life entered our being, to expand it.

"And we were nothing but invocatory cries, and wild raptures, and vows and entreaties, and the need, suddenly, to recreate the gods, in order to believe."

The passage might be translated:

"It was as though
A happiness had suddenly turned to blue
And wanted, as room for its splendour, all the skies;
All life broke through
Tenderly into our being to make it grow.

And there was nought but invocations and cries,
Ecstasies, vows and prayers,
And the sudden need to make the gods anew
And to be their worshippers."

Take again No. III. of the same series:

"If other flowers adorn the house and the splendour of the countryside, the pure ponds still shine in the grass with the great eyes of water of their mobile face.

"Who can say from what far-off and unknown distances so many new birds have come with sun on their wings?

"In the garden, April has given way to July, and the blue tints to the great carnation tints; space is warm and the wind frail; a thousand insects glisten joyously in the air; and summer passes in her robe of diamonds and sparks."

Compare that with:

"If other flowers grace
The house and the splendid land,
Shining and pure in the grass the pools still stand,
Great eyes of water in a moving face.

From what enormous distances unknown
Have all these new birds flown
With the sun upon their wings?

April is gone from the garden, and July brings
Great crimson hues
Instead of April's blues.

The air is warm, and light the wind's caress;
A thousand insects glitter overhead
Joyous, and summer passes with her dress
Bediamonded."

The first four lines of this poem are the kind of thing which is the despair of the translator; they are untranslateable Verhaeren. But the user of verse has mechanical advantages in the effort to get an effect which there is no reason to despise. The versions here offered (which were made long before the appearance of Mr. Flint's) are almost as literal as those in prose; and Mr. Flint, being himself a poet, could have made them far better. It seems a pity that he did not do so.

M. Cammaerts is not a poet whom one can compare with Verhaeren, but no writer, except M. Paul Fort, has been so often moved by the war to utter his enthusiasm and indignation in verse; and he writes with a patriotism and love of beauty and simplicity which give his poems an undeniable charm. Mme. Cammaerts' translations are set opposite the originals, a method which has both its advantages and its inconveniences. She seems not always to have been quite sure whether she intended to write in verse or in prose, and she too often evades a difficulty by trite and colourless substitution.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE.*

Flight-Lieut. Harold Rosher was gazetted into the R.N.A.S. on August 18th, 1914, and was killed at Dover as the result of an accident on February 27th of this year. In the time intervening he had much experience of flying both at home and under the conditions of active service in France and Belgium. He was a fully-qualified and highly efficient pilot, and his death is attributable only to one of those strange strokes of ill-fortune from which no air service in the world can be immune. "If one goes on flying long enough," he says in one of his last letters, "one is bound to get huffed in the end." A cheerless statement, but probably a true one—and certainly true where the general run of aviators are concerned. The question of luck is, curiously, a very important factor in war-time flying—perhaps the most important of all. Here is an experience of Rosher's, when bombing the yards of Hoboken: "I was only 5,500 feet up, and they opened fire on me with shrapnel as soon as I got within range. It began getting a bit hot, so before I got quite round I shut off my petrol, and came down with a steep volplane until I was 2,500 feet, when I turned on my petrol again, and continued my descent at a rate of well over a hundred miles an hour. I passed over the yards at about 1,000 feet only, and loosed all my bombs over the place. The whole way down I was under fire, two anti-aircraft in the

* "In the Royal Naval Air Service: War Letters of the late Harold Rosher to his Family." With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett, and 22 Illustrations from Photographs. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

yard, guns from the forts on either side, rifle fire, mitrailleuse or machine-guns, and, most weird of all, great bunches (15 to 20) of what looked like green rockets, but I think they were flaming bullets." (Probably what the R.F.C. call "flaming onions." Horrible things!) "The excitement of the moment was terrific. I have never travelled so fast before in my life. My chief impressions were the great speed, the flaming bullets streaking by, the incessant rattle of the machine-gun and rifle fire"—(When you can hear machine-guns above the noise of your engine, the bullets are within three or four yards of you)—"and one or two shells bursting close by, knocking my machine all sideways, and pretty nearly deafening me." Yet, when he got down, he found that his machine had only been hit twice. "Rather wonderful," indeed. There are a few other passages equally as vivid as this, but one feels that it is wrong to take them out of their context. The book should be read straight through for the sake of its cumulative effect. One agrees with Mr Arnold Bennett's statement: "So far as my knowledge goes, no other such picture, so full and so convincing, of the air-fighters' existence has yet been offered to the public." Here, in these straightforward, unstudied little letters (unconsciously revealing a charming personality), one has the truth, far more surely than it could be revealed by the—perhaps more graceful—pen of the professional literary man. It is a book to buy and to read.

Illustration from the wrapper of "The Five-Barred Gate," by E. Temple Thurston (Hodder & Stoughton).

Novel Notes.

HONOURS OF WAR. By George Edgar. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The war has already broken out in a good many novels, but usually only as a kind of afterthought towards the close, where it supplies a golden opportunity for disposing of undesirable characters, or gives the hero a chance to redeem a broken past and crown himself with glory. "Honours of War" is not like that—it is essentially a war novel; the war is the cause of all that happens in it from first to last. But for the war Harold Aimless would never have discovered that he was a coward; he would have married Joan Wallis, and settled down to a safe humdrum happiness, or to the conventional vicissitudes that overtake such a well-to-do man and his wife in normal years of peace. But the war tested him, and at first, found him wanting. He was among the slackers, till a sense of shame, and a change in Joan's view of the matter, drove him to qualify for a commission. After he is in khaki, he comes across a man of his own age who is in appearance the counterpart of himself—this man, Troy, had been an officer in the army but had come out of it in disgrace, and is keen to find another chance and make good. Harold offers him a tempting monetary reward if he will change identities with him, and go out to the front in his stead; their identities to be re-exchanged when the war ends and he returns. Troy gladly takes the offer, and goes, and Harold withdraws into obscurity. But the scheme breaks down through Troy not only bringing himself into fame by winning a V.C., but he is fatally wounded and dies, and Joan hastens out to be with him before the end. Harold is thus faced with the problem of bringing himself to life again and so explaining his conduct or atoning for it as to make himself seem other than contemptible in the eyes of the girl he loves. It is a situation full of possibilities, and Mr. Edgar makes the most of them with an ingenuity and effectiveness that result in a stirring and intensely interesting romance.

THE FIVE-BARRED GATE. By E. Temple Thurston. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Of Mr. Thurston's skill as novelist and dramatist, we have excellent proof in this story refashioned from a play. The nicely balanced groups of characters and the clean-cut episodes reveal its origin, but there can be no question of the dexterity with which Mr. Thurston has performed the delicate work of conversion—notoriously a more difficult one than the reverse process, as has been proved by abundant failures. The five-barred gate is the obstacle at which married lovers may arrive when romance seems to have fled at the approach of misunderstanding and suspicion. Beatrice and Jim Nairn are a commonplace couple but for the fact that they refuse to grow too old to be sentimental. "Farthings," the old house in the country, is to be the scene of their married romance, but as the years pass Jim is too busy in his study and Beatrice too idle in an empty nursery. The scene is laid for tragic happenings, but the arrival of two friends, brother and sister, provides the means of changing indifference to furious and well-grounded suspicion and jealousy, and brings husband and wife to their five-barred gate. At that gate also are to be found Mr. and Mrs. Beavers, the servants at "Farthings"; for all well conducted comedies have a sub-plot, and the Nairns have their faithful zanies below stairs. Both couples clear the five-barred gate successfully, and settle down to renewed enjoyment of romance and domestic adventure.

THE EXPLOITS OF CAPTAIN O'HAGAN. By Sax Rohmer. 3s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

The hatless captain, with his satin-lined mantle and his athletic powers, carries out six exploits in London, and it adds to the reader's enjoyment to find that he succeeds in them all. The worthy captain is a refined swash-buckler, a champion of dames, a mixture of impertinence and dignity. We are not surprised to learn that he earned the V.C. and the D.S.O. in the present war, although the author does not narrate the exploits that won him these distinctions. At the close of one chapter, Mr. Rohmer observes: "Captain Bernard O'Hagan's policy is, Do it hard and face the music. One sighs for a Ministry of O'Hagans." One does. A little of O'Hagan's policy would be a welcome novelty to people who suffer from a Coalition Ministry, which does almost everything either soft or too late. However, the humiliated Briton in these days may find relief in reading the romantic exploits of O'Hagan; they may help him to forget the blundering in real life.

MOONFLOWER. By Amy J. Baker. (Mrs. Maynard Crawford). 6s. (John Long.)

This is a book so full of promise, that the few very obvious defects are the more disappointing. It is so good, one wants it perfect. Mrs. Crawford's work breathes freshness and the purity of youth, and thus she forms a fine contrast to the majority of South African writers, who apparently imagine they have only to let passion run riot through their pages to produce a recognisably South African atmosphere. It is some four or five years since we read her first book, "I Too Have Known." It left a lasting impression. Even a certain amateurishness could not hide the imagination and the clear characterisation beneath. Since then, she has only published two books, and in face of the prolific annual output of other writers, we wish she had given us more. For she portrays South Africa with the hand of a lover—a lover who is not blinded, but who understands and loves his mistress in spite of her faults; and she gives us true pictures of life in the Union, where people are neither entirely good, nor wholly bad, but much as one finds them elsewhere. The story of "Moonflower" reminds us of some of De Vere Stacpoole's best work, with a good slice of worldly wisdom added. After an exciting and rather tragic childhood on the veldt, followed by a period of employment with a Johannesburg beauty-doctor, Moonflower, with a divine disregard of Mrs. Grundy, again treks out on to the veldt with the English boy who one day becomes her lover. In spite of the fact that the book is a trifle loosely woven and incomplete, we hope Mrs. Crawford will give us more of her work before long.

THE EXPLOITS OF JUVE. By Pierre Souvestre and Marcel Allain. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Being grown up rather spoils one's enjoyment of this full-blooded detective story. A school-boy would appreciate the point, and with instinctive delicacy would shut the book hurriedly on the approach of his elders—to enjoy it all the more on their departure. For the feeling that a head master or a stern parent is hovering in the background must add enormously to the attraction of a story containing such inviting chapter headings as "A Woman's Corpse," "On the Slabs of the Deadhouse," and "The Bloody Signature." The adventures and misadventures of the French detective Juve in his ding-dong struggle with the arch-villain Fantômas, are as thrilling as any of the exploits of his American compeers. A typical adventure is that in which Juve and his journalist friend find themselves boxed up in a trick room housed in a cage-lift. The roof descends upon them and a stream of sand threatens to bury them alive when the floor collapses and they escape by the sewer. Thanks to his genius for disguising himself, Fantômas plays many parts in these exploits, and the authors, with an adroit eye on the future, have contrived a dramatic *dénouement* that gives both Juve and his quarry a further lease of life.

THE WEST WIND. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Constable.)

Katharine Tynan's delightful novels should not need any further recommendation than her name on the cover. "The West Wind" is quite one of the best she has written, and that is saying a great deal. The story deals with a subject that in the hands of another writer might have become sordid and depressing, but she treats it with a delicacy and understanding that converts it into a tale that is full of charm and altogether interesting. It is the story of an actress who divorces her husband, but who, in spite of his faithlessness, loves him with an unchanging intensity. She marries again for the sake of her invalid mother, to discover after years of disappointment and self-suppression, that she is a Roman Catholic, though she has been till then only half conscious of the fact, and she knows that as such she must accept the doctrine that pronounces divorce impossible. What happens when she has lost her first husband and decided to forsake her second readers must find out for themselves; they will know without being told if they have any acquaintance with Mrs. Hinkson's work, that the story, despite its realism, is neither drab nor gloomy; it delights you and wins your sympathies by its essential truth to what is good no less than to what is not so good in ordinary human nature.

HOUSE-ROOM. By Ida Wild. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

There is a note of originality in this story. The heroine is married to a young man who soon becomes a lunatic. Her heart is then touched for the first time by love, and her lover is a dentist. Her mother and her father-in-law both urge her to follow her instincts, and she is on the point of doing so when her nature rallies. This seems a simple plot. But in Miss Wild's hands it is worked out with pathos and humour, so crisply and freshly that one lays down the tale with gratitude to the authoress for a subtle piece of character-study. The heroine finds, just in time, that her lover has the nature of the philanderer, and that her own needs are too deep for him to satisfy. The glamour of passion fails to blur her vision, and she develops a strength and a penetration in her difficult position which save her from a false step. Miss Wild has set her story in a suggestive environment, and surrounded the heroine with figures who throw her character into relief. The earlier chapters, especially, are full of charming episodes, and the end exhibits a real reserve and strength.

THE MACHINE. By Hugh F. Spender. 5s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Spender has written another of those novels, now numerous enough to be significant, in which a young journalist or politician (in this case the hero is both) finds it quite impossible to speak his mind honestly and earn a decent middle-class income. What is to become of such heroes? Some day, no doubt, there will be other novels beginning where these leave off. Rupert Egton goes to the war, and finds himself almost happy to do so. The war, indeed, with certain chapters of German intrigue preceding it, is what differentiates Mr. Spender's book from some others. For the rest, it handles political life with a good deal of inside knowledge, and is clearly and strongly written. Its sincerity may atone for the author's lack of humour. Serious men and women of the younger generation will admire the book as candid and arresting, even if they are by this time conscious that the war will change the face of social problems. But the characters are not very sharply drawn. One feels that the author's interest in them is rather that of a social reformer working out a thesis than that of a craftsman. This, however, he does with marked ability and insight, accomplishing a tract for the times.

LOVE'S LAW. By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

This is a pleasingly told, but unconvincing, story. Personally we own to finding it rather difficult to believe in girls who go about the world longing indiscriminately

for babies, and have yet to meet the young woman of nineteen with so strong a mothering instinct that she would jump at the chance of adopting a day-old niece, as did Sally Blaise; while the way in which the authoress, growing tired of amusing her characters in a London suburb, invents reasons for transporting them *en bloc* to a remote Cornish village, leaves one slightly incredulous. Emmeline and Sally Blaise are the two orphan daughters of a well-connected officer in the Indian Army. Emmeline marries into a suburban family (by the way, Mrs. Horn is pretty severe on Suburbia!), and her sister Sally goes to live with her. The shock of the resurrection of an old "affair" in the early life of her husband kills Emmeline, and Sally is left as guardian to her infant niece. In Cornwall Sally and the baby find happiness, and the right man—who belongs of course to the Army and not to Suburbia. But a persistent if vulgar suitor follows Sally, and in his disappointment spreads scandal about her. For awhile we have tears and tragedy; but the book ends in a satisfactory and quite original love scene. The story is evidently written in an effort to maintain a belief in the universal motherhood of women for men, but Mrs. Horn's arguments are not convincing, for in "Love's Law" neither the children nor the husbands are startling successes.

APRIL FOLLY. By St. John Lucas. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

There is one great joy that no reader of a book by Mr. St. John Lucas will ever miss—the joy and the relish of good writing. He is one of the few living writers of English prose whom we trust absolutely never to offer us a slovenly sentence or a banal phrase. Mr. Lucas, like Swift, could write beautifully about a broom-stick; for, whatever his subject, the style would delight with its reflections of underlying scholarship and wit. Of such writing there is a liberal feast in "April Folly," but for ourselves we enjoy Mr. Lucas's gifts more when they are displayed on the smaller canvas of sketch or short-story. The scene of this novel is the Chelsea of a generation ago, and its theme the "emotional calamities" of Denis Yorke, a young musician of genius with a rather faint heart and a very robust egotism. The life of the studios and cheap restaurants is described with great humour and insight, and without the undue insistence on the seamy side that we have come to expect with dread in Chelsea fiction. There is Walding to be sure (we knew him by his name to be an obscene vocalist); but Walding and the other characters are but a shadowy chorus to Denis and Yvonne. These two are drawn with great subtlety and truth. Yvonne, the frail, rises step by step to the glory of renunciation, and Denis, the weak, is left lamenting the broken fragments of his romance. In Shakespeare, we are sure, his name would have been Claudio.

DEAD MEN'S GOLD. By Roy Bridges. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Dead Men's Gold" begins as all such good yarns should, with a wreck. And the same sea which drives the East India Company's vessel ashore on the rocky barrier surrounding the island home of Rick and his father washes up the sole survivor, Rick's wicked uncle, and a boy comrade to share his adventures. So you see, Mr. Bridges has given us just the right ingredients for the making of an adventure tale, and they are mixed with a sure hand. The dramatis personæ are Rick and Roddy, two fine lads; a hard unapproachable father whose early life contains a mysterious tragedy; an uncle with frilled ruffles and shocking vices, together with a cut-throat crew of free-booters, escaped convicts, and pirate sealers. Rick's and Roddy's finding the long-stranded Spanish galleon with her coffers full of gold, will keep every schoolboy—and also many of us who have left our childhood far behind—enthralled.

THE POTTER'S HOUSE. By Isabel C. Clarke. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

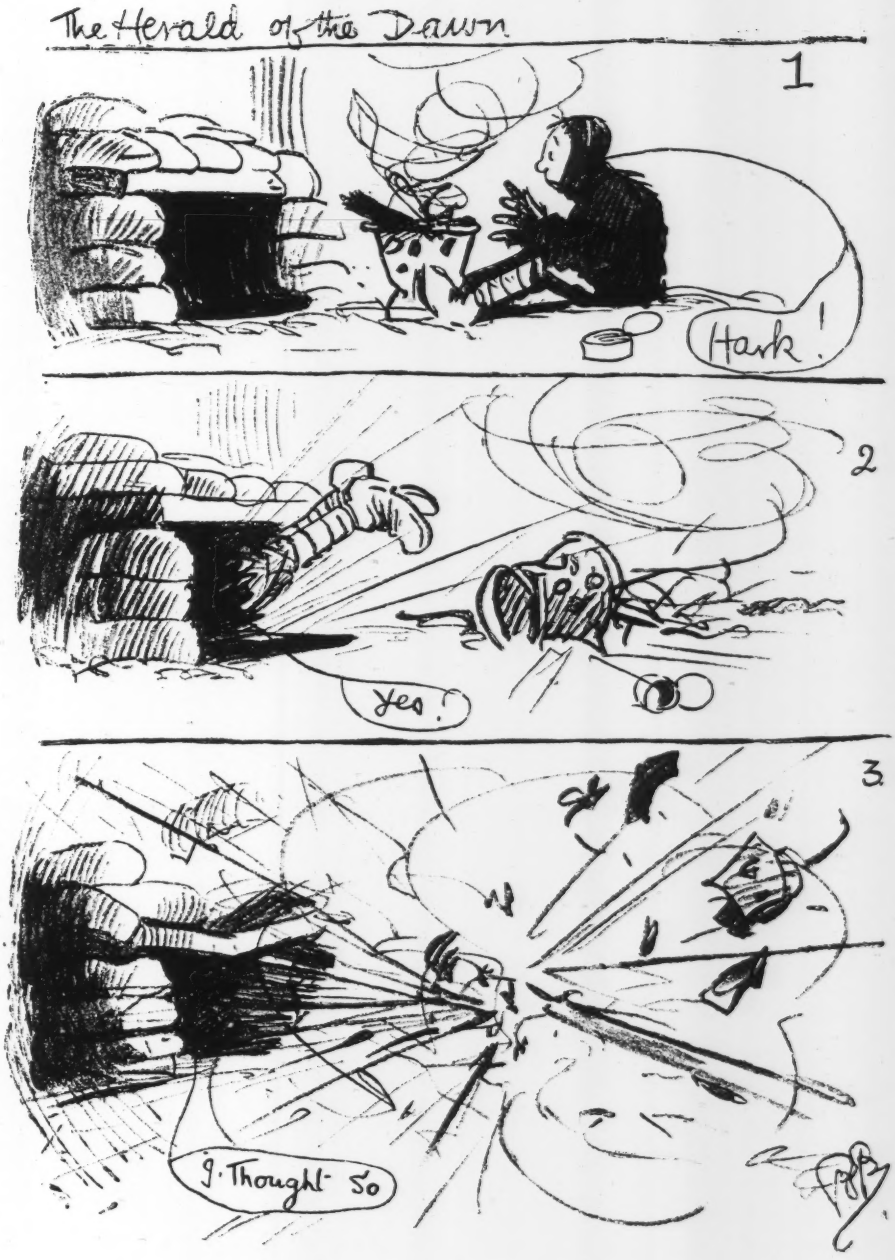
Here is a fine book, written with a purpose. Both the purpose and the story are kept in their proper place, and the one is never allowed to overshadow the other. Gillian Driscoll has divorced her husband at his own request, in order that he may marry a woman who was once her friend. Gillian is young and beautiful, and the story turns on her right to re-marry. England holds her cousin Paul Pallant, who has loved her for years, but Gillian, wishing to taste her freedom, goes to Italy. There, knowing nothing of the attitude of the Roman Church towards divorce, she is carried off her feet by the whirl-wind love-making of a young Italian nobleman, Giacoma della Meldola, who believes her to be a widow. They become engaged, and Gillian and Giacoma enjoy a few days of idyllic happiness before her real position is discovered, and the views of his Church come between them. Deserted by Giacoma and bitterly ashamed, Gillian goes to Assisi, and there, for the first time, she feels the influence of the religion which has separated her from the man she thinks she loves. But Gillian is determined to have some measure of happiness at all costs, and she fights against this growing influence, returning at last in desperation to England and to Paul, whom she promises to marry a year after the decree is made absolute. But her soul is not at rest. In spite of the real love she has for him, Gillian feels that this marriage will be a sin. War comes; Paul goes abroad with his regiment; Gillian enters the Catholic faith, and thus gives up all hope of marrying him. Yet, in spite of all this tangle of events, the book ends in happiness, not tragedy. Among many novels written in a slap-dash style, depending solely on one dramatic scene, or stirring incident, we give "The Potter's House" a hearty welcome.

THE GATE OF HORN. By G. Frederic Turner. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The true dream that visited Geoffrey Tressing through the Gate of Horn was the delight of finding in the flesh the ideal heroine of his own stories. The correspondence was so curiously exact as to be remarked by at least one reader of his books, and it was inevitable that love at first sight should follow. But Dorothy Galbraith was engaged to his dearest friend, the man who had saved him from the slough he had fallen into while cultivating the artistic temperament. Tressing was thus confronted, like the hero of a Restoration play, by the rival claims of Love and Honour. He chose Honour and disappeared, but not so adroitly as not to leave the lady suspicious of his motives and dangerously open to the seductive masterfulness of the fortune-hunting ruffian, Samovich. An epitome of the plot does little justice to the originality of the story. The characters are so excellently differentiated and convincingly drawn that the reader is in no mood to protest against the improbability of the central episode. There is a refreshing undercurrent of humour in the novel that finds its best expression in the creation of Major Tancock, the essence of the conventional, who finds himself alternately fascinated and horrified by the brilliant and wayward Tressing.

THE MAN WITH THE SQUARE FACE. By Dorothy Black. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

There is something fresh and spontaneous about Miss Black's new novel, "The Man with the Square Face"; it is joyously eloquent of the spirit of youth. Its heroine, Grizelda, is a lively, attractive girl, utterly bored with the uneventfulness of life and yearning for something to happen, until an eccentric uncle arrives upon the scene and conveniently adopts her. This occurrence, though at first it seems to make her existence little less monotonous than before, proves to be the stepping-stone to adventures of a most astounding order, which commence with an officer possessed of a curiously square face being billeted upon them. After that, incident follows incident with



From "Bairnsfather, Fragments from his Life."
(Hodder & Stoughton).

THE HERALD OF THE DAWN.
Drawn by Bruce Bairnsfather.

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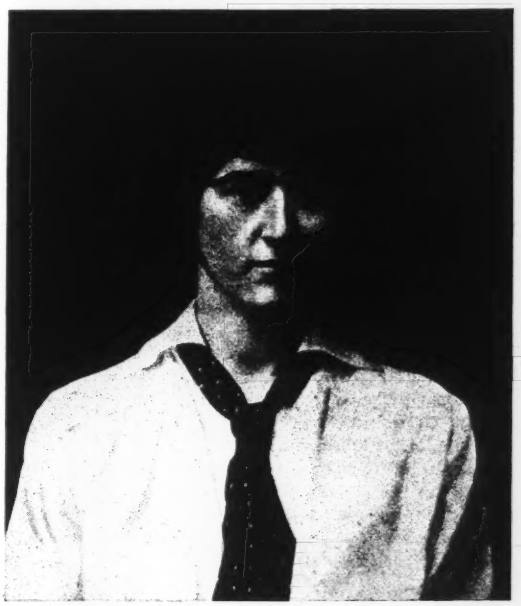


Miss Dorothy Black.

breathless rapidity, and Grizelda, her fate entirely dominated by this remarkable personality, finds herself married and apparently widowed in a very brief space of time. She is placed in a series of unique situations, most of them decidedly uncomfortable, which, however, form a roadway to happiness at last. Written naturally, in a bright, engaging style, it is a fascinating story with an undercurrent of good fun, plenty of action, and no lack of dramatic circumstance. Those who derived pleasure from the author's previous book, "Her Lonely Soldier," will be glad to welcome another from her pen.

The Bookman's Table.

IN SEVEN LANDS. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

So long has Mr. Ernest Vizetelly been to the fore, so active has been his pen, and so varied is his record, that readers are apt to forget his youthfulness. Born in 1853, he is but just on the wrong side of sixty. A valiant lad of seventeen at the opening of the Franco-German war, he went to France as a special correspondent (the youngest who had ever entered that arduous and exciting service) and artist for three important London newspapers. He was all through the Commune. There is no absolutely faithful history of the Commune for the plain and painful reason that an absolutely faithful history would never get into print. If it did, it could be sold only under the rose. But Mr. Vizetelly's account of that Satanic carnival is veridical enough, and perhaps as realistic as the British public would stand. He knew Zola, who was directly but innocently the means of ruining Mr. Vizetelly's father. The Vizetellys set out to publish translations of some of Zola's novels; and our public, in one of those fits of morality so exquisitely ridiculed by Macaulay, got fairly wild over them. A prosecution followed, and the Vizetelly business went into liquidation. We recovered from that fit of morality, and received Zola here as a guest; and the greater number of his works can now be read in English. In matters of detail some of them are extremely ugly, lacking the reticence of the highest and most effective artistry; but it would be a puritanic conscience that at this day laid them under the moral ban. During some years Mr. Vizetelly has been engaged on his reminiscences, and this is the third volume. His "Seven Lands" are Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and the whole book is an entertaining and instructive commentary on the life of the period that it covers. Let us have another.

A CORNISH HAUL. By Bernard Moore. (Arthur H. Stockwell.)

In 1914 we called attention to Mr. Bernard Moore's volume, "Cornish Catches," which showed that he had a real understanding of Cornish folk, and a pride in the county. Most of the verses were in the Cornish vernacular, and had a strong local flavour as well as that special humour which belongs to simple folk all the world over. It is no contemptible ambition to set forth to the world the dwellers in a special locality, and we judged then that Mr. Moore's aim was to be the poetic spokesman for Cornwall. Amongst the first Cornish poems there were one or two of great beauty, which certainly deserve a place in any modern Anthology. In "A Cornish Haul" we have further studies of Cornish folk, and we find once more the charm that we remember in the first book. In this volume there are no general poems; but we are brought into contact with the world beyond by a few war poems, which are direct and sincere, and show how the war can rouse simple quiet country folk. Mr. Moore will not do badly if he confines his future work to his well-beloved county, but should he elect to wander further afield, we think that he will still prove himself a poet worth consideration.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, AS SEEN BY SWEDENBORG. By John Howard Spalding. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Mr. Spalding, who is known by other writings on the same subject, has done a useful and lucid piece of work, which presents the main teachings of Swedenborg—not alone on the Kingdom of Heaven but on the body general of doctrine which came to him in his psychic states, these having extended over a period of nearly thirty years. The celebrated "Appeal" of Noble is now rather antiquated, and though the "Compendium of Swedenborg's Theological Writings" seems likely to remain a standard work, the present less ambitious, less comprehensive, but much more manageable volume will furnish such an insight into the Swedish seer's system as will be sufficient for most persons. A study of the kind was wanted, and it is just as well—indeed, on the whole desirable—that it should be undertaken by one who accepts the revelation. Mr. Spalding seems to do so *en masse*, though he has written a temperate work. His chapter on the complex mind according to Swedenborg, is a good piece of expository writing. It must be added for the sake of personal sincerity that the reduction of his vast system into the present summary form leaves a very clear impression that the gospel according to Swedenborg is not a gospel for humanity, nor even for a considerable circle of elect, but only for a curious section who are drawn by a bizarre and yet highly conventional presentation of spiritual things. So it has been in the past, and so it will remain; but those who wish may set against this view the very respectful opinion entertained by Sir William Barrett, who seems to be taking the seer rather closely to his heart. The book, in any case, has helped at least one reader to realise more fully the deep gulf which intervenes between all psychics and the true mystics of the Christian centuries. The last chapter of Mr. Spalding's work, on the question of evidence for the doctrine, was, I suppose, inevitable, but is not less a mistake and by no means shows the apologist at his best. It is a little flimsy as reasoning and a little weak on the philosophical basis; but it is written for the general and unversed reader, and if the latter is disposed to accept what has preceded he will not be seriously put off by these last words on the subject.

GORSE BLOSSOMS FROM DARTMOOR. By Beatrice Chase. 1s. net. (Longmans.)

There is something singularly pleasant about this simple volume of verse. There is nothing very profound, nothing startlingly new in any of its pages, but even in these strenuous times it succeeds in bringing something of the peace of Dartmoor to weary souls. We fancy Miss Chase would desire no higher praise. To the author

solitude with nature brings God to mind, and she sees much for which to praise God and be thankful. For a short while by these verses we are taken right away from the practical working world to a region which is quite as real and perhaps as important. Although we are in this volume often in solitary places, and never amidst the inspiring activity or the fierce and cruel struggling of humanity, we are nevertheless made to feel much of a certain gracious kindliness which is so helpful in human intercourse.

WHITE SUNSET.

"The sun has wed with the moor, and shed
On her brow his silver rays,
And the tors, they swim on the hills' pale rim
In a sea of opal haze.

When white day dies in the placid skies
The wind will her wings unfurl,
And the round white moon will glitter soon
In a sky of mother-of-pearl."

POLYCLITUS AND OTHER POEMS. By Rowland Thirlmere. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Thirlmere gets a good deal of appropriate local colour into his study of life in ancient Greece. His title-poem is staged in the world of Pheidias: it is a monologue in the manner of Browning's "Men and Women," and really does succeed in recapturing something of the reality, as well as of the charm, of the old world it describes. We are all too apt to fancy that the giants of art—Pheidias, Michaelangelo, Raphael and the rest—lived in a sphere substantially different from our own, wherein quarrels and jealousies, incompetent pretenders and exacting patrons were not. Mr. Thirlmere shows us our mistake; shows us the sculptor's studio thick with marble-dust; the sculptor himself, furious with ignorant critics and envious rivals; the glare of the summer streets and the cool of the mountain woods beyond. We feel, too, the charm of his wife Cleora, to whom the monologue is addressed, and the peace and beauty of the hillside home to which he is about to carry her off from the city heat and dust. Some of the other poems have equal merit: notably "The Nightingale," "Bullfinches," and "Thoughts of Love" (we should certainly add "Old Vessels" but for its inadequate and over-violent climax). "The Submarine" is a fine sonnet, in workmanship as in literary feeling; but Mr. Thirlmere is probably at his best in "A Skylark in Battle." The "menacing host of guns" had spoken:

"Then half a silence touched the chasmed field
With its caress; the angry, purple sky
Grew luminous and suddenly revealed
A lark, that sang of peace in clear reply
To war's deep pæan: the stricken earth appealed
To heaven, and our spirits shivered at its cry."

MY BOOK OF BEAUTIFUL LEGENDS. Retold by Christine Chaundler and Eric Wood. Illustrated. 6s. (Cassell.)

A very welcome addition to the many books issued for children is this selection of old legends retold and arranged in a most attractive form by Miss Christine Chaundler and Mr. Eric Wood. All the favourites are here, as well as many of the lesser known legends of various nations, and the authors are to be highly congratulated on the excellence of their choice, for in every case the version of the legend recounted is the most beautiful which has been handed down to us through the centuries. The simple, forceful language employed to tell the delightful old stories, familiar and unfamiliar, makes them exceedingly effective and will serve to impress them deeply on the minds of the happy children who find this charming volume among their gifts this Christmas-time. Mr. A. C. Michael's coloured illustrations are exceptionally good, and the book is one that will be greatly treasured on account of its artistic merits as well as its other valuable qualities.

SELECTED POEMS OF THOMAS HARDY. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

There has not been for a long time a more welcome addition to the Golden Treasury series than this selection of Thomas Hardy's poems. He stands as distinctively apart from all contemporary poets as from all contemporary novelists. Certainly, as a novelist he has his disciples; but his poetry has inspired no imitators. It has the same stern qualities of realism, the same determinist philosophy and ironic outlook on life as you find in his novels, but it is even more idiosyncratic, more intimately personal, more peculiar to himself. There is nothing in it of the lyric spontaneity, the exquisite, elusive poetic feeling and utterance of Yeats; of the beautiful artistry of William Watson, nor of Kipling's passionate energy and magic of phrase. Mr. Hardy is more careful of the form of poetry than of its language. His poetry is in the thought, the idea, the emotion; the words in which he clothes it are the simple, homely words of every-day speech. But as you read on and come to understand him and are subdued to his moods, you grow to realise that in this very stark plainness of phrase lies half the vivid power and effectiveness of the stories he tells in his ballads, and the loves, regrets, losses, the human kindliness and ironic destinies he sings in his lyrics. He will not shackle himself with poetical conventions but seems to say what he has to say in the first words that come to him, talking his poetry as naturally as other men talk prose. The selection in this volume is a good and a thoroughly representative one. It takes in the best of Mr. Hardy's lyrical, narrative and reflective verse, including the finest of his war poems and the songs from "The Dynasts," one of which, "The Night of Trafalgar":

"In the wild October night-time, when the wind raved round the land,
And the Back-sea met the Front-sea, and our doors were blocked with sand"——

will always rank with the few great war-lyrics that English poets have written.

WAR BOOKS.

THE DEEPER CAUSES OF THE WAR. By Emile Hovelaque. Translated by the Author. With a Preface by Sir Walter Raleigh. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

M. Hovelaque is no headlong Germanophobe. He has made a close and dispassionate study of Germany's past, and traces the growth of those influences that have led to the present tragedy. You are impressed both by the reasoning, the imaginative sympathy and the scrupulous fairness of the book. It is, as Professor Raleigh declares, "the truest and most illuminating statement anywhere to be found of the causes which have unchained this tempest of war."

THE WAR AND THE SOUL. By the Rev. R. J. Campbell. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

With two or three exceptions these are reprints of the popular articles Mr. Campbell has for some time past been contributing to the *Sunday Herald*. They deal with various spiritual, social, human aspects of the war forcefully and suggestively, and "represent a serious attempt to give help and encouragement and a certain measure of enlightenment to persons who, at present, feel their need of these owing to the abnormal conditions which prevail."

ODD SHOTS. By One of the Jocks. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A series of vivid war sketches and verses, evidently written by one who has seen and experienced what he describes. There is shrewd observation and humour in such character studies as that of Bill, "An Officer's Man," who before the war was a surfaceman on the Midland Railway; and "Piet," the French draper turned soldier and attached to a British force as interpreter; and the pictures of life at the front are some of the cleverest, most entertaining things of the kind we have ever read.

XUM

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

ART POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES

"THE MORNING COMETH."

From The Year 1916, Illustrated (*Headley*).

From The Study and Criticism of Italian Art (*Bell*).

THE "BENOIS MADONNA."

THE PATH OF THE MODERN RUSSIAN STAGE, AND OTHER ESSAYS.

By ALEXANDER BAKSHY. 7s. 6d. net (Palmer & Hayward.)

M. Bakshy's work (uncommonly well-printed, with an unattractive cover) is an extremely stimulating series of essays dealing for the most part with the development of modern dramatic art in Russia. Russia is about the only country in Europe with a theatre other than a conventional parody, and it was very well worth while for M. Bakshy to give a short retrospect of the Russian drama from the seventeenth century onwards. So elaborated a dramatic art obviously has a long period of experimentation behind it. Still, nothing much happened besides imitation of English interludes and German burlesques until the eighteenth century, when Fyodor Volkov and Ivan Amitrevsky acclimatised the classical French drama. Then came Griboyedev, Gogol and Ostrovsky to found a national theatre in the early nineteenth century. M. Bakshy deals at length with the famous Moscow Art Theatre, founded by Constantine Alexeyev and Nemirovich-Danchenko in 1897. It adopted naturalism as a reaction against provincial crudity. Naturalism is, on the whole, a false artistic theory (you go to Rome to get local colour for Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," which is really Elizabethan England, for instance). Evereïnov's "monodrama" (subjective illusionism) and Meyerhold's statuesque effects were a reaction against the naturalism of the Moscow Art Theatre. M. Bakshy indeed gives us an excellent perspective of these conflicting art canons. Another essay is an appreciation of the poet-philosopher Veacleslav Ivanov, little known to English readers. Then follows one on "Living Space and The Theatre" and a sympathetic criticism of Mr. Gordon Craig. Lastly, an apology for the cinema as a combination of dramatic and pictorial impression in rhythmically moving form and colour. M. Bakshy's style is a little stiff and over-decorative, but he writes with fine intellectual eagerness and knowledge.

THE FLOWERS I LOVE.

Twenty-four Drawings in Colour by KATHARINE CAMERON, with an Anthology of Flower Poems selected by EDWARD THOMAS. 10s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

For the text of this beautiful volume Mr. Edward Thomas has drawn upon many modern poets in addition to the anthologist's usual stand-by—the non-copyright texts of the older masters. Thus we find Mr. W. H. Davies, Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Bridges, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, and Mr. Newbolt side by side with Herrick, Tennyson, Landor, and Blake. Its charm as an anthology, indeed, is that it makes no pretensions to completeness. It is obviously a selection of the flower poems which please Mr. Thomas, no one of which is unworthy of a place in the select company in which it finds itself. Miss Cameron's drawings, each in a style suitable to its subject, are the *raison d'être* of the book—a charming reminder to winter-bound book-buyers of the glories and beauties of the more favoured seasons. "The Flowers I Love" ought to be one of the first favourites among the Christmas gift-books.

From The Dweller in the Innermost (*Headley*).

From the painting by Watts.

From London Revisited (*Methuen*).

CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN. Relief by J. Flaxman at University College.
Reproduced from the original in the Flaxman Gallery, University College, London, by permission of the University College Committee.

RHYMES OF A RED CROSS MAN.

By ROBERT W. SERVICE. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

There is a virility, a robust humour, a picturesqueness of phrase and a catchy, lilting metrical swing about the verses of Mr. Robert W. Service that justify whoever was responsible for labelling him "The Canadian Kipling." There is both humour and the grimmest of realism in "The Odyssey of 'Erbert 'Iggins"; and realism, with a touch of farce, in "The Haggis of Private McPhee." There is a finer depth of feeling in other of the ballads—in such, for example, as "The Fool," which tells of how a man with fame and fortune in his grasp, joins up and "chucks it away to die in the dark," but

> "A fool! Ah, no! He was more than wise.
> His was the proudest part.
> He died with the glory of faith in his eyes,
> And the glory of love in his heart.
> And though there's never a grave to tell,
> Nor a cross to mark his fall,
> Thank God, we know that he 'batted well'
> In the last great Game of all."

One of the best things in the book, perhaps, is "The Song of the Pacifist," with its passionate cry at the close:

> "Glory! Ay, when from blackest loss shall be born most radiant gain;
> When over the gory fields shall rise a star that never shall wane:
> Then, and then only, our Dead shall know that they have not fall'n in vain.
> When our children's children shall talk of war as a madness that may not be,
> When we thank our God for our grief to-day, and blazon from sea to sea
> In the name of the Dead the banner of Peace . . . *that will be Victory.*"

It is the great merit of Mr. Service's verses that they are literally alive with the stress and joy and agony and hardship that make up life out in the battle zone. He has never written better than in this book, and that is saying a great deal.

WALTERS' CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.

A Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Mythology. By H. B. WALTERS, M.A., F.S.A. 21s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

This portly tome, which runs to over 1,100 pages, is, we are told, based to a certain extent on the "Companions to Greek and Latin Studies" recently issued by the Cambridge University Press, the syndics having placed the text and illustrations of these two volumes at the disposal of the editor as a convenient basis for the articles relating to the various branches of Greek and Roman antiquities. Among the chief works of reference consulted are the great French "*Dictionnaire des Antiquités*" the various dictionaries of Sir William Smith, and standard German works on the same subject. The articles concerned with Greek and Roman constitutional matters are the work of Mr. S. W. Gnose, late scholar of Christ's. Greek and Roman Law are treated respectively by Mr. F. E. Adcock, Fellow of King's and by Mr. P. C. Sands, formerly scholar of St. John's. That well-known expert Mr. Norman Gardiner of Epsom College writes the entries on Athletics; and Mr. Jerome Farrell, formerly scholar of Jesus and now of the Royal Artillery, has contributed many notices of mythology and of religion. The editor himself is responsible for the text of most of the articles dealing with proper names and for many of those relating to Antiquities. Judged by the entries we have consulted, Mr. Walters' Dictionary should be of very great value to University men and to Public School boys. The journalist will also find it a very convenient book of reference.

From Walters' Classical Dictionary (*Cambridge University Press*).

CARYATIA (Brit. Mus.)

FRUIT GATHERING.

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

HUNGRY STONES AND OTHER STORIES.

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

"Make me thy poet, O Night, veiled Night! There are some who have sat speechless for ages in thy shadow; let me utter their songs," says Rabindranath Tagore. And when he sings of Night, or Death, or Fire, or the Pain of Love, it is as an Eastern brother of Whitman.

If the Indian poet's "Fruit Gathering" reads sometimes like a translation, it is as a translation from the book of Life, of Eastern thought into Western language. Ideas and imagery, the light and shadow of beauty, cannot achieve all without the sinew of technique. The poems of Tagore have much of the roll and rhythm of Whitman. Yet, being in free verse, their strength is simplicity, and their weakness monotony.

To read them rapidly in succession would be as foolish as to eat a whole basket of fruit, or to drink wine like a barbarian. But read these brief narratives, or lyrics, singly, and they charm or move to reflection. Sometimes they do more. The lover of poetry need not fear Rabindranath Tagore's ominous and immediate popularity. What causes excitement in Suburbia sometimes echoes around Olympus.

The burden of these rhythms is the yearning for unity with God, for annihilation of "the torchlight revelry of pride," and the "blossoming in flowers of the morning." This is far from the unity of democracy, of man with his fellows:

"My Master has bid me, while I stand at the roadside, to sing the Song of Defeat, for that is the bride that He woos in secret."

But let it not be thought that this rhythmic philosophy is that of a comfortable man who sees the beauty of defeat and suffering in the rough world, from which he is sheltered. In previous volumes poems and phrases may have suggested that suspicion. But "The Oarsman," one of the longer poems in the new volume, comes very near to the thunder of our own troubled days.

"Like a ripe pod, let the tempest break its heart into pieces, scattering thunders.
Stop your bluster of dispraise and of self-praise,
And with the calm of silent prayer on your foreheads sail to that unknown shore."

To turn from the poems of Tagore to his stories is to descend from the mountain, with its shadow of Infinity and its peak of solitude, to the valleys and habitations of men.

"Hungry Stones," which gives its name to the volume, has its touch of horror—a hint of the quality of De Quincey when he gave his mind to make our flesh creep. But there is something far finer in "The Victory," which is translated by the author himself. The subject is the old tournament of song, common to Provence, to Tannhäuser's Germany, and to the Eistedfoddau of modern Wales. These bardic contests were known also to the Indian Court of King Narayan, where Shekkar, the troubadour, is defeated by Pundarik, the rhetorician and "best-seller." And Shekkar dies without realising that the King's daughter had been his for the asking, had honest self-confidence taken the place of pride. Perhaps this is not quite the author's moral. But the art of Tagore has more than one dimension, and truth has more facets than moralising fiction, which lies on the surface.

The deeper one goes into the book the nearer one comes to the human and the everyday. One feels that, had Tagore been an Englishman, he would have given us social novels as sure in their touch as those of Jane Austen. In translation, which by the way is done into excellent English, one does not get quite the consistent intimacy of a stylist, but the general effect is good, and the variety of range amazing.

From **The Cross in Modern Art** (*Duckworth*).

BEATA BEATRIX,
By D. G. Rossetti.
(By permission of Mr. F. Hollyer).

"The Kingdom of Cards," for instance, is a fantastic tale of a human pack of playing cards. It is ironic, and "amusing" in the sense that Matthew Arnold would have used that term. "The Babus of Nayanjore," however, is almost farcical in its picture of an Indian snob and a cruel trick that was played upon him. "Once there was a King" is a child's story, with just that touch of tenderness that makes it a grown-up's as well.

"Living or Dead?" is the strange tale of an Indian woman, who has been laid out for dead, but, having come to herself, runs away, but regards herself afterwards as a being apart from her fellows. The result again is ironical. Irony and playful humour are of the author's armoury. He has read widely among modern writers, and probably would appear as Western to an Indian, as he seems Eastern and especially Indian to us.

Perhaps the finest and most individual story in the book is that called "Vision," in which a young wife is blinded by the stupidity of her affectionate doctor-husband. Her dependence draws her nearer to him, while he gradually becomes alienated. Psychologically the narrative has great qualities; and the other woman who nearly becomes the second wife is drawn with a master hand. In reading "Vision" one is not in doubt as to the true originality of the author. At times, throughout the book, one makes

comparisons and criticisms. Here they are stilled, and the authentic spirit stands vindicated. Again in "The Devotee" one is confronted with a character so peculiar to Western minds that one can but accept it. To attempt description would be to arouse laughter, which is very far from the effect produced by reading the whole.

Then "The Cabulliwallah," the tale of a hillman pedlar and a little girl, is tender and full of that "charm," which for want of a better word may be said to describe both these books.

There is another side to criticism, namely the suggestion of suitability. While the poems will be welcomed by a far larger group than usually turns to verse, the stories should appeal to the reader of thoughtful fiction, a far larger body than generally is believed to exist.

Rabindranath Tagore has many gifts of the novelist, and a few of those of the "contist." Whatever those who first rhapsodised about his genius may think, these volumes should prove to a wider circle that he can speak to his fellows in their own tongue, albeit through the medium of translation.

REGINALD R. BUCKLEY.

From London Revisited (*Methuen*).

PRINCESS MARY AS DIANA.
From a painting by Sir Peter Lely at Hampton Court.

SOME BRITISH PAINTERS.

A Little Gallery of Great Masters. By JAMES BAIKIE, F.R.A.S. 2s. 6d. net. (Black.)

The little gallery is intended for the delectation of little people more especially, and Mr. Baikie is their very good guide, firstly, in his light sketch of the period to which Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney and Raeburn belonged; secondly, in the brief biographical notices; and, thirdly, in his description of the pictures represented in his volume. It is confined to these great masters and gives two examples of each. They are familiar to the eyes of all, and no eye can grow weary. The reproductions in colour are excellent. The Lord Heathfield of Reynolds deserves its place as a frontispiece, and Gainsborough's Mrs. Graham is printed with exceeding care. Romney's Lady Hamilton is beautiful as ever, notwithstanding the "stuffed goat," as Mr. Baikie terms it. Taken altogether, the slender volume is a marvel at its price and a salient testimony that in these days it is possible for art-books to be both cheap and good.

LONDON REVISITED.

By E. V. LUCAS. 6s. net. (Methuen).

This is a supplement and companion to the "Wanderer in London." Places and objects of interest unencompassed in the original survey are here described in the happy manner that is Mr. Lucas's enviable secret. For example, we have a really excellent account of Wren's many churches, with a delightful digression to Pepys' description of the Great Fire that gave Wren his chance. We go round to all the open-air statues of London and pay calls at all the "tableted" houses. By the way, Mr. Lucas, in his reference to statue-decorated buildings, is out of date in calling that adorned edifice in Burlington Gardens, next to the Arcade, the "London University." It has long ceased to be that. It is the Civil Service Commission, the University now living more spaciously at the Imperial Institute. Holland House and the London Museum have chapters to themselves, and so have Gough Square and the Adelphi. It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Lucas takes us to Lord's and the Oval, and then treats us to a day at the Zoo. He extends his London so far as to include Hampton Court; but no one will protest. It is a book that will delight all Londoners and all non-Londoners alike. Its photographs of pictures and its topographical sketches by Mr. H. M. Livens are added attractions.

From Some British Painters (*Black*).

BOY WITH RABBIT
(Raeburn.)

SUMMER HOLIDAYS IN THE ALPS.

By W. E. DURHAM. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

This pleasant addition to the literature of mountaineering should attract "fireside travellers" as well as climbers, for it is neither too technical nor too terrifying. Prebendary Durham never wants to make our flesh creep, nor does he try to intimate hints of his own courage and daring. The purpose of his volume is much more amiable. He has spent many happy summer holidays climbing in the Alps, and he is glad to talk about them in a hearty, cheerful manner. He does not, like so many of the craft, regard the Alps as a private annexe of 23, Savile Row, and he never indulges himself with the usual lofty contempt for "tourists" and "trippers." Indeed, in one page, he actually pays a tribute to the excellent manners and considerate behaviour of a Polytechnic party of young men whom he encountered at the Mountet hut. Prebendary Durham's scrambles range from the Graians to the Engadine, and include most of the "star" climbs. The modest and friendly style of his narratives is neither frigid, nor gushing, nor jocular, like certain other examples of mountaineering literature one could name. The frank chambermaid of his story may be astonished that "quite an old gentleman" should climb, but his happy volume shows that he is young enough in heart to enjoy the glory of the hills and to communicate his enjoyment with gusto.

From **Walters' Classical Dictionary** (*Cambridge University Press*).

RETIARIUS. From a lamp in Brit. Mus.

FIGHTING MEN.

By C. Fox-Smith. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

An author who acknowledges permission to reprint from *Punch* shakes hands with his reader already upon the fly-leaf, for some at least of the papers that follow will be familiar to most, and not unwelcome. It is, therefore, without surprise that we find old friends among the twenty odd poems in Mr. C. Fox Smith's "Fighting Men," and not the least of these old friends is the author himself, whose sincerity, humour, and fine breezy way with metre are unforgettable things. Needless to say that the author of "Songs in Sail" knows "the way of a ship in the great waters where the flying fishes are," and for salt-water atmosphere it would be hard to better such verses as "The Rhyme of the 'Inisfail'":

> "For she lies deep, the 'Inisfail'—ay, deep she lies an' drowned,
> Deeper 'n ever a wave 'll stir, deeper'n a lead can sound,
> Fifty mile from Fastnet Light, an' homeward bound."

But it would appear that also he is not ignorant of the way of an army in some at least of its aspects as humorously pictured in "Mules," "The Route March" and others, nor of the mind of the British countryman who had actually travelled further south than Southampton, finding among "towns as white as washing-day" that foreigners are not altogether a savage race apart. Of the more serious poems grouped towards the end of the volume, one at least, "The Yeoman's Son," rouses a wish that this were still the day when war inspired more poetry of the ballad kind than hymns of hate and khaki epics.

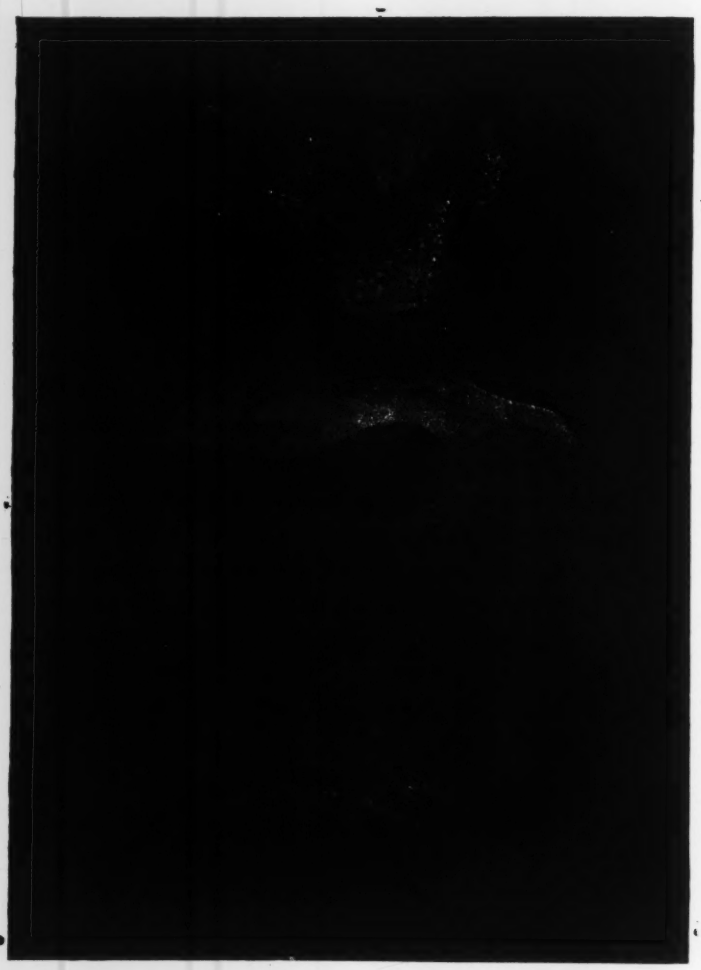
THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF THE HOLY LAND.

By P. S. P. Handcock, M.A. With Coloured Frontispiece, 25 Plates, 109 Figures in text, and 2 Folding Plans. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

From **Walters' Classical Dictionary** (*Cambridge University Press*).

ATTIC BLACK-FIGURED VASE (Brit. Mus).

Mr. Handcock is known to scholarship by a work on Mesopotamian archæology, and as a lecturer under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Fund. His present volume is therefore of authority within its own measures. As explained in the preface, it is an "account of the arts, crafts, manners, and customs of the inhabitants of Palestine from the earliest times down to the Roman period." Here it is possible to speak of it only as it may appeal to the unversed reader, who will probably be looking for light cast by the record on Biblical history. Such light there is, but it is slender and occasional, as the work covers a long period — Palæolithic, Neolithic, Megalithic and early Servite, as well as later epochs. Among chief points of Biblical interest are the account of the palace of Ahab at Samaria, the results of excavation at Jericho, especially in respect of its walls and their silent commentary on the miracle in Joshua iv. 20, where it is said that "the walls fell down flat." The history of Gezer traced through various periods and its discovered remains are also of the first interest. The plans, plates and figures in the text are invaluable helps to any reader, who—so fortified and encouraged by a very clear style of writing — needs no special knowledge on his own part to follow Mr. Handcock through the pages of his latest and most important work.



From **The Archæology of the Holy Land** (*Fisher Unwin*).

LIBATION VASE FROM BETHSHEMESH.

THE ANTIQUE GREEK DANCE.

By MAURICE EMMANUEL. 15s. net. (John Lane.)

This book which contains over 600 illustrations of the attitudes and poses of the dancers of ancient Greece, is a translation from the French by Harriet Jean Beauley, and the author (a Doctor of Letters and Laureate of the Conservatoire) acknowledges his indebtedness to several eminent French antiquaries and archivists, authorities on the history of music and dancing. The book, then, may be regarded as reliable on the subject of which it treats. In the course of its 300 pages it gives an immense amount of information on every phase of the Grecian dance whether ritual, symbolic, social, martial or purely artistic. It is generally recognised that all Greek poses, whether in dance or general deportment, were founded on the natural instinctive movements of the human form. In that respect it was the antithesis of that modern "deportment" typified by the immortal Mr. Turveydrop, which was nothing if not studied and artificial. The Greek dance, we gather, is dead, with much else that belonged to Greek art. All that we get to-day in the way of "Greek" dances are imitations, not necessarily base, but lacking in natural inspiration. Every kind of unusual movement was avoided by the Greeks, and their system was the outcome of an all-round training of the body which fitted it to become an agent of natural expression. The book is a monument of patient study and research, and much of its practical value lies in its comparisons of modern and ancient dancing which are not all to the disadvantage of the former, for if the Greek dance was a model of grace and rhythm it was somewhat lacking in precision.

From **The Antique Greek Dance** (*John Lane*).

A GREEK VASE OF THE LATTER PART OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C. IN THE MUSEUM AT THE LOUVRE.

From **Collecting Old Lustre Ware** (*Heinemann*).

COLLECTING OLD LUSTRE WARE.

By W. BOSANKO. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

We are told that this is the first volume published on English Lustre Ware. And yet lustre ware is very attractive to the collector, many specimens are genuinely artistic and would make a really decorative addition to any room. Like all the volumes in Heinemann's well-known "Collectors' Pocket Series," it is eminently practical, the illustrations carefully selected, with the descriptive letterpress, give a complete idea of the different specimens. A few opening pages of general history and definition are sufficient to make clear what follows. One advantage to the humble collector of lustre ware is that there are practically no outstanding masterpieces which would dwarf his collection to insignificance, he is not so tempted towards that envy which is the shadow on so many collectors. It must be admitted that our English lustre ware makes no claim to rival the beauty and magnificence of the work that comes from Persia, Spain or Italy, nevertheless, as is well shown by the book before us, it is very varied, with distinct characteristics. As in so much English work the *form* will be found very satisfactory, though we may miss that "riot" or magnificence of colour which is so often found even in the common and simplest foreign articles.

From **Collecting Old Lustre Ware** (*Heinemann*).

TOKENS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By W. LONGMAN. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Longmans.)

The tokens dealt with by Mr. W. Longman in this curiously interesting volume are those that were issued in the eighteenth century by authors, booksellers, publishers, librarians, engravers, printers and others connected with bookselling and allied trades. The tokens of the period can be divided, he says, into four groups: medals or coins struck by tradesmen with a view to helping trade; pieces struck for sale to collectors; pieces struck by collectors; and pieces bearing neither name of issue nor town that were "issued in large numbers and were sold at a good profit to anyone who would buy and put them in circulation." The regal copper coinage of the country had fallen into such a debased and unsatisfactory state by 1787 and the inconveniences resulting from this were so great that "the trading section of the public took the matter into their own hands" and issued millions of copper tokens, pennies and halfpennies that bore the name and address of the issuer as a guarantee of good faith and were commonly accepted as small change. Mr. Longman's record of the tokens so issued by booksellers and bookmakers and others connected with those industries should be invaluable to the collector. The genuine reader who is not a collector will be greatly taken with the biographies in little of some of the men who issued these tokens, such as that of the enterprising second-hand bookseller, James Lackington, who crowned a successful career by opening his huge shop, described as "one of the curiosities of the metropolis," the Temple of the Muses, as he named it, in Finsbury Square; or that of James Bissett, who wrote poems and compiled a directory and conducted a successful "Museum and Fancy Picture Manufactory" at Birmingham; or that of John Murray's predecessor, the bookseller Thomas Miller; or that of Thomas Spence, the Chancery Lane bookseller who was imprisoned for high treason, "without doubt," as Mr. Longman remarks, "the most remarkable of all the token issuers who come under notice in this work." Though this is a book primarily intended for the collector, it will delight also all good book lovers who enjoy wandering in the byways of literature. The volume is admirably illustrated with many specimens of the tokens and with protraits and other reproductions from old prints.

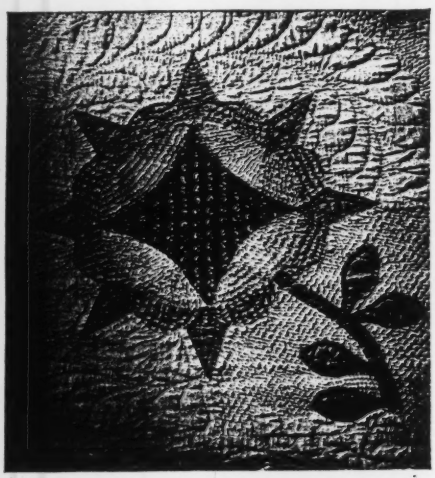
From Tokens of the Eighteenth Century connected with Booksellers and Bookmakers (*Longmans*).

TOKENS (Slightly Reduced).

QUILTS.

Their Story and How To Make Them. By MARIE D. WEBSTER. 10s. 6d. net. (Batsford.)

There is more quilt-making in America than ever before; not only in rural districts, but in the great cities. It is an ancient art, for the sister of Tubal Cain is said to have invented both spinning and weaving. Embroidery and quilting appear to be based artistically on the work of the painter, while patchwork is the textile equivalent of mosaic. Numerous coloured illustrations show how historically interesting, and how generally beautiful, such work may be. And if we cannot agree with the author's judgment of Egyptian painting as "crude," and as the possible parent of patchwork, one is inclined to believe that Sister Susie has in quilting an interesting successor to the art of stitching shirts for soldiers. The Bedtime Quilt is given in colour, and Morning Glory is another of real beauty.



From Quilts: Their Story, and How to Make Them (*Batsford*).

DETAIL OF HARRISON ROSE, SHOWING QUILTING.

MADE IN THE TRENCHES.

Edited by SIR FREDERICK TREVES, BART., and GEORGE GOODCHILD, 3s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin).

This is an entertaining miscellany of stories, articles, verses and drawings written and made by soldiers, and the profits from it are to be devoted to the "Star and Garter" Fund in Aid of Totally Disabled Soldiers and Sailors. The pictures in colour and black-and-white, starting with a frontispiece by Bairnsfather, and the lively and varied letterpress do, as Mr. Goodchild claims, "give a really representative idea of the life and thought of the Army as a whole." The book is well worth buying for its own sake, apart from the cause it serves.

XUM

MEDALS OF OUR FIGHTING MEN.

By STANLEY C. JOHNSON. 3s. 6d. net. (Black.)

This is a timely book, well compiled and excellently illustrated. Civilians are frequently puzzled to identify ribbons and medals of even recent origin, and how few have any knowledge of the hundreds of awards for service and gallantry, modern and historical, which exist in connection with the two Services. By means of Mr. Johnson's compact volume they can learn all that a reasonably well-informed reader need know about these matters. They will gain at the same time a desirable and interesting amount of information regarding the historical significance of many of the decorations, from the period of the fine Armada medal of "good Queen Bess," who originated the custom of bestowing medals for naval and military services, down to the latest decorations which have been instituted in connection with the present great war. It is interesting to note that the famous Victoria Cross had its forerunner (if not actually its origin) in the "Forlorn Hope Medal" of Charles I., which was "awarded to soldiers who distinguished themselves in the presence of the enemy." Each medal is adequately, though briefly, described, and very many are illustrated, and much interesting historical matter is to be gleaned from the author's pages. Most people will be glad to possess the volume, and for older boys it will prove an excellent gift book.

From **Tokens of the Eighteenth Century connected with Booksellers and Bookmakers** (*Longmans*).

TOKENS. (Slightly Reduced).

THE VIOLET UNDER THE SNOW.

By DENNIS CLEUGH. 2s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Founded on an old idea, this little Christmas play is fragrant of hope — expressive of the violet hidden under the snow. The scene is the interior of a shepherd's hut on Christmas Eve, and an old shepherd and a young shepherd are deploring the life-sorrow of their master,

From **Medals of Our Fighting Men** (*Black*).

BALTIC, AFRICA, AND CANADA MEDALS.
26. Baltic.
27. Abyssinia, 1867-8.
28. Canada (Fenian Raid).
29. South Africa, 1877-9.

caused by the death of his young wife and infant child. In his hut is stored a chest which guards a secret he shares with nobody, and the superstitious peasants fancy some evil spirit lurks beneath the heavy lid. Uel and Colin, eager to help their master, even at the risk of sacrificing their own souls, decide to learn what awful mystery the chest contains, and are on the point of investigating when the shepherd appears, and angry at what he takes to be their curiosity, dismisses them from his service instantly. They are pleading and protesting when a stranger comes in from the snow-covered world outside, and claims to be an old friend of the master-shepherd's, though the man fails to recognise him. He brings about a reconciliation between the master and his servants, and the master, remorseful for his hastiness, shows them the contents of the box—just treasured mementos of his lost dear ones. The play concludes with his being brought to a realisation that God and love are synonymous terms, and leaves him on his knees transfigured by the joyfulness of an awakened soul. It is a poetical conception, breathing forth the spirit of Christmas. The full-page coloured illustrations by C. Hargrave Martin are beautifully executed.

INTERNATIONAL CARTOONS OF THE WAR.

Selected, with an Introduction, by H. PEARL ADAM. 1s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is an excellent collection of war cartoons by the principal cartoonists of the world. They include some of the most memorable work of Raemaekers, Steinlin, Will Dyson, Haselden, Bakst, Heath Robinson, Ibels, Leandre, F. H. Townsend, and famous black-and-white satirists of Italy, Japan, America, Russia, Germany, and other nations. The drawings are excellently reproduced, and at so small a price such a book by such artists carries its own recommendation with it.

From International Cartoons of the War (*Chatto & Windus*).

THE BEAR: GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN, KAISER. I FEEL BETTER MYSELF.
(Cartoon by Robert Carter. From the *New York Evening Sun*.)

THE MAKING OF MICKY McGHEE

And Other Stories in Verse. By R. W. CAMPBELL. Illustrated by H. K. ELCOCK. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

If you measure these verses by the accepted standards of poetry, you will certainly find them wanting, but if you went over them carefully and made them conform to those standards you would probably spoil them altogether. They do not trouble overmuch about metrical niceties; sometimes a line is a foot short or a foot too long; but their rough-and-ready, free-and-easy jog trot is half their charm. They are written by a soldier who was much keener on getting his story told in the strongest, most effective vernacular than on flattering the sensitive ear of the scholarly student of verse—they are stories of ordinary, unacademic men for men of the same kind or who are in sympathy with such, and in their own way they are uncommonly and delightfully good. There is imagination and human feeling in them—especially in "The Making of Micky McGhee," in "The New Tommy," "The Merchant's Son," "The Lowland Fuzzies," "The Border Breed," and one or two others—that is of the very stuff of poetry and makes the trick of writing accurate verse a matter of minor importance by comparison. "These are simple soldier rhymes," writes the author in a preface, "... written during the recruiting and other crises"; and he hopes they will be judged not by the standards of great poetry, but "for the spirit they exhale." That is how they should be judged, and so judged they are first rate. One hazards a guess that they will find no more enthusiastic readers than the men they are written about.

From **Made in the Trenches.**
(Edited by Sir Frederick Treves and George Goodchild).
Allen & Unwin.

MEN'S WEAR,
August. February
Dress does make a difference

From The Making of Micky McGhee
(*Allen & Unwin*).

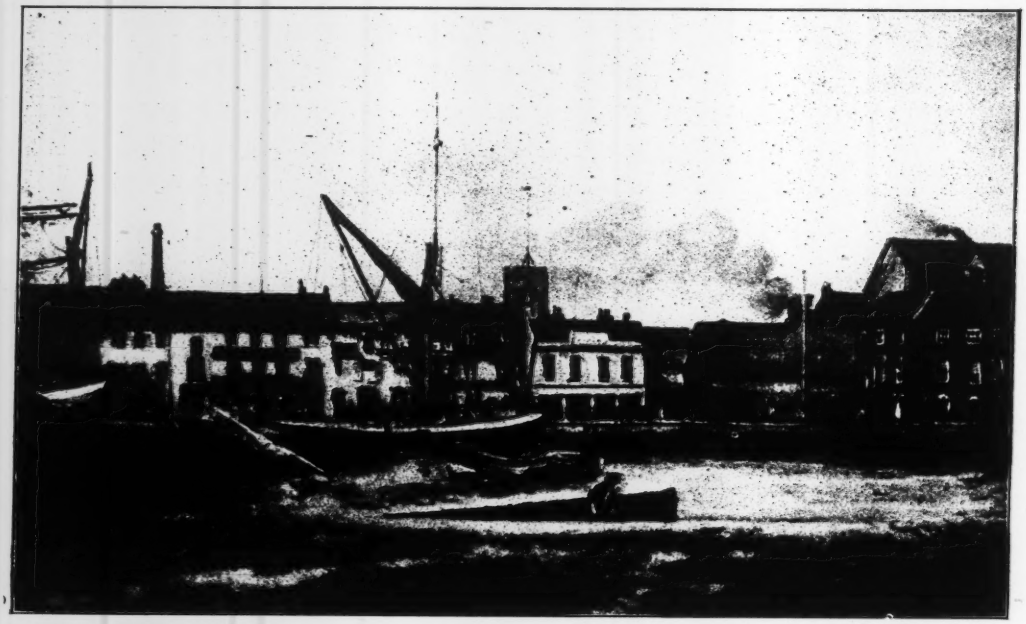
"....A TERRIBLE BLOW WHICH KNOCKED THE LOVER OF CLARA THROUGH THE GLASS OF A WINE BUREAU."

From The Making of Micky McGhee
(*Allen & Unwin*).

"... THE BEARER WHO QUIETLY BRAVES
WOUNDS, DEATH, MURDER OR CAPTURE, TO BANDAGE THE MOANING AND MAIMED
AND CARRYING THE WEARY AND DYING TO THE HAVEN THAT LISTER HAS FRAMED."

FROM HARBOUR TO HARBOUR.

By Mrs. ARTHUR G. BELL. With Colour Plates after Paintings by ARTHUR G. BELL, R.I. 10s. 6d. net. (Bell.)



From **From Harbour to Harbour** (*Bell*).

THE QUAY, POOLE HARBOUR.

In a sub-title Mrs. Bell describes her volume as "the story of Christchurch, Bournemouth and Poole from the earliest time to the present day"; to those who know that stretch of coast at all intimately it will be little surprise that she has found a wealth of interesting materials to set forth, and to those who are familiar with her earlier books it will be no surprise that she has set forth those materials in an interesting and even fascinating fashion. No side of the subject is neglected, from the geological and archæological to that of association, and Mrs. Bell makes us realise how favoured is that Hants and Dorset stretch "from harbour to harbour," in the matter of its "story" not less than in its physical attractions of hill and shore. The dozen paintings of scenery along that stretch, which Mr. Arthur Bell has made, are beautiful indeed, and are reproduced in a notably successful manner, and their revelation of the country as it may be seen to-day form a delightful accompaniment to the pleasant and informing text.

From **Beautiful Buildings in France and Belgium** (*Fisher Unwin*).

LOUVAIN: HOTEL DE VILLE.

BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

Reproductions in Colour and Monochrome from rare old Prints and Drawings. With Descriptive Notes by C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, F.R.I.B.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

This beautiful book is a memorial as well as an art treasury, for several of the buildings represented are more or less lost to us by German savagery—the Hotel de Ville, Arras; the Cathedral of Malines; that of Rheims; and the Cloth-Hall and Cathedral of Ypres. The volume is doubly precious on this account. The fifty-two plates are reproductions of sketches and drawings by T. S. Boys, Prout, Stanfield, Coney, and other artists. Of the first there are fourteen characteristic examples, and our thanks are due to the editor who has thus furnished a comprehensive view of Boys' admirable work as an architectural draughtsman. One is glad also to see in a Church Interior at Dieppe one fine specimen of David Roberts, so neglected in these days. The reproductions of Prout—perhaps especially Malines Cathedral, seen from the Grand Place—are good things to have and hold in remembrance. The printing of the plates seems to us worthy of all praise, and so is that of the letterpress. Altogether, it is no book for a mere season or a Christmas gift, but one of permanent value. Mr. Townsend's descriptions enlist our sympathy, and his occasional criticisms command agreement in nearly every case.

From **The Book of Italy**
(*Fisher Unwin*).

PONTE NECCHIO, FLORENCE.

THE BOOK OF ITALY.

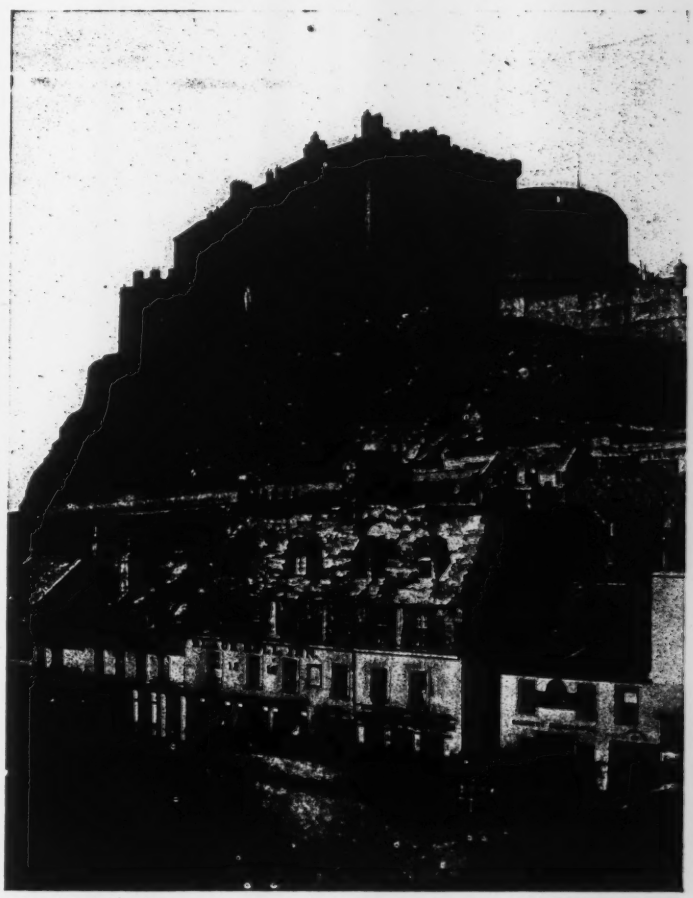
Issued under the auspices of HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY. Edited by DR. RAFFAELLO PICCOLI, with an Introduction by VISCOUNT BRYCE. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is a "war book," in aid of the Italian Soldiers' and Sailors' Families in the United Kingdom and of the Italian Red Cross which, quite apart from the nature of its contents, possesses exceptional interest as a memorial of these tragic times. But the book in itself is well worthy of the occasion. It consists of messages from leading statesmen, Italian and English, essays, sketches and poems by some of the most distinguished writers of the two countries (and one French writer) in English, French and Italian (the foreign languages having translations attached). There are also pages of music by English and Italian composers. Moreover, the volume is abundantly illustrated by the work of the best artists of both countries. In this way the volume is made memorable as an international symposium of literature, art and music, and can appeal to the public on its own merits. Naturally, the note of war and patriotism is conspicuous in the various contributions, but it is not made obtrusive; there are quiet interludes as in the sketch "Shakespeare and the Italian Novel," by Sir Sidney Lee, and from many of the illustrations and musical pieces the war note is missing, a tribute to the artistic sense of the compilers of the work. Many a work of less intrinsic interest and importance has been published at three times the price.

SECRET SHAKESPEAREAN SEALS.

By FRATRES ROSEÆ CRUCIS. 8s. 9d. net. (Nottingham: Jenkins.)

Within the reasonable limits of book production, a volume which gives us seventy-three fascimile reproductions in quarto of titles, prologues, and so forth, of original editions of great Elizabethan and some later writers, should not be without claims to consideration at the moderate, if mysterious, price mentioned above. But these Brethren of the Rosy Cross deal in a mystery of numbers as well as of prices, and it appears thereby that in addition to the now familiar charge of being responsible for the bulk of English literature, from Shakespeare to Robinson Crusoe, Francis Bacon was also founder of the Rosicrucian Fraternity. What is more—though we do not pretend to understand how the calculations exhibit either this or anything else in the contentions—there must be a secret tradition on the subject perpetuated to this day, for when Mr. A. E. Waite published his "Real History of the Rosicrucians" in 1887, his title-page and preface contained, immanent within



From **Edinburgh**
(*Williams & Norgate*).

EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

them and here produced therefrom, the revealing numbers of the secret. Setting him aside, as one who can speak at will, we are acquainted with many maniacal books on the Baconian question, but it seems to us that this is the crown of all.

them again in their admiration of the art of one of the greatest of modern cartoonists. The satire and humour of Gibson may be subtle and mordant or joyous and whimsical, but it never runs into mere extravagance; he makes his characters and situations laughable without burlesquing

IN THE CLOUDS.

From New Cartoons by Charles Dana Gibson (*John Lane*).

NEW CARTOONS

By CHARLES DANA GIBSON. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Everybody has heard of the "Gibson girl," and everybody who is at all interested in such matters knows Mr. Dana Gibson's work as a humorous artist. This handsome portfolio of some few dozen of his new drawings will, therefore, find its public waiting for it, and will confirm them; he clothes his comedies in grace and beauty, and never has to resort to the cheap expedient of making the faces of his men and women ugly or their figures deformed or grotesque in order to get the fun of his jest into his picture. These drawings of his are a sheer delight to the eye; they reconcile laughter and loveliness, and reveal the spirit of mirth as a spirit that is also exquisite and urbane.

THE WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

5 vols. (International Library.) 2s. 6d. net per vol. (Jarrold.)

Dr. Greenough, of Harvard University, writes a brief introduction to this reprint and enumerates certain points which distinguish Poe's work from that of some other American writers. He is aloof, sinister, unbending, while they are frank, friendly, companionable; he belongs nowhere, while they are local or—at the broadest—of their own country and continent. The finding is a little indiscriminate, though it has a side of truth so far as Poe is concerned. We note further that, in Dr. Greenough's opinion, "The Gold Bug," "Purloined Letter," "Murders in the Rue Morgue," etc., are to be preferred before the "Fall of the House of Usher" and "Domain of Arnheim"—that is to say, the tales of ratiocination before those of high imagining, the inventions before things of creative genius. The first group has begotten a great host of imitators, but no one dares to borrow from that other store, which sent out things like "The Masque of the Red Death," "Berenice," and "Ligeri." This edition includes the preface to that of 1849, the remarks of N. P. Willis, published in the *Home Journal* on the Saturday after the death of Poe, and the memoir by Rufus Griswold. These things belong to history, and for the collection otherwise it embodies the result of strenuous research after everything written by Poe, so far as this had been rewarded at the date of the original which it follows. But Poe in a collected form offers a melancholy pageant. There is nothing quite like his greatness as an imaginative artist in his moments of real greatness; there is nothing quite like his littleness as a writer of forced comicalities, of mostly indifferent reviews, of jottings and marginalia—things which fill volumes here. "William Wilson" is the unapproachable transcendence of imagination in creative prose, and the lyric "To Helen" is the consummate perfection of verse. Speaking generally, there is not much of Poe's poetry which the lover of art in literature would seek to remove from memory; but of his prose remains a great deal that calls to be forgotten, and will pass into its proper limbo when the mania for indiscriminate collection has finally worn itself out. It remains that a "complete edition" is a dishonour to that which is immortal in Poe. Of the present one it has to be remembered that it is cheap, but it might have been prepared with a little more ordinary solicitude, so that we might have known where it comes from and why after immaterial portraits, like those of Lever and Lowell, we have to wait till the end for an indifferent reproduction of a picture of Poe himself. The text is presumably drawn from an American edition in ten volumes, the pagination of which it follows.

From **Hunlikely**
By W. Heath Robinson.
(*Duckworth*).

FOR THE WAR INVENTIONS BOARD: THE PROTECTED MINE-FINDER, FOR USE IN SOUNDING FOR ENEMY MINES.

DELIGHT.

By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. net. (Palmer & Hayward.)

Mr. Phillpotts is a novelist who has gained the respect, and in many cases the affection, of his readers. Like most authors, he at times amuses himself by writing verse, and he is always a skilled writer, who because he respects himself and his public is never careless or frivolous. His admirers will welcome this small volume, because of its gracefulness,

From **Delight, and Other Poems** (*Cecil Palmer & Hayward*). "... GATHERED HER SON IN HER ARMS."

and because it reveals him in an unfamiliar light. The verse has an attractiveness which almost amounts to charm, the drawings by Miss Elliott really illustrate the text, and are not merely pretty pictures added to the book. Most of the volume is quite light reading with an under-current of whimsical seriousness. In the poem "The Gift," Mr. Phillpotts is entirely serious and reaches a real dignity :

"Never a burn that from the wild hills cried,
With their own ruby dyed,
Kissed by a setting sun,
Nor yet the huddle of the fallen brake
Knew how to win and take
The splendour thou hast won.

There is no mountain in whose secret heart
Harbours a counterpart
Of thy deep-tinctured bliss;
No opal, from the mother's bosom torn,
Or bloodstone dark hath worn
A livery like this."

The opening poem "Delight" has a gentle ironical pathos, which will rather puzzle the serious reader, but will please many. A similar tale has been told several times, but it relates a conflict which will probably often be renewed, as long as there are differences of opinion in this world, and love is born in human hearts careless of personal convenience.

The following verses will show the manner in which the tale is told :

"For Delight sank and dwindled in grief and in gloom
At her good father's house hard by Tabitha's tomb;
While Shadad grew strange and eccentric in manner
At his rooms, near the dwelling of Simon the tanner.

Kind Isaac, the Jew, strove to make them see sense,
And the pains and the trouble he took were immense;
But, in truth, nothing hopeful could really be done
While Nuyhat worshipped three gods and Shadad but one."

The most serious note in the volume is struck in the following lines :

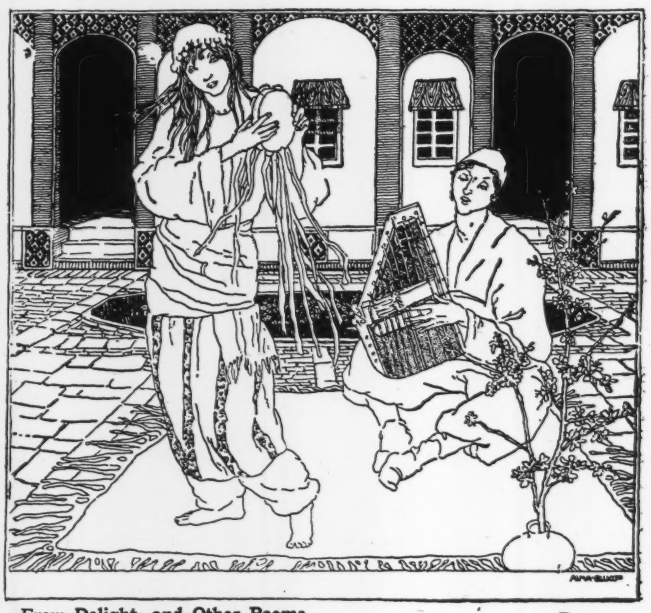
"War's red knife hisses home to the haft—
Mourn, old stars, the world runs daft.
* * * * *
Liberty! Liberty! Liberty!
Shout, old stars, the world is free."

A. H. J.

THE GOLDEN APPLE.

By Lady Gregory. Illustrated by Margaret Gregory. 5s. net. (Murray.)

This play "for Kiltartan children" is in the Kiltartan dialect which was once somewhat unkindly christened the Gregorian sing-song — an artificial speech which is at times charming, because of Lady Gregory's skill in handling the English language and its resources in vocabulary, at times glossing over dullness by a quaint arrangement of words that gives an appearance of newness to banality, at times positively ugly. It is breaking a butterfly on the wheel, however, to criticise the employment of this dialect in the present case. Here the theme is a little fairy or folk tale of how the King of Ireland lay at death's door, and there was no healing for him in the art or the artfulness of physician or any attendant. But a word was said of the Golden Apple of Healing that grew in the garden of the Hag of Slaughter, in the Garden at the World's End, and forthwith Rury, the King's gallant son, must needs go out upon the search, promising to come back with the golden apple within a year and a day. Now, the witch knows "there is an order that we cannot meddle with the royal blood of Ireland, that is protected since the time of the Danes: unless it will come into our power through fear or through tasting our food." Courtesy almost undoes the prince, but he is saved by Pampogue, the witch's daughter, who falls in love with him, though she is too foul a thing to win him. But in the garden is the daughter of the King of Spain, watching over her five



From **Delight, and Other Poems** (*Cecil Palmer & Hayward.* DELIGHT.

brothers, now little fishes in the witch's pond, and of course in her the prince finds a bride. The golden apple is brought to the court, the prince triumphs over every danger, deceit and treachery, and all is happy, ending with that apotheosis of so many Irish folk tales, the marriage of the hero to the King of Spain's daughter. The illustrations in colour are exceedingly well suited to the text.

PICTURES OF RUINED BELGIUM.

Seventy-two Pen and Ink Sketches drawn by LOUIS BERDEN. Text by GEORGES VERDAVAINE. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Monsieur Louis Berden is a Brussels architect. Almost immediately after the Germans had swept through Belgium, putting its helpless civilians to the sword and destroying, burning, pillaging their villages and towns, he resolved to go on a sketching tour through all those places in order to preserve tangible proof of what had been done and produce it to refute the lies and slanders with which the Huns soon began to try to cover up their iniquities. For eighteen months in face of constant dangers and difficulties he pursued his purpose, once he was arrested with his drawings in his possession, and stood a fair chance of being shot, but was luckily able to bribe his jailer and escape. His seventy-two drawings are starkly, almost photographically realistic; they bring before us, as his editor justly says, impressively and with strict regard for accuracy, the tragic spectacle of Belgian towns laid low in ruins, sacked and pillaged, while the delicacy and finish by which they are distinguished lend them a high value as works of art. This book is a terrible and a conclusive answer to such pro-German apologists as Miss Hobhouse. It gives you in plain words the evidence of eye-witnesses to the unspeakable barbarities of the Hun soldiery, and that evidence is as plainly confirmed by Mr. Berden's vivid pen-and-ink sketches. The French text of Georges Verdavaine, which is translated by J. Lewis May, is founded on the official reports of these outrages.

From **Pictures of Ruined Belgium** (*John Lane*).

A STREET IN LOUVAIN.

THE HARVESTING.

By W. FOTHERGILL ROBINSON. 1s. and 2s. 6d. (Erskine Macdonald.)

We must confess that Professor Selwyn Image's prefatory note to Mr. W. Fothergill Robinson's book of verse, "The Harvesting," raised our hopes to a level that is hardly justified by the bulk of the poems themselves. It is not to be denied that there is among them what is "beautiful in expression . . . just, healthy and helpful in thought," but there is also a certain proportion, too large to be altogether ignored, that has none of these virtues. Professor Image need scarcely have told us that the author is still a young man; no one else could have imagined the singularly cruel little poem, "Old Men," nor given tongue to the rather cheap, unnecessary scorn of "A Sleepless Night," in which we learn, not without amazement, the utter worthlessness of the man who does not suffer from insomnia. Though his work is declared to be "original and fascinating in musical cadence," we find it most musical when it is least original, so that he is more pleasing in the familiar bondage of sonnet-form than in verse that is "free" without the grace of liberty and whose rhymes are as scanty as currants in the poor man's pudding. But there are many things in the book that atone, and much may be forgiven Mr. Robinson because of the poem that gives its name to the collection:

"Awhile of the life which gave from a boundless store
We chose what seemed were the easier creeds to hold;
We looked for the cheaper things of life to adore,
And then? Could we blame the world that our hearts were cold?"

This is the scorn that is justified of its existence, and detracts nothing in dignity or honour from the poet's name.

ROBERT ADAM AND HIS BROTHERS.

Their Lives' Work and Influence on English Architecture, Decoration and Furniture. By JOHN SWARBRICK. £2 2s. net. (Batsford.)

Even those of us who are a long way from being experts in architectural matters have come to have some acquaintance with the "Adam style"—we can detect here and there about London the beautiful doorways, mantelpieces, ceilings that are stamped with the exquisite grace and distinction peculiarly characteristic of the work of Robert Adam and his brothers. Their work, as Mr. Swarbrick remarks, "has such individual charm that it has always evoked interest and admiration, and has exercised a definite and, of late, an increasing influence in the trend of English architectural art." In this ample and handsomely produced volume he gives us far and away the fullest account we have yet had of the lives and works of the four brothers. He has not been satisfied with studying engravings of the buildings and decorations they designed, but has visited the many examples of their work that survive in and about London, in the provinces, in Scotland and Ireland, and has made pilgrimages to Continental places where Robert and James Adam stayed when they were engaged on study and research, and has carefully traced the various influences that went to the development of their art. The Architectural Renaissance in England had its beginnings in Inigo Jones, early in the seventeenth century; it was renewed under Sir Christopher Wren, and there is an admirable preliminary sketch of the achievements of these men and of lesser architects of Wren's day, and to these the Adam brothers succeeded—"in spite of the markedly individual aspect of their design, it came as a natural, if entirely fresh, development from what had preceded." Few men at any time have had a happier or more permanent influence on the architecture, furniture and decorative arts of this country, and it is no light praise to say that Mr. Swarbrick has written a book—at once well-informed, scholarly, finely critical and entirely interesting—that is every way worthy of his subject. The two hundred and twenty-four engravings, which cover every variety of the Adam brothers' work, examples of the work of their predecessors and many portraits, are excellently reproduced.

From **Robert Adam and his Brothers** (*Batsford*).

THE BOUDOIR, KEDLESTON.

From **The Development of British Building and Construction** (*Cambridge University Press*).

COTTAGE AT HAWARDEN, BUILT ON CRUCKS.
The roof is thatched and the gables are partly hipped back.

PILGRIMAGE AND BATTLE.

By EDITH ANNE STEWART. 3s. 6d. net. (Headley.)

No poet, to be sure, is altogether consistent in literary quality, but seldom have we seen such a book of contrasts as Edith Anne Stewart's "Pilgrimage and Battle." If the volume had contained nothing but the "Santa Clara" sequence, "The Beholding Angel," and less than a dozen others, we should have declared that without doubt Miss Stewart was a poet; if it had been made up of such things as "Hard Forgiveness," "Ecce Rex Vester," or "Nemesis," we should have said with equal conviction that she was no poet at all. How it comes that the same hand can have made anything so delicately beautiful as "The Beholding Angel"—which it would spoil to quote in part—and such artless nonsense as "Lent, 1915":

> "On Calvary Truth was so strong,
> It triumphed over every wrong,
> Now we have a better way—
> We have our bayonets to-day,"

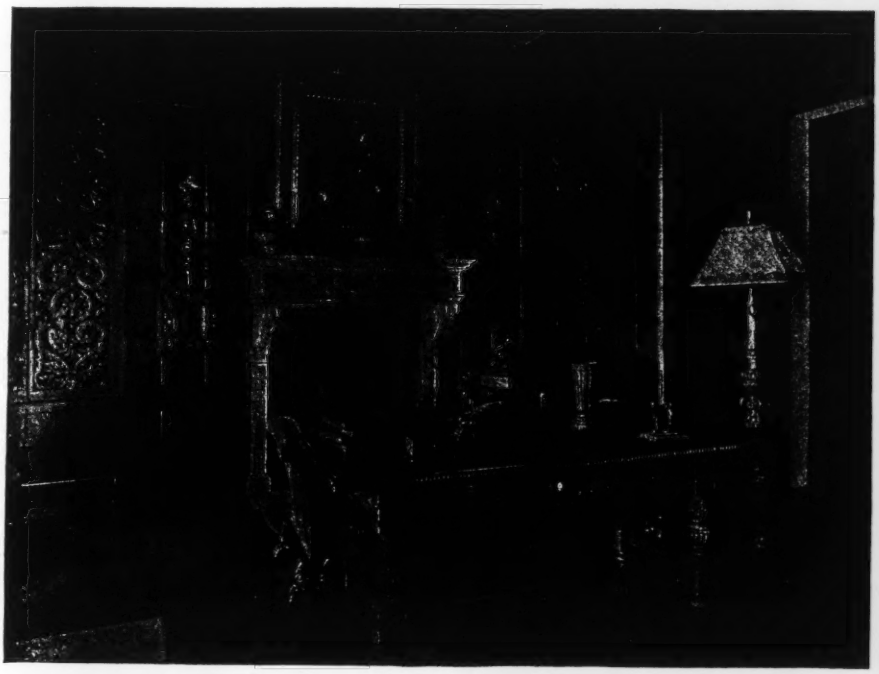
is a literary puzzle. At her best Miss Stewart is sometimes reminiscent of Coventry Patmore; at her worst, and it can be very bad, she combines the blandness of a tract with the prosody of the "Cautionary Tales." But the poems are worth reading, if only for the pleasure of finding, among so much small change, pieces of gold like:

> 'And then I knew myself at peace with Him:
> As some poor ship-wrecked mariner, who clings
> Long, hungry nights and days to a frail craft,
> Hears, through the dark, the even monotone
> Of waves that die on low-sands quietly."

INTERIOR DECORATION.

By Frank Alvah Parsons. 12s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Batsford.)

The author of this monumental work asks us to think of the house, not only as a place to live in, but as a possible expression of our individuality. The principles and practice of interior decoration are lucidly unfolded by Mr. F. A. Parsons in his valuable and instructive book, which raises furnishing into a fine art; and when Britishers have money to spare again for the expensive amenities of life, it is to this book they must turn, when a new house is taken, or an old one refurnished. The author's instruction ranges from precise information about such masters as Sheraton and Chippendale, to the motive and arrangement which should govern the setting out of my lady's chamber, or the appropriate setting for a library. In the nature of things, more attention is paid to the picture frame, and the position of the picture on the walls. than to the picture itself. One is also a little at a loss to understand what the author means when he alludes to a "sincere" effect in the furnishing of a room. But this criticism only means to say that Mr. Parsons has ridden his interesting subject a little too hard, and asked decorative effect to do more than can be reasonably expected of it.



From Interior Decorations (*Batsford*).

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THE RETREAT FROM MONS.

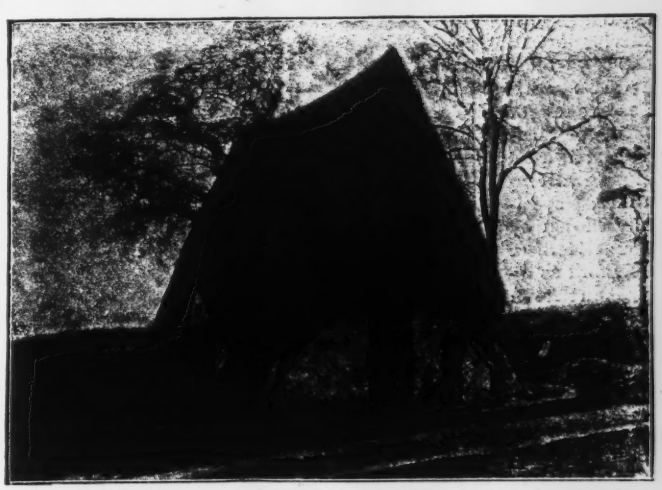
By One Who Shared in it (Major A. Corbett-Smith). Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

No story of the war has so captured the imagination of our people as the story of the fighting retreat of the "Old Contemptibles" from Mons almost to the walls of Paris, where they turned at last and struck home and joined with the French to drive the Germans back to the Marne and stop their advance for good. It is a real epic story, and it has never been told with more gusto or with sounder knowledge than by Major Corbett-Smith in this book. He played his part in that thrilling drama, and in his fifteen chapters unfolds it in all its thrilling details. It is a great tale, and he tells it with such spirit and dramatic effectiveness as carries the reader with him, and grips his interest in it all from the first page to the last.

A COMPANION TO BIBLICAL STUDIES.

Edited by W. Emery Barnes, D.D. 15s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

The "Cambridge Companion to the Bible" needs no introduction to students of Holy Scripture, and the present volume is described in its sub-title as a revised and re-written edition of that work. The prefatory words explain further that it is a new book, covering most of the old ground, with certain important additions, for two of which the general editor is responsible. The first of these is on early non-Christian references to Jesus Christ, and contains a defence of the much-debated passage in Josephus, Bk. 18. The second is on sacred literature of the Gentiles, which is a little misleading in its title, as it deals only with sacred books in Babylon, Egypt and Persia, being countries in communication with Israel. Dr. Westcott's article on "Sacred Books of Other Faiths," in the earlier editions, covered a wider field, but has been omitted on the ground that "only the hand of the writer could have adapted it successfully to modern days." Considerations of space have naturally made several desirable things impossible; but in Dr. Stanton's short study of the Messianic hope one misses allusion to the history of that hope during the greater exile of Jewry, through the Christian centuries, as exhibited in Zoharic literature and its connections. Moreover, one cannot help thinking that Talmudic literature should not have been neglected utterly, even had it been remembered at the expense of Mr. Houghton's zoology and botany of the Bible—not to speak of Dr. Watson's "Concordance," which is long enough to occupy nearly one hundred pages, but much too short to serve any practical purpose, more especially as any person who is concerned even with the fringe of Biblical studies is likely to possess a Cruden. There is, however, a fatal facility about suggestions of this kind, and they are apt to represent



From The Development of British Building and Construction (*Cambridge University Press*).

HOUSE AT SCRIVELSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.
The roof rests directly on the ground and the ridge tree is carried by pairs of inclined straight principals or crucks, two in each gable.

personal needs, or perhaps personal predilections and interests. The book as a whole is admirable, an indispensable handbook of reference and initial study, embodying the work of scholars acquainted with the speculations and findings of various schools of criticism. Dr. Barnes, who is Hulsean Professor of Divinity, is to be congratulated on the successful performance of an anxious and a laborious task. There are several excellent maps and a few photographic illustrations.

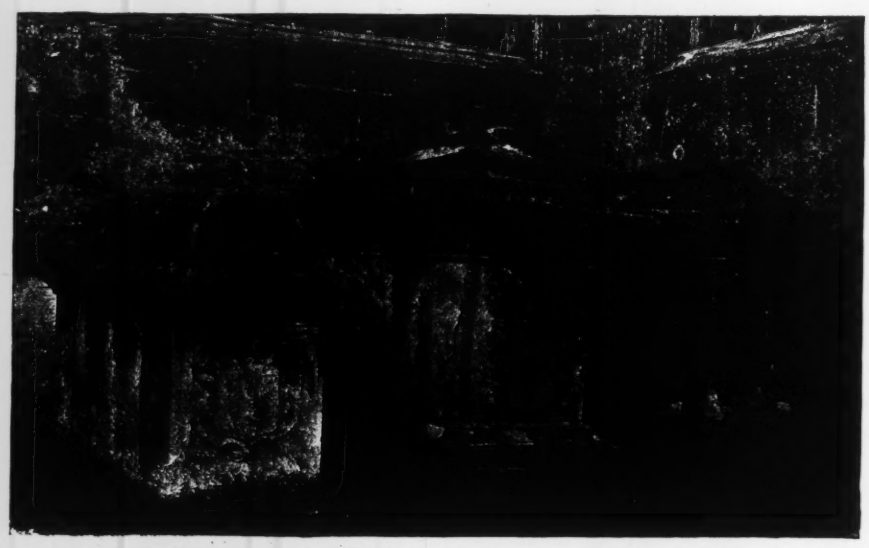
From **Wild Birds of Britain** (*Jack*).

LITTLE GEESE.

ENGLISH MURAL MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES.

By HERBERT BATSFORD. 12s. 6d. net. (Batsford.)

This very beautiful volume is a collection of eighty-four large photographic plates of wall tablets, table tombs and headstones of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, specially chosen by Mr. Herbert Batsford as representative examples of the beautiful and traditional types in the English parish churches and churchyards, and the selection has been made with extraordinary knowledge and taste and skill. There were many thousand examples to choose from, and Mr. Batsford's aim has been, as far as possible, to choose those that are typical. One special intention has been to provide craftsmen and architects with examples full of the best inspiration for designs. Mr. Batsford claims that the most agreeable and at the same time the most practical form for a commemorative stone in a church is the wall tablet, especially in the shape of an inscription panel, of which there are fifty examples given, arranged and classified in four groups according to the treatment. He reminds us that in the mural tablet the inscription is the essence of the matter, and that it must be treated not merely as conveying the purport of the memorial, but also as the artistic basis of the design, and hence the shape of the tablet and the form and style of the lettering are of the first importance, as well as the architectural features of the framework for the inscription tablet itself. The illustrations give a most sumptuous and charming idea of the wealth of such lovely work as may be found throughout England, and while many examples are taken from London churches, there are three times as many drawn from the country parishes



From **English Mural Monuments and Tombstones** (*Batsford*).

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ESCAPE, AND OTHER ESSAYS.

By A. C. Benson. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

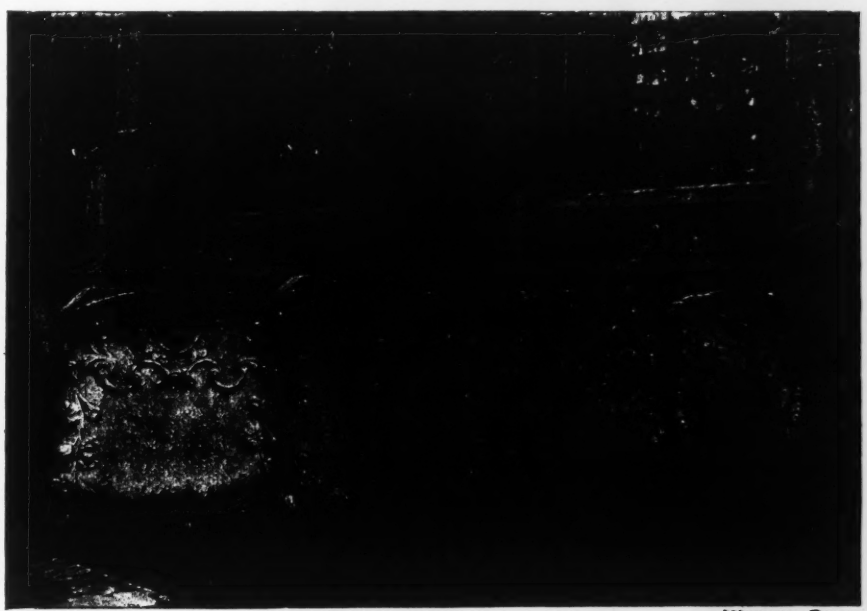
It is by no means easy to detect the thread running through these discourses. They were written at various times, and apparently with no connected purpose. Yet we may be sure that an original thinker, of the calibre of Mr. Benson, was consciously or unconsciously possessed by one dominating idea when he wrote these essays, and that the trouble spent in searching for it will bring an ample reward.

From Wild Flowers of Britain (*Jack*). VALERIAN.

The first snare to be avoided in our search is the suggestion that the title contains the secret. And here we may say boldly that never did an author of any repute adopt a worse title. The essay on "Escape" which gives its title to the whole collection, is by far the weakest in the book. It is strained: it does violence to common sense, in asserting, for example, that the suicide's main idea is to escape from this life to another one. Worse still, this essay contradicts itself and all the rest of the book. Life as a conquest is one of the root ideas of the author, cropping up even in this very essay, but to justify its title he enunciates the opposite doctrine that life must be trying to escape.

The second difficulty that meets us in our search arises from the fact, freely acknowledged and even paraded by Mr. Benson himself, that his main impulse in writing is the joy of artistic expression, not the joy of conveying his ideas to others, influencing them and persuading them. As a natural result, his argument is never quite clear.

So far as we can discover it, this is his argument, his thesis: Man must first of all obey that "stern lawgiver," Duty, must follow after righteousness. But secondly, and this is even more important, man must not go through life dully or mechanically, but put himself with all diligence *en rapport* with its riches, of which it is full: *en rapport* with its "fire and music, great, free and wonderful": he must throw himself "eagerly and freely into present conditions, use experience, enjoy, grieve, dislike": must realise that toil and pain and danger are necessary, if life is to be interesting. Even the humiliation of public neglect, of the failure, for example, of Mr.



From English Mural Monuments and Tombstones (*Batsford*). WITNEY, OXON

From Made in the Trenches
(*Allen & Unwin*).

THE "BLUES."

gulf, and offer himself in his entirety to the gaze, to the sympathy of his fellow men. In his entirety, because to him nothing is common or unclean: all experience is rich, large and splendid, a doctrine agreeing in the main with Mr. Benson's.

This perceptive imaginative life Mr. Benson terms "artistic," not a very happy term, perhaps; but he regards "art" as something wider than religion. Surely though, it is of the essence of religion that its community of belief brings us most closely *en rapport* with our fellow men. However, Mr. Benson thinks otherwise, and from this fellowship with other men's lives, which makes every old village with all its memories a sacred thing for him, he passes on to the possibility of fellowship with the Mysterious Personality which must be behind our life.

Several side issues are touched upon, all however more or less related to the richness of the "artistic" life. Strange stories are told of telepathy, that mysterious interlacing of lives. Even the history of his own boyhood and its development into something infinitely richer and more complex serves to illustrate the main argument.

W. A. F.

From The Eve Book.
(*Constable*).

EVE AND TOU-TOU.

Benson's own essay "Herb, Holy and Heartsease" is found by him to be "enchanting." Everything in life is real, and therefore interesting, except our fears. They are the only unreal things, "because we are of the indomitable essence of light and movement, and we cannot be overcome."

The greater includes the less. Seizing upon every experience of life with interest and joy, we naturally yield ourselves up to the "charm" of it, the lesser simple delights of external nature, the mystery, for instance, of an unknown town passed in the train at sunset, the beauty of the cloud shadow racing over a hill. Many such pictures Mr. Benson draws delightfully with his accomplished pen.

But we must conquer our tendency to grow sentimental over the disappearance of this charm. "The triumph is" to realise that the Giver of the charm has greater things in store. And a far greater thing is the charm not of external, but of internal Nature, of man as a thinking, joying, grieving creature. By sympathy and imagination we must bridge the gulf and grasp the environment of every fellow creature we meet, realise as far as possible their doubts and fears, the hardships that plough those furrows in their faces. This, says Mr. Benson, is the special virtue of Walt Whitman, that he does bridge the

From Splinters
(*Duckworth*).

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"Theirs was no cheap and easy choice
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* * * * *

Oh, this was not the Britain we
Had learned to love and thrilled to see!"

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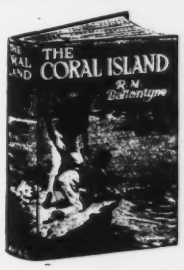

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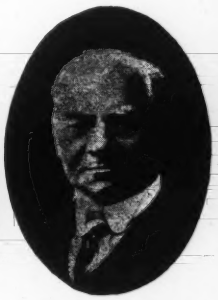
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"A luminous mist lay over the moor. It shifted and lifted, and floated away down to the Grey Bog, leaving behind it a strange glimmer, a tongue of flame, that flickered back and forward on the heath . . . this dancing light in the well of darkness of the wild moor, where the forest ponies were galloping and snorting and rattling through the black stumps. Kit Candlesticks. That is what the farmers call it. 'Tis an old man's face in the middle of it, as keeps on laughing at yer!' That is what some of the forest gypsies say. 'And old Matty, him as makes the "buy-a-brooms" he were pret' nigh led away by one in a pond round by Dibben over Hythe way. Ah, and would a drowned 'im! too, only 'is son held him back.' . . . Coronation Fête Day is over. The Romany Ring of dancers has broken up long since, and the dancers dispersed to their homes: but Kit Candlesticks dances the rest of the short midsummer night away over the Grey Bog."

There is only one addition we would like to see made to the book, and that is a glossary of the Romany words and phrases used throughout its pages. Although a few are explained there are many words which leave the reader puzzled.

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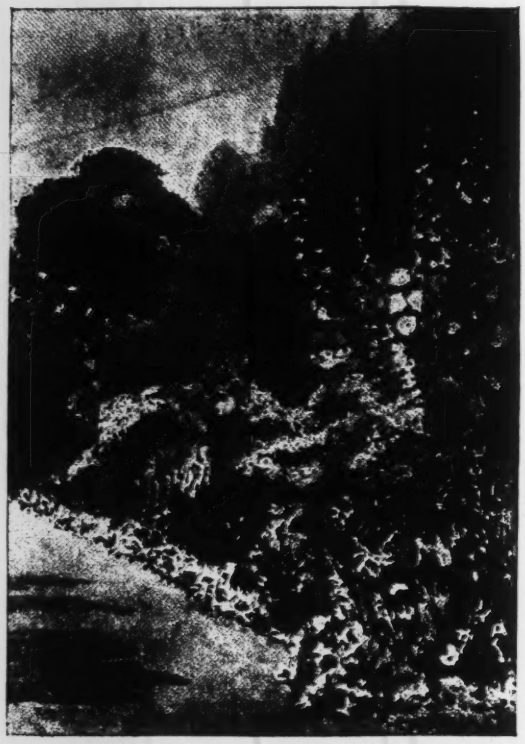

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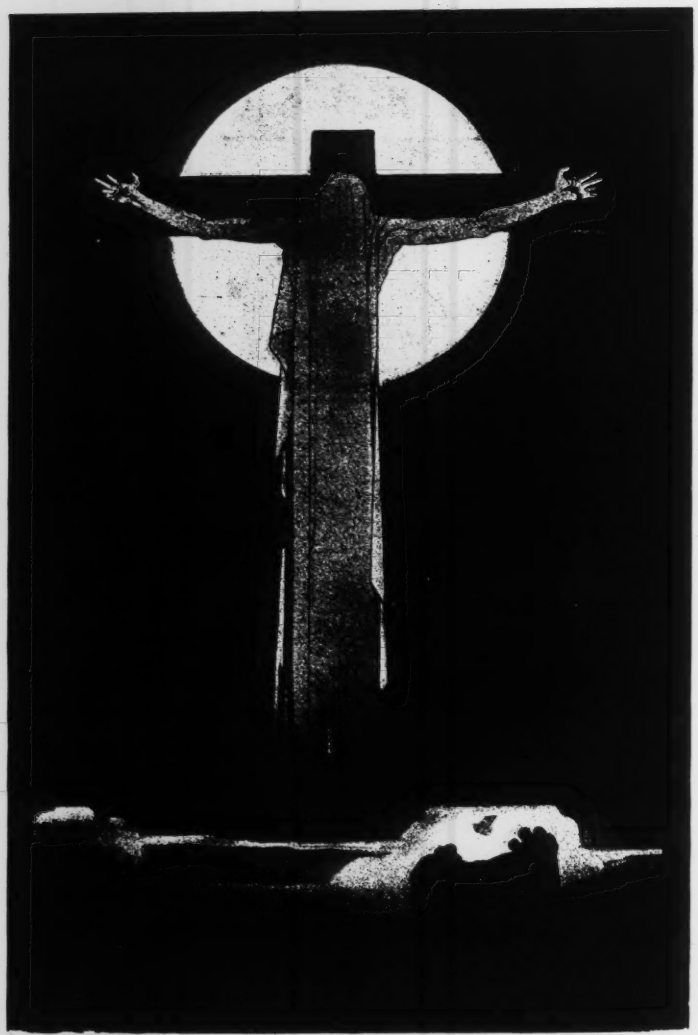

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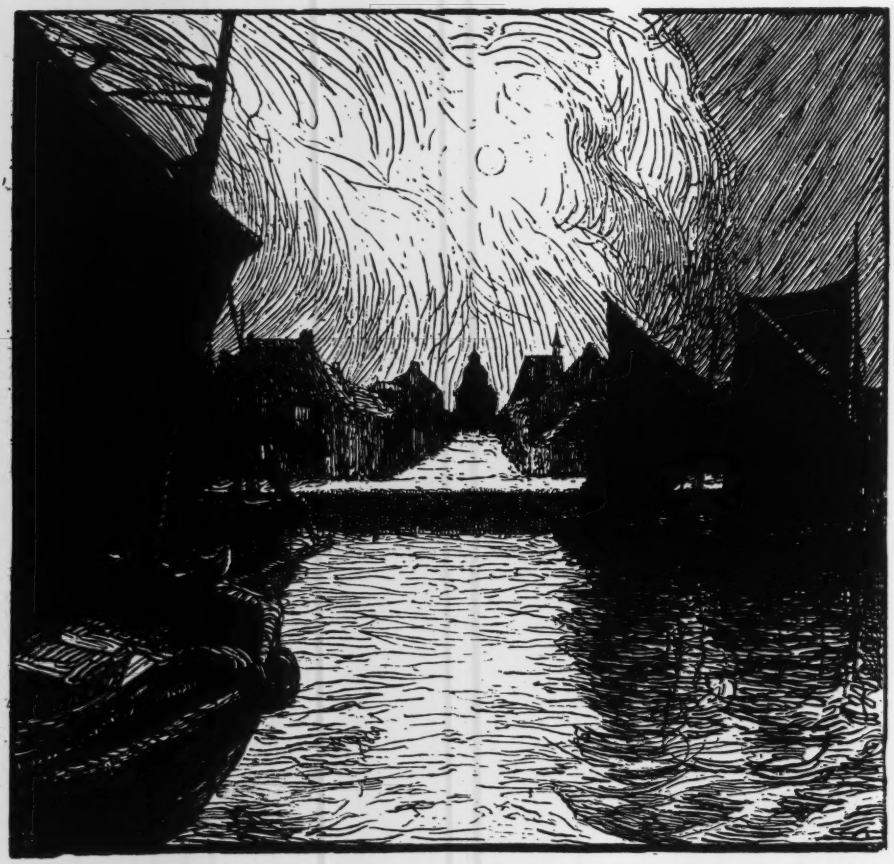

From The Little Towns of Flanders (*Chatto & Windus*). NIEUPORT.

around and over many of them in an obliterating and destructive flood will welcome this little volume with its charming and memory-awakening woodcuts, and brief and poetic descriptions. We are told that many of the drawings on wood are from sketches and notes made in happier days. And it is not without reason that M. Emile Verhaeren writes to the artist "you are ignorant as to whether the beauty you are graving is already dead or still living." Alas! that this should be so. But the fact gives an added value to M. Delastanche's work. Those who have loved Belgium and its inestimable treasures of architecture and art will earnestly pray that some at least of the glory of Belgium may be left when the tide of war has ebbed across her, and the land is once more free from the pollution of a German occupation. Particularly charming of the twelve drawings are "Le Quai Vert" (Bruges), "La Place du Musée" (Ypres), "Le Quai aux Herbes" (Ghent), and "Flanders in the Snow."

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It is impossible to keep the war out of our Christmas books and, when it comes into them in such a pleasant fashion as it does here, it would be undesirable even if it were possible. For here you have a selection of the characteristic fairy-tales of England and her Allies, a selection that has the approval of so fine a judge of such literature as Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose introductory essay on the nature and history of fairies and the genesis and development of the fairy-tale is full of out-of-the-way lore and has all the easy charm of style that belongs to everything he writes. England is represented by "Jack the Giant Killer"; Scotland by "The Battle of the Birds"; Wales by "Lludd and Llevelys"; Ireland by "Guleesh"; France by "The Sleeping Beauty"; and Italy, Portugal, Japan (with three delightfully quaint fantasies), Russia, Serbia and Belgium by fairy-stories beloved of the little ones of those nations, and sure to win the affections of the little ones of ours, Rumania did not become one of our Allies until after the book had gone to press, but a foot-note promises to add one of her tales in a future edition. Withal, nothing in the volume is more attractive than the exquisite colour pictures of Mr. Arthur Rackham. The fancy, the delicacy, the beauty and grotesquerie of all these stories is most sensitively caught and reflected in his drawings. Into his smaller black-and-white sketches, no less than into his twelve paintings, he gets the very light and atmosphere and eerie feeling which of right belong to the world his giants, of one or two heads, his witches, and princes, kings' daughters, and delightful little peasant people inhabit. You do not know whether to admire most his tricksy sense of humour, or his sense of the beauty of even the quaintest and queerest of living creatures and inanimate objects; it is enough that both are admirable. It is not necessary to say more than that this latest "Rackham book" will delight all lovers—and by now they are legion—of his unique art.

From The Allies' Fairy Book (*Heinemann*).

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By HARLEY MATTHEWS. 1s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Mr. Harley Matthews is another of Mr. Erskine Macdonald's growing army of soldier-poets. He is an Australian who has been on active service in Egypt, in Gallipoli (where he was wounded), and in France, but you find no war echoes in most of the poems that make up this attractive little volume. There is one, a grim, imaginative ballad, "The Sleep of Death," written this year in France; and another, written last year in Gallipoli, a lyric of remembered love amid the dead and dying and the thunder of the guns, "The Quest of Love"; otherwise the poems are of the things that inspire all poets in the happier years of peace, such as the lines, dated "England, 1916," written "Before the Picture of an Australian Creek," or those that evidently belong to Australia, such as "A Bush Mood," and "The Breaking of the Drought." Altogether, this is a little book well worth getting; it should make many friends.

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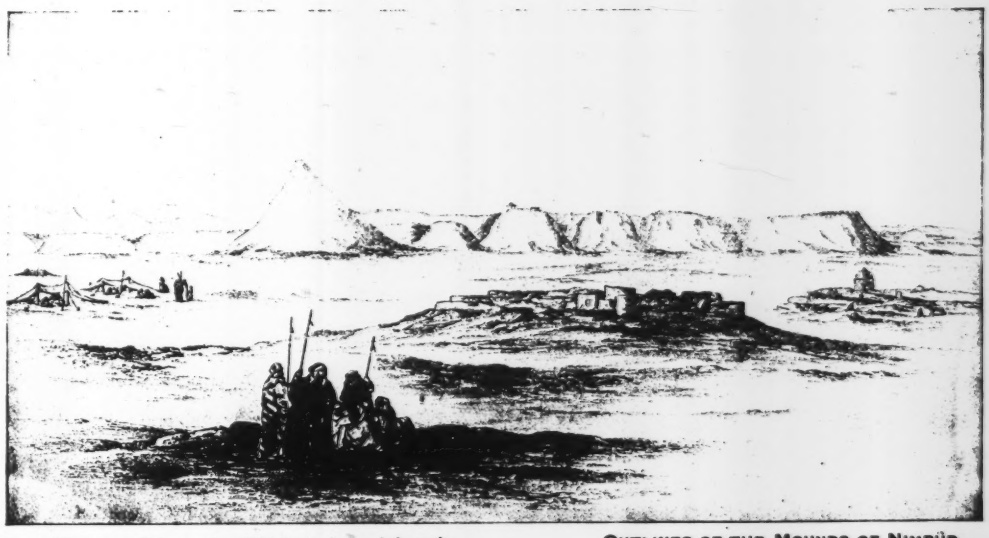

OUTLINES OF THE MOUNDS OF NIMRÛD.

From Myths and Legends of Babylonia and Assyria (*Harrap*).

THE MAID MARVELLOUS.

Jeanne D'Arc. By MAGDALENE HORSFALL. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

There is always room for a book with this title. Most thrilling of romantic dramas, most wonderful of fairy stories, most uplifting of sermons, the story of Joan of Arc comes down to us through the centuries a lonely, splendid, tragic monument. Considering the small compass of this book, one is filled with admiration for the skill with which the author has sifted her material so as to produce a story so seemingly full-bodied and rich in detail. It is good in these days to be reminded of the Duke of Alencon's regard for the military qualifications of his seventeen-year-old C.O.: "In all she does, save the affairs of war, she is a very simple young girl; but in war-like things most skilful, acting as prudently as a captain of thirty years' service. More especially she is marvellous when directing artillery." Good also to hear the author's righteous irony on the crowning at Rheims: "Five hours of a summer's morn it took, turning the Dauphin Charles into a king; if they had stopped to make a man of him, God knows they had been in Rheims Cathedral till this day." The Maid's story is set forth in these pages with a genuine fervour and poetic imagination, in keeping with the warm and glowing colours of the accompanying illustrations by Stephen Reid, R.B.A. It is a story to read and re-read for our pleasure and for our sins.

From The Maid Marvellous (*Duckworth*).

"AND BADE HER REQUIRE A BOON OF HIM."

THE TROPICS.

By C. R. ENOCK, F.R.G.S. 16s. (Grant Richards.)

It appears impossible in a brief notice to touch on more than one or two of the regions with which Mr. Enock deals in this very comprehensive work. The excellent map is sufficient to make us uneasy—how can we follow him over that enormous stretch of land—and, we cannot help thinking, how can Mr. Enock himself do justice in one volume to this large slice of the habitable globe? We may have our doubts as to the value of a book that leaps from continent to continent, describing country and country. For example, some eight pages are given to Togoland and Cameroon, which in this war the French and we have captured. It would therefore be useful for people in this country to have a great deal more than eight pages of information concerning them. And to polish off Indo-China, Burma, Siam, Cambodia, Cochin-China and Formosa in exactly ten pages does not leave much room for any fresh or striking information—the whole effect being too much like that of a tropical Whitaker's Almanac. Where we read with more pleasure is on the pages reserved for out-of-the-way places, such as the Seychelles Islands, since it is not easy for anyone to acquaint himself with such countries. Mr. Enock does appear to have visited a great many, but not all of these different places—thus, he says that the Roman Catholic cathedral at St. Louis, Mauritius "is described as of a pretentious but tawdry character." So, not sure that he has visited the island, we are left rather cold by his remark that "from the sea Mauritius spreads to the traveller, as it were, a bright green carpet, a peculiarly beautiful and striking aspect, due to the sugar-cane fields," etc., etc.—because we like descriptions of landscape to be first-hand. Such is the case when he comes to Mexico, on which he seems to have written two other books. In eight pages he manages to convey a large amount of quite accurate but not very novel information. "Into a description of the wide variety of plant life and luscious fruits of tropical Mexico," says he, "we cannot here enter." But he furnishes many other facts. A little lightness of touch, a little more originality, a little inspiration would have been agreeable; but Mr. Enock appears to be an enthusiastic globe-trotter who manages to see what other travellers have and some things they have not seen.

STORIED ITALY.

By MRS. HUGH FRASER. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

A book which bears so very unequivocal a title as Mrs. Hugh Fraser's new volume might be expected to give some account of the glories — historical, pictorial, and architectural — of the great Italian cities which its author knows so well. Readers, however, who pick up "Storied Italy" with such expectations will be disappointed; for it is a work which is marked by a strong and even bigoted bias towards the Roman Catholic religion, and which can be read without impatience by none save believers in that religion. Some of the chapters of which the book is composed—such as those which describe the church of Santa Suzanna, Rome, the election and character of Pope Benedict XV., and the religious ceremonies of a Roman Christmas—are picturesquely written, and will interest the ordinary person, steeped though they are in theological prejudice. But when Mrs. Fraser proceeds to devote four chapters to recording the miraculous events of Santa Francesca's life, and another to an account of the alleged appearances of the Archangel Raphael to Antoine Martin in 1816, she is merely inviting controversy. The book is not for all readers, but it will appeal strongly, no doubt, to that section of the public for which it is intended.

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Mrs. Pease writes with a glow of enthusiasm, but though enthusiastic one has hints that she does not always agree with her hero. But she is scrupulously fair in representing his opinions, her own criticism is well in the background. The volume makes no pretence to tell anything new of the work and life of M. Jaurés, but it draws an attractive picture which has elements of permanent value. The author acknowledges indebtedness to the volumes of M. Charles Rappoport and M. L. Levy-Bruhl, and has quoted very freely from the books and speeches of Jean Jaurés himself. The different chapters cover briefly the varied interests and activities of Jean Jaurés. There is a certain irony that one who was a great apostle of Peace should be best known by his volume "L'Armée Nouvelle," which is fully analysed in Chapter IV.; this chapter should be read by all, particularly those who associate Jaurés with extreme pacifism and its alleged concomitant anti-patriotism. Jaurés contended that for a nation to work out its own salvation it is vital to be safe from attack from without; he therefore advocated a citizen army in which all Frenchmen should be compelled to serve from the ages of twenty-one to forty-five, but he was equally insistent that the soldiers should not be shut up in barracks, but should always be kept in close contact with actual life. The Swiss Army was his model.

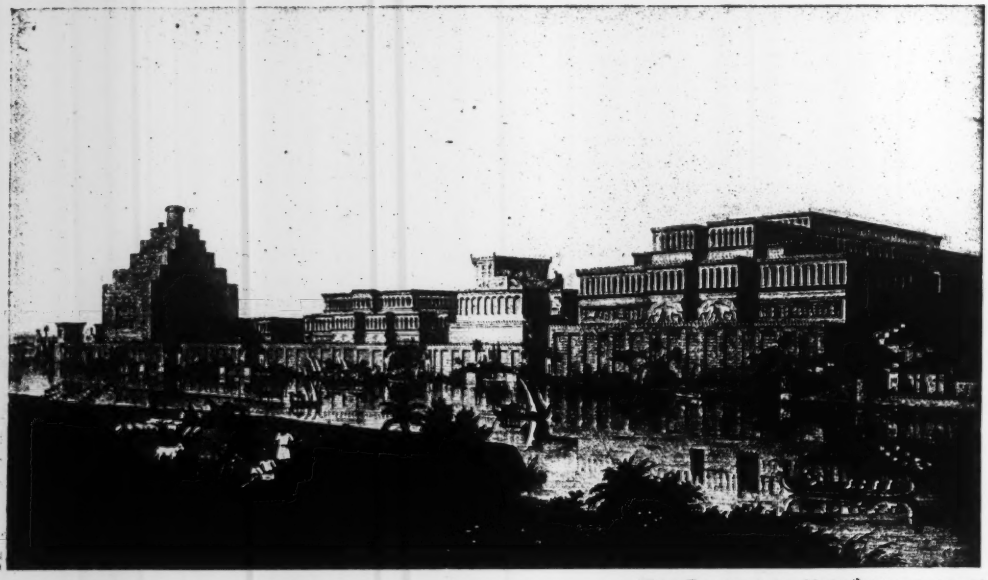
From **Some Russian Heroes, Saints and Sinners** (*Williams & Norgate*).

Ivan the Terrible
(From a painting by V K. Vaznetsov in the Tretyakof Gallery, Moscow).

WOMEN IN WAR.

By Francis Gribble. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

This book is a very interesting compilation relative to women's exploits in war; and contains a number of anecdotes of members of "the gentler sex" who from the far-off days of Deborah and Boadicea have borne arms or have had intimate connection with warlike operations. It is not so well arranged as one could wish, and the author appears to have exercised little real method in the "grouping" of the excellent material that he has gleaned from very varied sources. For example, one hears quite a lot of the heroines of the Napoleonic retreat from Moscow, of the *vivandières* of the French Army, of the brave women of the Franco-Prussian War of '70, before one is told of the exploits of Boadicea, Frédegondé, Jeanne de Montfort and others of remote periods. The author gives a particularly good and vivid account of Jeanne D'Arc and her age; and the brave and martial women of the times of Condé and of Turenne provide some romantic and fascinating episodes. Although the Duchesse de Berry must be a familiar figure to most readers who have a liking for historical romance and biography, Mr. Gribble's account of her war-like activities in La Vendée, where she endeavoured to start an insurrection in favour of the Comte de Chambord, and her adventures as a fugitive will be welcome as presenting a vivid picture of this remarkable woman in a small space. One may not quite agree with the author's views regarding the responsibility of the Empress Eugenie for the disastrous Franco-Prussian War, but one cannot accuse him of partisanship, and his account of the flight from Paris is touched in surely. A very unpleasant and horrible picture is painted of the treatment of women generally and of women hostages in particular during the Civil (Carlist) War in Spain. The accounts of massacre and ill-treatment from which the author quotes seem rather to belong to the time of the invasion of Belgium and to the policy of frightfulness pursued by the modern Huns than to the Carlist period. The Epilogue was doubtless added to bring the book up to date, but the general conclusions at which the author has arrived are open to question. Mr. Gribble writes well, but a subject and name index would add materially to the value of any subsequent edition of the book.



From **Myths and Legends of Babylonia and Assyria** (*Harrap*).

THE PALACES OF NIMRÛD (RESTORED).
These were discovered on the removal of the mounds shown in drawing on page 43.

THE RUSSIANS AND THEIR LANGUAGE.

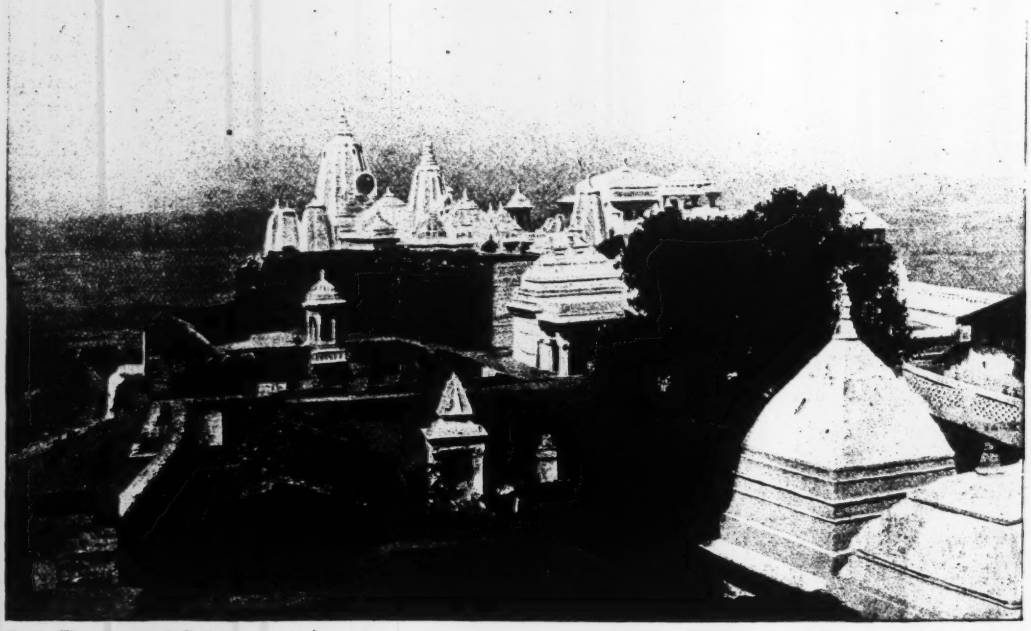
By MADAME N. JARINTZOV. 6s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

Madame Jarintzov's work is the most successful and amusing attempt to reveal the soul of the Russian people, or to employ language of less grandiloquence, to make the Russian people understood, that we have come across since the outbreak of the war. We English people really can get to know from this work largely what the Russians esteem the most valuable human qualities. The finest type of Russian, we are told, is *chièlki*, universally responsive, possessing, that is to say, extreme tact and genuine refinement of feeling. He is also *privètlivy*, spontaneously friendly and cordially sociable, and *làskory*, a good, kind, generous sort of fellow. Then—to speak of purely national characteristics—he must delight in *prostor*, the sense of large vistas, open spaces, broad rivers and far-reaching steppes, and in the spiritual sense he must also attain to *razmàh*, *i.e.*, he must let himself go, utter his opinions freely and be prepared to spend and be spent for them. We could easily fill a column with quotations showing how very carefully and how very ingeniously Madame Jarintzov takes a Russian root and builds up whole columns of words from it for the edification and enlightenment of the English student of Russian. But we hope that we have already said enough to procure many a reader for this delightfully informing brochure.

SOLDIER SONGS.

By PATRICK MACGILL. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

In a dedicatory note to his publisher, Mr. MacGill writes very interestingly on the songs the Tommy really loves and loves to sing. His own "Soldier Songs" do not come in that category (for the things the soldier likes for singing purposes are of the rough-and-ready kind that lose their fascination in print); but they do reproduce with a vivid and forceful realism the life that the soldiers are living—for he has lived it himself—out on the shell-swept, devastated fields of Flanders. There is a song of the man on listening-patrol, of the man off duty, of the trench and the dug-out, the humdrum dreariness of the everyday of war, and of the thrill and fearful joy of being under fire. Now and then the verse is a little laboured or a little hurried, but one can expect no other in verse that was jotted down in odd times and in the thick of the hurly-burly as this seems to have been. It is its direct simplicity, its bald truthfulness and occasionally apparent casualness that heightens its effects. You cannot read "The Guns," or "In the Morning," or "On Active Service" without knowing they were written by a man who was there; and "The Old Sweats" is a stirring tribute from a soldier of the new armies to the glorious "Old Contemptibles."



From **The Story of Godwana** (*Pitman*).

RAMTEK—THE SUMMIT OF THE HILL.

AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA.

By Mrs. de Burgh Daly. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

The compleat angler in China uses a gong, with vocal accompaniment, to drive fish into his net, in strange contrast with the quiet stealth of the Westerner. Throughout Mrs. Daly's book one finds the stimulus of contrast, as well as a record of change and development. The author writes of the daily life of the Chinese, and of Europeans, engaged as missionaries, doctors, railway constructors, or in the services. She spent exciting days when the "Righteous Harmony Fists," or Boxers, developed their rebellion on a terrible scale, springing from motives as little understood generally as the wars in Manchuria. Though Dr. Morrison of *The Times* and other famous people pass through her pages, the author aims at a homely record, the historical and social value of which incidentally is considerable. She has seen a crowd of Chinese women praying to be reincarnated as men, and is able to testify that Chinese "foot-binding" like European "tight-lacing" is yielding to equality of education. Strangely, too, the soldier is despised in China, and placed with the chair coolie, and the Buddhist priest, as people that one does not know. There is reference to the Chinese gentleman's wine-parties, salted with polite conversation, and even the recitation of poetry. A sort of chess is played, and the more frivolous are given to "diavolo," with enormous tops. Children's toys and games are described, while plague and the Revolution are not forgotten.

From A Holiday in Umbria (*John Murray*).

RIMINI. PORTA ROMANA.

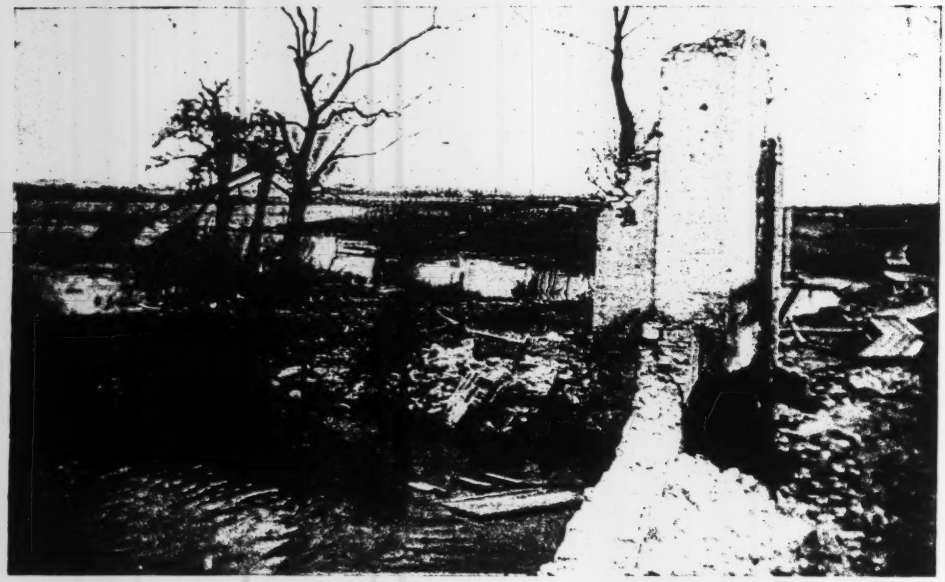
THE HOLY WAR.

By Katharine Tynan. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

There are some things which can never appear holy under any conceivable circumstances, and the monstrous anachronism of war is surely one of them. But in the tender light of Mrs. Katharine Tynan's gracious verse the red glare is softened, sanctified even, as far as it may be; the Styx meets the River of God flowing between the banks of Eden. No other muse known to us in these dark days is so truly of the daughters of consolation; the Red Cross nurses of the spiritually, inwardly wounded. And the "bundle of woundwort" here gathered is offered, in a dedication appropriately beautiful, to that stricken company; who will go far to seek a sweeter, a more effectual balm. "The Wall Between" our dead and us is a barrier of crystal to this seer, and she calls widowed bride, sonless parent and brotherless sister to share her vision of the other side. As in "Flower of

From The Story of Godwana (*Pitman*).

PATHANPURA GATE, CHANDA.



From In The Line of Battle
(*Chapman & Hall*).

DEVASTATION IN BELGIUM: RUINS IN THE FLOODS OF YSER.

Youth," it is no conventional vision of a white-robed, star-crowned angel-throng. Mrs. Hinkson is too wise, too adept in the arts of spiritual healing, to be unaware that the sting of death is change to those left behind. Thus she shows us no army of alien splendours behind the wall, but the very boys we knew; a light-footed, light-hearted company, happy in starry games and goals, or entering, at twilight, the old home with the old smile. Best of all, she is sure—and makes us sure—that the old love lives on unchanged. Perhaps only one of war's tragedies, and that one the darkest, is left untouched by her tender anodynes. The mother who sees her daughter doomed to worse than death, "the little tender maidens reft of maidenhood," are not here. But here is the man "too old at fifty," vainly longing to redeem with some touch of heroism a stained and squalid past; the mourner of the "missing" who starts at every knock; with a score of others. Mrs. Hinkson knows that

"No angel ever knew
The way to love that mothers do."

And it is mother-comfort, as well as poet-wisdom, which she has given us in "The Holy War."

IN THE LINE OF BATTLE.

By WALTER W. WOOD. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

This is a companion volume to the same writer's "Soldier's Stories of the War," which deserved its very considerable success. The same method has been adopted. "there was a personal interview to get the teller's own tale; then the writing, the object being to act as the soldier's other self; and finally the submission to him of the typescript, so that he could revise and become responsible for the completed work." Few things can be imagined more interesting than the impression of the great war as seen by the men who wage it, and Mr. Wood's books are invaluable from this point of view. Even the slight sophistication that cannot be avoided helps to display the psychology of the soldier more fully. Among the eighteen chapters, some are more immediately and arrestingly interesting than others, and roughly speaking, the tale of Trooper Potts who won the V.C. for saving a comrade on Burnt Hill at Gallipoli, the story of the loss of the *Formidable*, and the narrative of the Irish Fusilier's ten months at the front rank among the best of the collection. Certain characteristics shine through all the tales, the modesty of the teller, his praise of his comrades, the alert, confident, dogged cheerfulness of everybody concerned, and the absence of hate for the enemy, coupled with a kind of sorrow for his inferior fighting ethics. Indeed, even a melancholy Jacques might from these stories suck not melancholy, but cheerfulness and pride, as a weasel sucks eggs. Every record of this kind is of inestimable worth to historian and student alike.

From A Naturalist in Borneo
(*Fisher Unwin*).

UPPER SADONG RIVER AT FABEKANG.

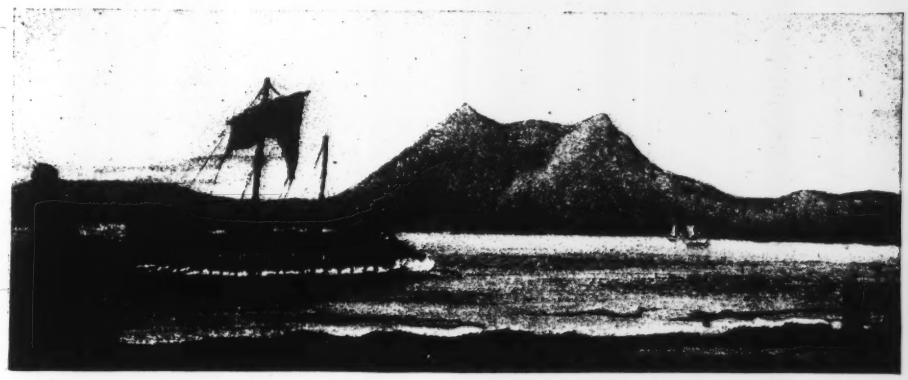
THE DAYS OF ALKIBIADES.[1]

By C. E. Robinson, B.A. Illustrated, 5s. net. (Edward Arnold.)

From The Days of Alkibiades (*Arnold*).

THE SACRED WAY.

Mr. Robinson is an assistant master at Winchester, and doubtless his volume has not been written without an eye upon the enlightenment and instruction of the generation at school. There are, of course, works of fiction such as Becker's "Charicles" and "Gallus" that under the guise of a tale inflict much archæological detail upon the suffering reader—a pill disguised in sugar of lead, so to speak. Yet the portraying of an epoch in its habit as it lived is a most delightful and fascinating thing. Now, as Professor Oman points out, there are really only two periods in the history of the Elder World in which we can make for ourselves a detailed and lively picture of the daily life of one of the great men whose names are familiar to us in formal history. And one of those periods is the time of the Peloponnesian War, and such a figure is Alkibiades, the most freakish and fascinating of all the personalities of that wonderful age. In a series of sketches Mr. Robinson, wearing easily and lightly a panoply of knowledge and learning, reconstructs the manners, customs and general atmosphere of the time, taking Alkibiades as the central figure. We have a description of a naval battle from the mouth of one of the oarsmen, a glimpse of an Attic farmer and his farm, of Socrates and his troublesome ways that brought him into trouble in the end, as all know, of a wild feast, of a performance in the theatre, a sitting of the Ecclesia, a wedding, a trial by jury, etc., etc., etc. So good a book is worth being captious with, and a reviewer may confess a slight distaste for the author's making the Spartan King and ambassadors speak after the more imitable manner of Mr. S. R. Crockett. And Æsculapius is not *her*, and why should one take a medicine for *cholic*? But these are only flies in a very good ointment.



From The Days of Alkibiades (*Arnold*).

TRIREME.

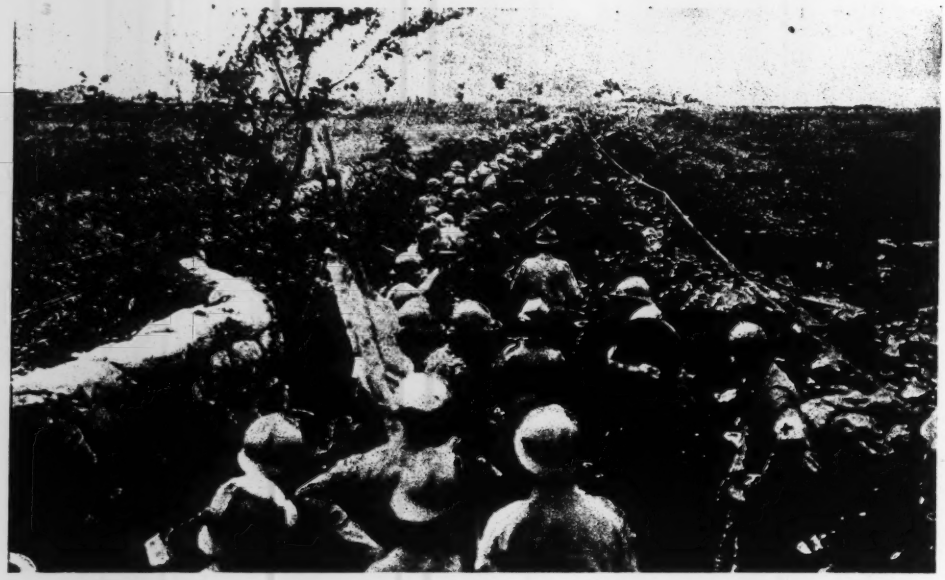
ITALY IN THE WAR.

By Sidney Low. With 32 Illustrations from Photographs, and 3 Maps. 6s. net. (Longmans.)

The part that Italy has played since she entered the war, the difficulties with which she has had to contend, and the sacrifices she has made, have been so little appreciated or understood in this country that Mr. Sidney Low's vivid pages will come as something of a shock to many of his readers. The fall of Gorizia and the success of the Italian "push" have, it is true, made us realise that Italy is fighting bravely and skilfully; but exactly how bravely or how skilfully few of us have any idea. In the first place, Austria possessed every geographical advantage. "The frontier," said an Italian officer to Mr. Low, "is worth three victorious campaigns to Austria." At the outbreak of the war every position of strategical importance was in her hands. Every mountain-peak, all the upper slopes of the Alpine frontier were hers. "On that bastion, everywhere on its higher ramparts, Austria has sat in her armour,

From A Vagabond's Odyssey (*Grant Richards*).

DART VALLEY, LAKE WAKATIPU, NEW ZEALAND.



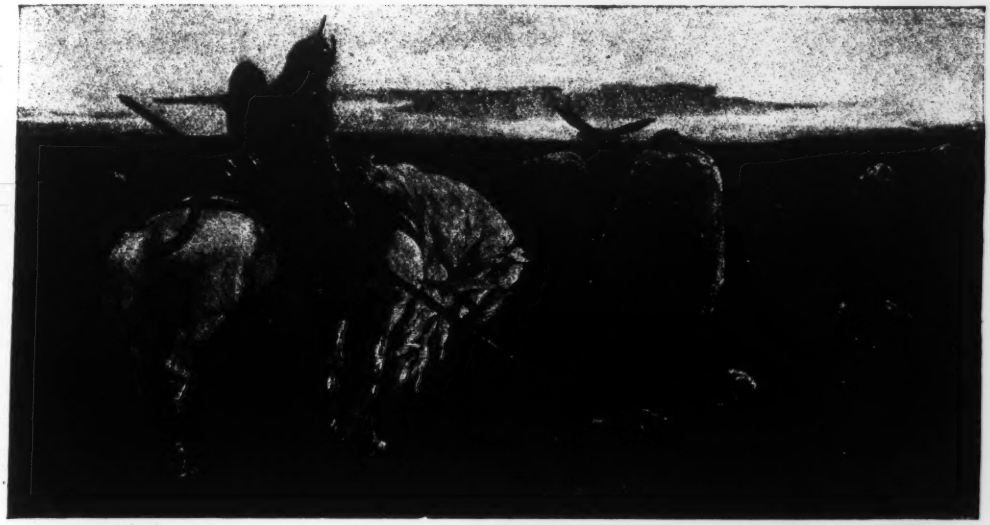
From **Italy in the War** (*Longmans*).

A COMMUNICATION TRENCH.

guarded and secure herself, always ready to surge down through the gates and passes and river valleys upon the hill country and lower slopes of Italy, and then into the rich cities and fertile fields of Lombardy and Venetia." To hold her enemy Italy has had to fight her way *up* to him everywhere except on the Isonzo front. Her task was made the more difficult by an almost complete lack of good roads and by a railway system designed for commercial and not strategical requirements. But the Italian engineers were equal to the occasion, and as labourers upon roads the Italian peasants are unequalled in Europe. The roads that are being made are in no way temporary or makeshift. "They will remain as a permanent memorial of the campaign and the spirit in which it was undertaken. The Italians are an economical people. . . . If they are spending a vast amount of money on this war they mean to get a good deal in return. And they understand that the work of the soldier and the road-maker goes hand in hand." The genius of the Italian engineer is proved further by the trenches and the gun-positions on this, "the most difficult front in the war." There are batteries of field guns at heights of over 9,000 feet, placed in apparently inaccessible positions by dint of sheer skill and hard work. And at these dizzy heights there is hand-to-hand fighting. It is the apotheosis of the Italian soldier. Time and again he has captured positions which the Austrians thought impregnable, taking them by surprise, scaling slopes which the enemy thought so inaccessible that it was a waste of men to guard them. His valour and determination brighten Mr. Low's memorable pages. "Italy in the War" is one of the best of war books, a great subject worthily treated by its writer. And the photographs with which it is illustrated are no less remarkable than the achievements they picture.

From **Deeds that Thrill the Empire** (*Hutchinson*).

DRIVER R. E. MASON, R.F.A., DRIVING A CART CONTAINING WATER ALONG A SHELL-SWEPT ROAD.



From **The Russian Arts**
(*Jenkins*).

AFTER PRINCE IGOR'S DEFEAT.
(After a painting by Vasnietsov, V.M., in the Tretyakof Gallery, Moscow.)

HALF-HOURS AT HELLES.

By A. P. HERBERT. 1s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

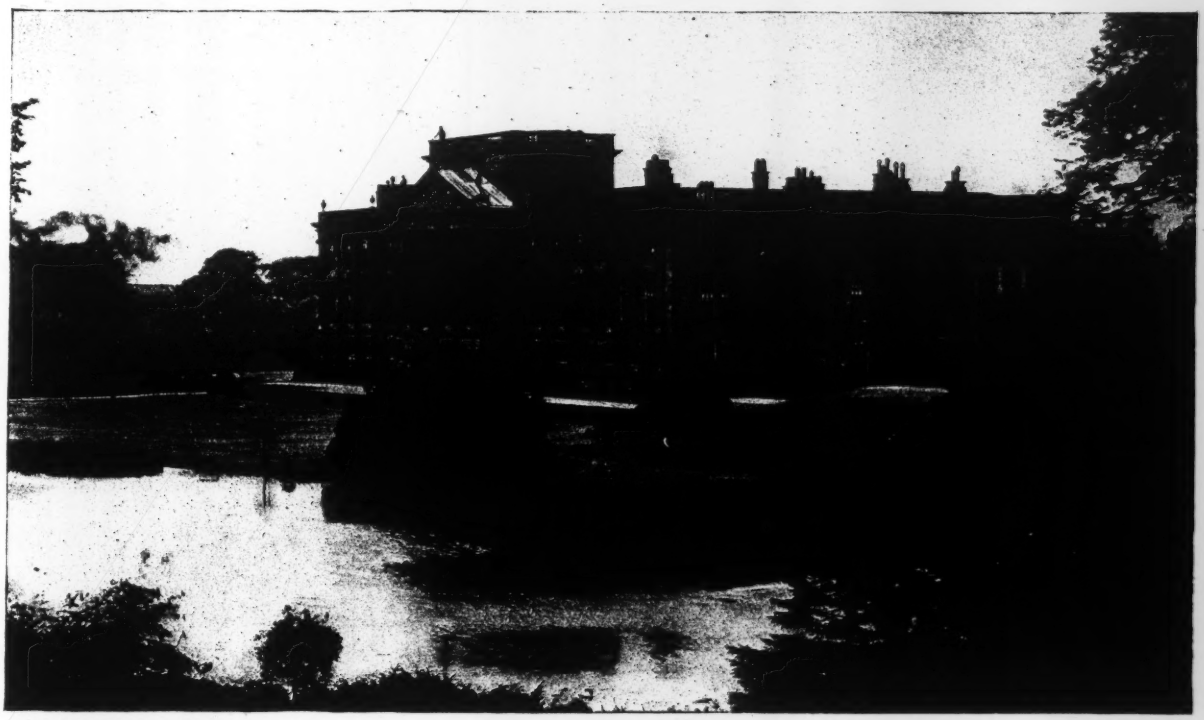
Mr. Herbert is one of Mr. Punch's young men, and most of the verses in this volume have already seen the light in the pages of our only comic paper. That is, in itself, a guarantee of their quality. They are deft, high-spirited, humorous, and deal with the things that happened in the daily lives of the men who fought the Turks at the Dardanelles. We warmly recommend them as some of the best and most whimsical of the lighter verse the war has occasioned.

SOME RUSSIAN HEROES SAINTS AND SINNERS.

By SONIA E. HOWE. 7s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Williams & Norgate.)

This book aims at an elaboration of some of the portraits of Russian heroes which the author has already given us in her admirable "Thousand Years of Russian History," and also, as she says, "at filling in other, secondary, figures which give fulness to the general effect, and life to the picture." Russia is too rich in legendary and historical heroes for any one volume to embrace them all, but the series included in these pages are historic personages who were typical of their generation and prototypes of the Russians of to-day. It is a book that should help towards a larger understanding of the Russia of to-day—"the bravery of the fighting men, the patient endurance of hardship by the masses, the deep religious feeling of the people, no less than the moral courage and strength of conviction displayed by those who have suffered in the cause of liberty." The illustrations from pictures by modern Russian artists, from ancient Russian MSS. and contemporary works on Russia add greatly to the value and interest of a valuable and an exceptionally interesting book.

MR. HARRY COLLINGWOOD,
whose new story "Under the Ensign of the Rising Sun." has just been published by Messrs. Sampson Low.



From **The House of Lyme**
By The Lady Newton.
(*Heinemann.*)

2ND LIEUT. DONALD HANKEY
(Warwickshire Regt.)
Killed in action on the Somme, 12th Oct., 1916. Author of "A Student in Arms," a sixth edition of which Mr. Andrew Melrose is publishing this month.

CHRISTMAS CARD
(published by The Medici Society.)

THE CHEQUERED CRUISE.

By RALPH STOCK. Illustrated. (Grant Richards.)

This is a "true and intimate record" of how Freckles, the Spinster and the Nut went on some strenuous voyaging — setting forth on a crowded emigrant ship and, after they had thankfully landed in Australia, buying a yacht of their own and going on a joyous cruise about the South Pacific. It is one of the liveliest and most amusing of travel books, and as unconventional in its style and manner as were the three members of "the firm" who organised the trip and carried it out. "We have no business to regret—anything," the Spinster announces at the end, and the reader has none either. It is one of the best cures for the blues that anyone could wish to have. The many illustrations from photographs are excellent.

THE LIFE OF NELSON.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY. With an Introduction by HENRY NEWBOLT. Illustrated by A. D. MCCORMICK. 10s. 6d. net. (Nelson.)

If Southey had been told that less than a century after his death all his ponderous epics would be sleeping unread and it would be left to his Letters and his Life of Nelson to keep his memory green, he never could have believed it. But it is so, and, after all, he should be contented that his fame rests on such a good base. Here is yet another new edition of his "Nelson," finely illustrated and with an Introduction by Sir Henry Newbolt, who justly says of it, "Southey's is the best life of Nelson; it is a really good book, besides being, by reason of its subject, one of the most interesting in the world. Byron thought it beautiful as a piece of English prose. Macaulay said it was 'beyond all doubt the most perfect of the works of Southey.'" One could certainly have no better life of Nelson for a first reading, it keeps to a clear, concise, spirited narrative of the great Admiral's splendid story, and Sir Henry Newbolt's Introduction is an admirable commentary on and complement of it. His little histories of Nelson's various ships, and notes on some of the officers with whom he served, are models of what such notes ought to be. Well edited and well produced, this is the best edition of the best Life we have of the great British sailor whose spirit animates and inspires our Fleet to this day.

THE RUTHWELL CROSS.
From **The Ancient Cross Shafts at Bewcastle and Ruthwell** (*Cambridge University Press*).

From **Ancient Stories of the Dardanelles** (*Melrose*).

BYZANTINE IVORY CHEST.

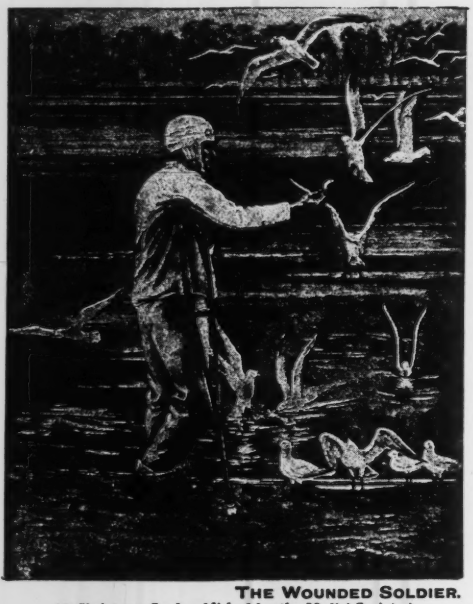
From Robert Adam and His Brothers. (*Batsford*).

IVORY BAS RELIEF OF ROBERT ADAM.

THE CROSS IN MODERN ART:

Descriptive Studies of some Pre-Raphaelite Paintings. By Rev. John Linton, M.A. (Duckworth.)

In the pre-Edwardian days when the works of the pre-Raphaelites were all the rage, it was the fashion to write about them and their work with a kind of bated breath which was half morality and half idolatry; and it was perhaps this vein of unearthly obsession concerning their purpose and achievements which has tended to the slump prevailing to-day whenever their works come into the market. It may be the egotism of a period but we verily believe we are in the better way, for while auction prices have dropped to a level which stands a better chance of maintenance, we still draw upon the work of Millais and Holman Hunt and Rossetti to point a moral or adorn a homily, with a full realisation that this touch of picturesqueness by allusion means more to the reader than any remoter reference to the Italians or the Greeks. But this clear perception of things makes it possible to enjoy all the more a return to the older attitude of superlative appreciation



THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.
(A Christmas Card published by the Medici Society.)

when it takes a form like Mr. Linton's book. Here the Scriptural basis of the group and their attitude to life is frankly recognised, and though the author's tone of hyperbole and unvaried admiration may pall on the critical taste, there is many a reader who will be grateful for what he has to say. He analyses carefully more than a dozen representative masterpieces, and draws from them the last drop of didactic meaning. Sometimes he might have illuminated his text rather oftener with a biographical touch, and shown for instance how Ford Madox Brown failed in his strenuous endeavours because he not only painted "work" but worshipped it without reserve, and this complex absorption

From **My Siberian Year** (*Mills & Boon*).

AN OLD SIBINATE WITH HIS PET BEAR.

in one aspect of the artist-life blinded him to the fact that other men had genius and an intuition he was himself denied. But this is a byway and unnecessary to the right verdict upon the book, which is one of praise unstintedly. We can conceive many a homilist taking one of these chapters and delivering it to a mixed audience, either directly or in paraphrase, and deriving a refreshing effect of variety from his ordinary round of text and truism, In this matter alone, therefore, Mr. Linton deserves our gratitude.

THE EVE BOOK.

(Constable.)

For a long time now the dainty and deliciously humorous drawings of "Eve" have been appearing in the *Tatler* week by week, chronicling the topical adventures of the frivolous Eve and her equally frivolous sisters, and illustrating the manner in which every modern craze and convention has affected them. Bound together and dedicated to "The Boys in Khaki and Blue," these fantastic sketches make a novel kind of picture-book for grown-up people who are not too solemn to see the funny side of their own follies and affectations. It is contemporary history that is none the less true for being amusing.

From **Gallipoli: A Short History of the Dardanelles.** (By John Masefield.) (*Heinemann*).

AUSTRALIANS AT ANZAC.

Reviewed in a recent Number of THE BOOKMAN

TRAMPING THROUGH MEXICO.

By HARRY A. FRANCK. 7s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

Mexico and the so-called republics to the south of it would appear to be among the most unsuitable of countries for a pedestrian. Not only are the roads usually like that one, said to be very good for Andalusia, which takes the enterprising traveller from Seville to Dos Hermanas; but the climate and the natives and the emptiness of Mexico combine to make the walker's path a most unpleasant one. There are not sufficient parts of the country where it is neither too cold nor too hot, and although one agrees with Mr. Franck that a foreigner who has dwelt in such a region always yearns to go back to it, and that few if any portions of the world can offer such a delicious climate as say Cuernavaca or Guanajuato, yet that is on the understanding that one travels through them on anything rather than on foot. Not that, as a matter of fact, the author did actually tramp all the way—for instance, he penetrated from the border down to Doloresby rail, thus traversing the States of Coahuila (the ancestral and desolate home of Don VenustianoCarranza, the present President), Nuevo Leon and San Luis Potosi. Later on he proceeded, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horse-back (the most rational method), and sometimes by rail. Going on horse-back one has the advantage of being able at will to associate with any of the other wayfarers whom one meets, and to stop no longer than one desires at any wayside hamlet; the discomfort of sleeping at such a place is formidable, and a horse will take you to some sort of village. It is a little surprising that Mr. Franck does not make greater use of the enormous mass of picturesque detail which he must have collected; he evidently knows Spanish very well, and one is sorry that his admirable powers of observation do not produce something more akin to Borrow. It is true that the average Mexican is a less communicative person than, for example, the Galicians of "The Bible in Spain," but if Borrow had had Mr. Franck's opportunities, he would not have been hampered by any such little obstacle. Does not the born writer of travel-books tell us of the people as they ought to be, rather than as they are? It must not be supposed that the human interest is absent from Mr. Franck's chronicle: the whole account of his work at the Guanajuato mine is most interesting. The peons "showed no resentment whatever, even when a 'gringo' stopped to light a cigarette at their improvised altars," these latter being decorated by most unsavoury and obscene natives with beautiful wild flowers.

"Under no provocation whatever," we are told, "would the peons fight underground, but lay for their enemies only outside. A shift boss in a neighbouring mine remained seven weeks below, having his food sent down to him, and continued to work daily with miners who had sworn to kill him once they caught him on earth."

And if we have observed that Mr. Franck is not Borrow, that is to judge him by a very high standard, one that he deserves; for his book is really a most interesting one, his occasional descriptions of scenery are as vivid and beautiful as one could desire, and we are sorry to part from him at the end of his journey. Those parts of it which lay in Guatemala and Honduras make us feel all the time that he will never come out of it with a whole skin. The discomfort he faced must have been appalling, and we do not think anyone will ever, if they read his book, try to emulate his enterprise. His pictures of provincial Honduranean life must be read to be believed, and he makes us believe every word he writes. Apparently he has wandered through many other remote countries, such as Cochin China. We should like to have him for a fellow-traveller. The illustrations are very numerous, and some of them decidedly entertaining. Of at least one, that represents

From The Year 1916, Illustrated (*Headley*).

RETREAT OF HEROIC BRITISH NURSES FROM SERBIA.

a "Great Depth" in Honduras, it may be said that Mr. Franck is no mean artist. We should have liked to see a photograph of that elusive gentleman who "runs" Guatemala, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Franck will some day go for another expedition through that country and Salvador and Nicaragua. He will then have earned the right to stop for a time in the delights of Costa Rica.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

LANE'S ARABIAN NIGHTS.

4 Vols. 3s. each net. (Jarrold.)

These are the latest additions to a comparatively new undertaking called the International Library—a notable enterprise, even in these days of cheap issues. They are printed in bold type, and Mr. Dent has allowed the publishers to use certain copyright illustrations by Stanley L. Wood. For the rest, there is a brief introduction by Professor Neilson, of Harvard University, which is pleasant enough in its unpretentious manner and needs no further praise within the measures to which it is restricted. It is now nearly sixty years since the house of John Murray issued the original edition of this the first attempt to produce a version of the "Arabian Nights" which claimed fidelity to the original and was assisted by the notes of a scholar. The reprint is made, however, from the edition of Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, and embodies his "advertisement," as well as the preface of his father, who was responsible for an intermediate text, containing the final revision of Mr. Lane himself, he being the great-uncle of Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. We know in these days that Lane's "Arabian Nights" is not the last word in the rendering of the great collection, and how much was left to be done by John Payne, and above all by Burton, some of us also know. But their versions are beyond the scope of such as desire only an elementary acquaintance with those "characters and habits" of actors and spectators of the great pageant mentioned by Mr. Lane-Poole. For these the Lane translation is and will remain the standard available rendering. This notwithstanding, the French paraphrase of Galland will still appeal to the romance reader, who cares only for the bare stories. It has been the charm and delight of thousands, and supposing that in a day to come it should be possible for a greater Burton to arise, with a new version beyond all praise for scholarship, it is to be believed that Lane will continue to satisfy the moderately studious person, and that we shall still remember Galland, who gave us a first key to some of the treasures contained in this Araby the blessed of literature.

From **Further Pages of my Life.** By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon (*Williams & Norgate*).

THE AUTHOR (From a painting by H. V. Riviere).

TWENTY YEARS AT COURT.

Edited by MRS. STEUART ERSKINE. From the Correspondence of the HON. ELEANOR STANLEY. 15s. net. (Nisbet.)

Miss Stanley was born in 1821, about two years later than Queen Victoria to whom she became Maid of Honour in 1842: in 1862 she resigned this post, but afterwards returned to Court as Extra Honorary Maid of Honour. Born, therefore, when George IV. was King, she lived to see the opening years of the reign of Edward VII., whom she knew as a child, and to whom there are so many allusions in her letters. She died in 1903, after a long and most interesting life. A highly-gifted woman, her personality rises vividly before us as we read her vivacious, interesting, and exceedingly well-turned letters, full of keen observation and a faculty for recording the essential intimate details and touches that help us to obtain a glimpse of a society that, to most of us, is receding as far away as the social world of Queen Anne of blessed memory, now a long time dead. As she grows older, she shows more interest in politics and public affairs, especially as knowing the individuals who were actually shaping the course of events. A new and very engaging picture of the Queen emerges from the correspondence, and the letters recounting the death of the Prince Consort in 1862 are most moving and poignant. The letters at the time of the Crimean War are of very great interest, both intrinsically and as recording incidents of a war when, like now, we had France as our ally. But the gossip, the trivial notes of daily life, the sidelights on character, the self-portrayal, make the book intensely interesting, and it is with a sense of sheer exasperation that the absence of an index must be noted with a black mark.

THE HON. ELEANOR STANLEY. (From a miniature by Sir W. Ross.) *From* **Twenty Years at Court** (*Nisbet*).

A SOLDIER'S SKETCHES UNDER FIRE.

By HAROLD HARVEY. 3s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Harold Harvey, who was a well-known artist before he enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers, has given us in this entertaining volume a very vivid account of his experiences out in the fighting line and illustrated it with a series of clever drawings made on the spot—in the base camp, in his dug-out and often when actually under fire. It is a delightfully interesting and amusing contribution to our literature of the war, and one that helps towards a realisation of the people and places among which our soldiers are campaigning. Emphatically a book to buy, and an ideal gift for anybody interested in the war—and who is not?

XUM

A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE

By R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A., Priest of St. Philip's Cathedral Church, Birmingham. 7s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL
From "A Spiritual Pilgrimage."
(Williams & Norgate.)

A reviewer had better be frank, and I shall begin by saying that I think this book ought not to have been written; at least, that it ought not to have been published at present. There is a time to speak and a time to be silent. When Mr. Campbell left the City Temple and entered the Church of England, he wisely refused to make any public statement. But he has been induced to open his lips. The Congregationalists thought and said that he owed them an explanation, and with characteristic candour he has set himself down to write for them and for others the story of his religious experience. For his own sake he should have refrained. Not that the book is controversial. It is not written to make a splash in the pool of the religious world. Mr. Campbell has had his fill of ecclesiastical controversy, and he feels that in this time of war religious disputes would be irrelevant and impertinent. Ulster and Kikuyu have been snowed under. Why not minor controversies also?

"In this hour of national trial and danger it is surely desirable to allow personal matters to sink out of sight; even the most important of them are trivial indeed in contrast with the mighty issues at stake on the battlefields of Europe."

Rightly said. But surely this rules out the publication of the present volume. To talk of oneself, even uncontroversially, is obtrusive; at any rate, it will seem so to many, and one should avoid the very appearance of that evil. Besides, in Mr. Campbell's case, it is not effective. The story of his religious experience is a record or analysis of the religious affections or intuitions, and intellectual explanations of doctrine are a subordinate factor. Some men are born "Catholic," as they are born Platonists. Mr. Campbell was one of these, though he did not realise it till he came to be minister of a Temple which had no altar. A passion for liberal freedom brought him at Oxford outside the English Church. For twenty years his mind worked away at a liberal reinterpretation of theology, during his ministries at Brighton and in London. But it was the mind of an amateur; he never had any training in philosophy or in theological study, and the "New Theology," which he now deplores, was the "undeveloped negative" produced by a mind which had deeper, positive instincts. Gradually, these instincts re-asserted themselves, as some of his Anglican friends had predicted, and he is now a liberal priest with a Catholic outlook in the Church of England, where his remarkable gifts ought to be employed to the full. But the strength and source of this change are not in the doctrinal reasons which he gives; they lie in his temperament, and they are the imperfect expression of that mystical temperament, which he modestly suggests rather than defines. It is an easy thing for the expert to pick holes in Mr. Campbell's argument about the historic episcopate and the sacraments. Members of his own Church have done that more drastically than any outsider could do. But this criticism would be ungenerous and off the mark; it would leave the sincerity and impetus of his move unexplained, and it is because the book does not and could not adequately bring out the latter, that again I regret its publication.

It is never easy to talk about onself for over three hundred pages without becoming egotistical; still less easy to explain why you have left one society for another, without giving offence to your former associates. All books of this kind are apt to suggest the complacent motto of Anatole France's sun-dial: *me lumen, vos umbra regit.* Mr. Campbell has been kept from the former blunder, by his transparent goodness; no one, I think, can lay down this book without being sensible that the writer is far more interested in the Christian religion than in himself. There is not a syllable of self-advertisement in its pages. The second peril has not been shunned quite so effectively. Mr. Campbell had to give pain, if he was to speak the truth to his ex-allies among the Nonconformists, and some of his criticisms, however painful, are wholesome. But the New Theology controversy has evidently left a rankling antipathy in his mind, and he has said one or two unguarded things about Nonconformists which are regrettable. He does not seem even yet to realise that the errors which he now deplores were detected long ago by his fellow-ministers.

The human interest of the autobiography lies in the descriptions of his upbringing in Ulster Presbyterianism, his Oxford career, his experiences as minister of the City Temple, and his relations with Labour. Here there is much to amuse and entertain the reader. The dreary bits are the

From Alfred Lyttleton
(*Longmans*).

ALFRED AND FISC ON THE STOEP AT GREAT COLLEGE STREET.

extracts from the sermons and books on the "New Theology." But, dreary or delightful, the pages of this confession exhibit a soul with the instinct of what is called "catholic saintship," slowly realising itself in an imperfect environment, loyally making the most of its opportunities, uneasily tossing on an ecclesiastical bed too narrow for its bulk, and finally breaking through to a desired haven in Anglicanism. The qualities of devoutness and moral courage are to be felt; also, that indefinable gift which makes a man a great preacher; but pre-eminently something else. Mr. Campbell tells us that fourteen years ago he said to the Bishop of London that what he missed most in Nonconformity as compared with the Church of England was "the altar." That is a remark which may be misunderstood in some quarters, but it is a significant clue to his change of Church. There is a tale told of Coillard, the distinguished French missionary to South Africa, which seems to illustrate it. Coillard was once talking in Paris to another friend, who like himself belonged to the steady, unadvertised stream of emigrants from the Roman Church, and asked him if he ever regretted the change. His friend firmly said, "Never." "But," the candid Frenchman added, "I must confess there is one thing in Catholicism which I miss in our Reformation Churches, and that is adoration." "I miss it too!" said M. Coillard honestly. Mr. Campbell's experience is not unique; it might be phrased differently, but it answers to what Coillard and his friend felt about French Protestantism, and it is intelligible to anyone who knows the inside of some Nonconformist chapels. What makes it the more telling is the testimony which Mr. Campbell pays to the sterling qualities of Nonconformist piety, its earnestness, its manliness, and its nerve. May he find all these and more in his new Church. He deserves to.

JAMES MOFFATT.

From Europe in the Nineteenth Century (*Black*).

ALEXANDER II. EMPEROR OF RUSSIA (1855-1881).

From Theodore Roosevelt (*Heinemann*).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., AND THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 3RD.

THE BOMB-SHELL (1914).

By MAURICE LEBLANC. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

When Paul Delroze, the hero of "The Bomb-Shell," was still a boy he went for a walking tour with his father in Alsace. One afternoon they crossed the French frontier at a secluded spot—and, a few miles further on, came face to face with the present Emperor of Germany in company with a mysterious woman. After the Kaiser's hasty departure an altercation arose with the woman and a male attendant, in the course of which the elder Delroze was stabbed to death by the woman, while the boy was stunned. All subsequent attempts to trace the identity of the murderess failed, but Paul has sworn to track her down and exact revenge. This is the story which he tells his charming and rather colourless wife Elisabeth on their wedding night, while she, on her part, shows Paul the portrait of the woman she believes to be her mother. It is the likeness of the murderess of Paul's father—and moreover the château in which the couple have taken up their abode is the scene of the deed. Here is a tangle indeed for the unfortunate Paul! But luckily for him the war breaks out a couple of days later and he seeks oblivion in action. He doesn't find it; instead he gains revenge, honour, love and happiness—all with the war as a terrific background.

IN THE YPRES SALIENT.

By BECKLES WILLSON. Illustrated. 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

This is the story of the fortnight, from June 2nd to 26th last, when the Canadian troops heroically stemmed the German advance at Ypres. It is a magnificent story, and when you have read it you will know what moved one of the Guards to say, when his regiment came to relieve the battered but unbeaten defenders, "The Canadians . . . . By God, sir, we take off our hats to them! They're Men! They saved the salient."

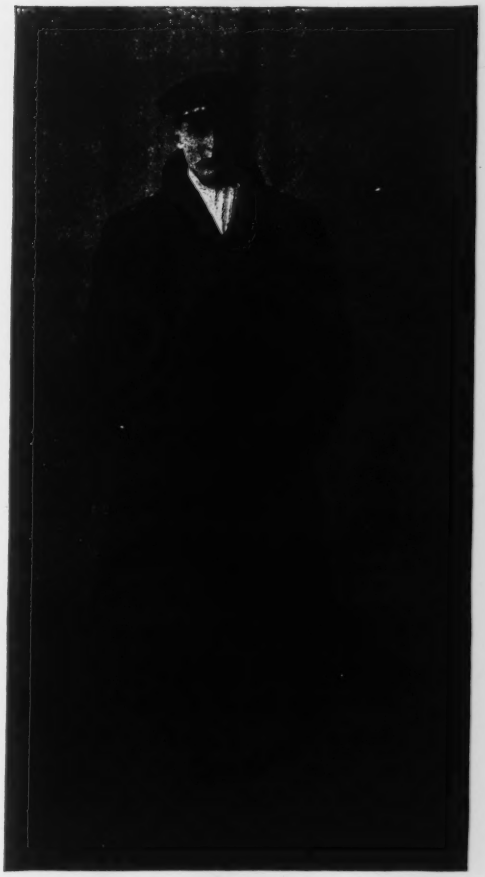
SERBIA, SIBERIA, RUSSIA.

With the Russian Wounded. By TATIANA ALEXINSKY. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)
The False Dmitri: A Russian Romance and Tragedy. By MRS. SONIA HOWE. 6s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)
Through the Serbian Campaign. By GORDON GORDON-SMITH. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)
Experiences of a Woman Doctor in Serbia. By DR. CAROLINE MATTHEWS. 5s. net. (Mills & Boon.)
My Siberian Year. By M. A. CZAPLICKA. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

Mrs. Sonia Howe is no mean authority on Russia and Russian history, and the volume she has in preparation "Some Russian Heroes, Saints and Sinners" will be looked for with interest. During her work for this volume she came across some interesting narratives written by British residents in Moscow during the stormy yet glittering episode of the appearance, brief reign and tragical passing of the gallant and mysterious Pretender Dmitri. These narratives she has put together and reprinted, the whole forming a vivid and illuminating glimpse of Russia, Poland, Sweden, and their relations with one another in the first years of the seventeenth century.

Interesting as they are, it is an easy confession that they cannot at the moment compare with the account given by Madame Alexinsky of her services as a Red Cross Sister on a Russian hospital train. She is a doctor, and a socialist, the wife of an ex-Deputy also a socialist, and her experiences and observation taught her that the Russian peasant is heart-whole and determined to fight against the foreigner until the bitter end, and that there is no doubt in his mind what that end is to be. She jotted down in notebooks what she saw and heard and did, and though they were never meant for publication they make a wise and restrained and touching book. Hating war, she realised that in this war there can be no doubt as to taking a share, it is inevitable and right. Human, tender, wise, well balanced, the book gives vivid pictures of Russian life, of the sufferings, so nobly endured and with such fortitude, of the peasants and artisans that are now soldiers, and of the devotion and tenderness of the Russian women who bring solace in such terrible suffering. It is curious to note that in all the volume there is no single word of England or the English part in the struggle, but that is wholesome and instructive, since no publication was intended and no deliberate survey of the war in any aspect. England is, however, well to the fore in Dr. Caroline Matthews' vivacious story of her adventures in Serbia, a brave, personal volume, lacking perhaps the urbanity and world-wide universality of mind so full of charm in Madame Alexinsky, but showing a shrewd, practical, indomitable turn of character that amuses a little while it makes the tale interesting. Both have much to tell of the fortitude of their wounded patients, the Serbian story shows the terrible lack of help and medical necessaries that hampered the work. Dr. Matthews' narrative of her capture and treatment by Austrian and German troops is excellent, and her adventures are sufficiently thrilling. But to set off against Madame Alexinsky's silence about England, let me quote Dr. Matthews' experience. She was being carried to Vienna as a spy. On the march they came upon some Russian prisoners, with one of which she talked for a moment. Then she moved on with her escort up the hill. They stopped to breathe the horses and looked down where the Russian prisoners had gathered together. Up from below came a mighty shout, "Vive English! Bravo Lady! Vive la Russie!"

The terrible ordeal of Serbia in October and November is the theme of Mr. Gordon-Smith's excellent volume, which carries a preface written by the Serbian Minister in London. He describes very clearly and briefly just what Serbia's position was in the Balkans before the



From In The Royal Naval Air Service (*Chatto & Windus*).

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT HAROLD ROSHER, R.N.

From A Woman Doctor in Serbia (*Mills & Boon*).

CAROLINE MATHEWS, M.B., CH.B.

war, her splendid success against Austria in the early phase of the struggle, and the exact position of affairs when Germany, Austria and Bulgaria fell upon her with irresistible force. Very poignant is the story of vain though almost superhuman heroism, when outnumbered, overwhelmed by massed artillery, hampered by lack of munitions and by a civilian population, the gallant Serbian Army was gradually forced back from its frontier and finally from the native soil it had so gloriously defended. His somewhat quiet manner of narration is so much the more weighty and effective, and maps and illustrations add value to a valuable record. It is a pity, though perhaps the temptation was too great to resist, that he should join the number of those who, with insufficient knowledge, criticise the action of the Entente Powers, practically blaming them for the misfortunes of Serbia. These questions cannot be settled now, they belong to the wider realms of history. But the mere record of the campaign is lucid and convincing.

From **A Woman in the Balkans** (*Hutchinson*).

ROUMANIAN MILKMAID (Photo by Bellu).

Miss M. A. Czaplicka has made a really delightful book of her Siberian year. We have of late begun to realise that Siberia is not merely a waste of horror and ice and snow, where Russian prisoners are sent to die. A country as big as Europe and Canada put together, with splendid varieties of climate, flora, fauna, with immense possibilities in the development of natural wealth, is a goodly theme, but a year's stay is nothing. However, Miss Czaplicka's mission was to study the little known aboriginal peoples that held Siberia before the Russians ever came there, the Samoyedes, Tungus, Yahut and other tribes, in North Central and North-West Siberia. She gives us particular accounts of their ways and manners and customs, religion, learning, etc., and manages to be interesting all the way whether she describes her own adventures in the frozen tundras, the friends she made, or the primitive wickednesses of the inhabitants. The book is too short for the subject, and only whets our appetite for more, much more. For example, we are immensely intrigued by her account of the native medicine man, the shaman. Did she not consult one, and did he not foretell things that seem to have come true later? And then she says no more about him, just when we were becoming all on fire with curiosity. We must really have another and much longer work from Miss Czaplicka. Oxford sent her forth and we may hope that it was not for the last time.

F. M. A.

From **Camp Craft** (*Batsford*).

A CAMP FOR THE NORTHERN WILDERNESS.

CAMP CRAFT.

By WARREN H. MILLER. 7s. 6d. net. (Batsford.)

English campers can be happy in an Army tent, with more or less cumbrous baggage, and with that most excellent of cooking ranges, the Aldershot kitchen. And the teaching of the Scout enables one to sleep out with no reasonable fear of rheumatism. But in America things are done more elaborately, and Mr. Miller's book adds another to the roll of those that are based on Red Indian experience, and modern ingenuity. His instructions vary from those necessary to the light camper to the man who goes in for a permanent camp. He has a leaning to the shack or bungalow, as a sort of substitute for our cottage in Surrey. Nor is he above the kerosene lamp, for the camper knows how the back is apt to ache if one should rely entirely upon the results of fuel chopping. These civilised precautions may deflect from the primitive joys of the ideal camp life. But for those who need rest, and above all for those who take the family to camp, the ideas of an imaginative and ingenious American may come in handy. The chapter on camp cookery is good, both in its suggestions of material and in hints for utensils which preferably should be of aluminium. Like Stevenson, he has a good word to say of sleeping-sacks.

SOME THERE ARE ——.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.
6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Miss Gertrude Page is to be congratulated. Her last book shows vast improvement on her earlier work. "Some There Are——" breathes a true sense of humour, and contains much real beauty of description, an exceptional appreciation of nature, and a fine high ideal. When the Alastair, who possesses an old French title and wide lands, is jilted by the woman he loves, he gives his estates to the next heir, and retires to lead a hermit's life in an old house on a far-away headland of Cornwall. In her description of this place Miss Page pictures paradise. There, in the solitude of cliff and sea, waited on by his man Albert (a character who conducts a highly original love affair), Alastair finds peace and contentment. Yet he does not enjoy his hardly-earned calm for long. By an odd chance Doris Strangeways, a woman with a roving soul and the true wander-longing, becomes his guest. From this woman, offered early upon the matrimonial altar of family need, who, when her freedom came, enjoyed seeing strange people and new countries, sniffing the "winds of all the world"; from Doreen, who waited always for the dream-man who would teach her to love as her mother loved her father with an affection which could make even perpetual insolvency endurable, Alastair learnt that the seeking, or even the finding of peace and contentment is not all of a man's life. For this story the war makes an effective background, and towards the end we have a fine adventure with a German submarine, in which Doreen proves herself a heroine. Frankly, the present reviewer has not been one of Miss Page's many admirers. Hitherto her books have seemed too evidently machine-made, turned out to order, and bearing no evidences of a loving handicraft; but it is not so with "Some There Are——." Despite the fact that it is too drawn-out, and that the style sometimes grows slangy in a manner reminiscent of "Eve's Letters,"—and one can have too much of Eve—this is a book to read and to applaud. For the mind which created it has brought to us the breadth and space of Rhodesia, and shown us that it is the bigness of ideas rather than of places which matters most of all.

From A Woman in the Balkans (*Hutchinson*).

H.M. QUEEN MARIE IN ROUMANIAN DRESS
(Photo by F. Mandy, Bucharest).

THE STRICKEN LAND.

Serbia as We Saw It.
By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The sympathies of most of us are very limited, and it is, perhaps, only natural that the sufferings of Belgium and France should have been enough to fill the heart of the average Englishman to its utmost capacity. If, however, we are to realise the deepest tragedy of the present war, we must look further afield, to Serbia. Mr. and Mrs. Askew were among a little group of men and women who, in the earlier days of the war, heard the far call of that typhus-stricken

From The Stricken Land (*Eveleigh Nash*).

SERBIAN WOMEN AT PRIZREN.

country that was soon to endure the more unspeakable horrors of the long and terrible retreat. The authors witnessed the first part of that retreat; and, abandoning all effort after literary effect, they have set down their impressions and experiences in a free and easy manner that is painfully direct and vivid. "History does not hold in its annals any record of a Golgotha so bitter," wrote a Serbian General, and, in the light of these pages, there was no exaggeration in the remark. This is not a book to enjoy; but it helps to drive home to the imagination the real meaning of war as few other books are calculated to do.

ENGLAND'S FIRST GREAT WAR MINISTER.

By Ernest Law. 6s. net. (Bell.)

Mr. Ernest Law is, as everybody knows, the laureate of Hampton Court. He is therefore a very appropriate person to give us a volume on the first great English War Minister, Cardinal Wolsey. Possibly he could have made his book a pleasant study of a great statesman; but he has chosen not to. He has been fascinated by certain resemblances between the war of 1512–1513 and the present struggle, and he insists on making likeness and unlikeness as complete as possible. So the book is that not unfamiliar kind of volume that is written about one person and written at certain others—its purpose is not merely to belaud Wolsey but to belittle contemporary statesmen. This is the kind of thing readers must prepare to encounter: "Occasionally there were meetings of the Council—a cabinet of some half-dozen members. For, benighted as people were supposed to have been in those days, they were not quite so benighted as to entrust for two years the supreme direction of their affairs in a great war to a heterogeneous body of some twenty-three wrangling members." Those who like this sort of thing will like this very much; possibly others may feel that, while Mr. Law's personal opinion of the present Government and their conduct of the war is a matter of considerable importance, the place for an expression of it is not a volume ostensibly devoted to Wolsey.

From England's First Great War Minister (*Bell*).

PORTRAIT OF WOLSEY, ABOUT THE AGE OF FORTY.

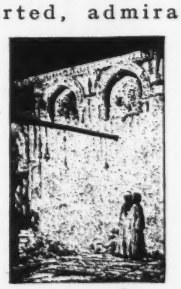
A GREAT EMPEROR, CHARLES V.

By Christopher Hare. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul).

Born in 1500, Charles V. belonged to a very magnificent and most important moment in the world's history and development. A Hapsburg, the grandson of the Emperor Maximilian and Marie of Burgundy, he inherited the possessions of Charles the Bold in Burgundy, the Netherlands and elsewhere, as well as the Hapsburg dominions. During his reign Mexico and Peru were added to his realms, and the new world of rich America opened up to contribute to the wealth and power of Spain. As a soldier he was supremely fortunate; his armies, made up of material almost incomparable at that time, won new fame and lustre for his name and for Spain. Mr. Hare gives a light, swift, readable narrative of the great Emperor's life and public transactions, but while it is good reading, it can hardly be commended as a serious, critical study. The old proverb, "no man is a hero to his valet," is certainly topsy-turvy, and it is quite certain that for this kind of compiled history we might almost assert that "every man is a hero to his biographer." Mr. Hare accepts at all points Charles as a wise, tolerant, noble, kind-hearted, admirable creature, the model of all the virtues as ruler and as man. The picture is in too bright a light, the shades, and they were many and often deep in tone, are necessary to make a sure and lasting portrait. It is not easy to accept this as a true and satisfying reading of Charles V., and such a portraying would be no light or easy task.

From A Great Emperor (*Stanley Paul*).

THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. (Portrait by Titian.)



CHRISTMAS CARD. (The Medici Society.)

NAN OF MUSIC MOUNTAIN.

By Frank H. Spearman. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

WHISPERING SMITH.

By Frank H. Spearman. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

These are two stories of the "wild and woolly West"—of the kind that the cinema show has made familiar to us. If they were no more than that they would hardly be worth consideration. But they are more. They are written with a spirit and a vividness that convince us that Mr. Spearman is drawing a truthful picture of a life in which he himself has played a part. This is not to say that they are written without imagination. In the invention of incident and the planning of exciting situations the author is never at a loss, and in the drawing of simple and straightforward characters he is distinctly clever. In fact, "Whispering Smith" and "Nan of Music Mountain" are those comparative rarities—novels of action which are not merely exciting, but are a pleasure to read. Of the two, "Nan of Music Mountain" is the better book and possibly the more exciting—this in spite of the fact that the love interest is so well developed as to weaken the claim that it is "The 'Lorna Doone' of the West." "Whispering Smith," if planned throughout on more familiar lines, fully lives up to its advertising caption of "Something happening all the time." A capital pair. In Mr. Spearman we hail the most dangerous rival of Rex Beach that has yet arisen.

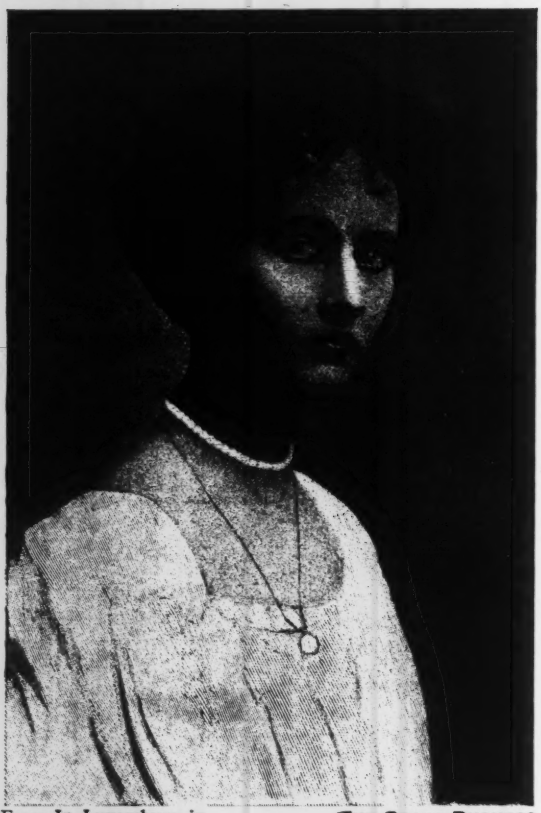
From **Shakespeare's England**
(*Oxford University Press*).

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
(From a painting by William Rogers.)

A FRENCHWOMAN'S NOTES ON THE WAR.

By Claire de Pratz. 6s. (Constable.)

The second part of this book is more interesting than the first. It contains a serious presentation of the problems which at the outbreak of the war confronted the French Government. In the first part of the book we are told of the manner in which the news was received by the various inhabitants, permanent and temporary, of a small Breton village by the sea. It is mostly a record of very small beer, not revealing any particularly acute observations. Those who have looked askance at the multifarious uniforms worn by the women of London will be glad to hear that the Breton women who undertook men's jobs did not change their usual costumes, except to discard all things of gaiety and garishness. The village population received the tidings just as one would expect it of the protagonists in Loti's Breton studies, and the varied emotions of the more educated people do really not vastly thrill us. They are precisely what our own emotions were, and the analysis of them would have been done differently by Paul Bourget, not to speak of a good many other fellow-countrymen of Mademoiselle de Pratz. However, the second part of the book is worth reading, although it does not bring us any revelations and is far from being written with that sparkle that we look for in our Allies. Mademoiselle de Pratz is not enamoured of Republican institutions. She appears to be very much in sympathy with the rather jejune efforts of the *Camelots du Roy*, an association of enthusiastic royalists whose aspirations may be all that is most noble and patriotic, but whose deeds seem to consist in the embroidering of banners and attempts to pull Republican officers from their horses. All this, however, happened in the days before the war, and we agree with the author in her description of the splendid unanimity with which every kind of Frenchman has thrown himself into this conflict. I am writing these lines among the snow-clad mountains of eastern France, where I have had the good fortune to be stationed—there and in the vicinity—for some time. It is magnificent to observe the spirit of these people. In one disagreeable spot on the summit of a certain hill which is liable to be shelled from three sides there is in the hospital—and not even as the chief doctor—one of the most eminent physicians of Paris, an elderly man. We who go about the country on the cars of the British Ambulance Committee have the opportunity of coming into contact with all manner of belligerent Frenchmen—their calm confidence is as wonderful as their shedding of ante-war convictions, and the self-offering of that Parisian doctor is typical of thousands of cases. We find a duke, the possessor of four great estates, who is serving his country not ornamentally on the Headquarters Staff, but in a humble and laborious capacity. We find the regimental chaplains, bearded heroes of the



From In Luxemburg in War Time (*Headley*).

THE GRAND DUCHESS OF LUXEMBURG.

trenches and of the ground beyond the first line of trenches—and yet the Republic is not any weaker. Those who were well acquainted with France before the war can realise the enormous changes that have come over this country. When one hears an officer calling his men, perhaps men much older than himself *mes enfants*, when one hears the matron of a hospital calling them *mes petits*—these are not the innovations of the war. They are words which not one of the horde of German spies sent back to Germany; so much the worse for the Fatherland. With this ancient spirit and with the new spirit of imperturbability the shoddy German Empire is going to be overthrown.

H. B.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH.

Edited by HAMIL GRANT. 10s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

People who come to this book with the idea that they are to be let into any particular secrets of the Austrian Court and Habsburg dynasty will be disappointed. That is to say unless they have read little or nothing upon the subject before. The writer states in the introductory chapter that he was the "intimate personal secretary of His Highness," and one is thereby encouraged to look forward to some thrills, and perhaps injudicious revelations regarding the former heir to the throne of Francis Josef. They are few and far between, however; and the reader will not gain much personal matter from the author's pages. Perhaps it is because the vagaries, tragedies, and follies of the Habsburgs have been so much in the limelight for many years past that these chapters, by one who must have nevertheless known the unhappy Archduke Rudolph very intimately, somehow fail to grip. The censor may, of course, have heavily blue pencilled the original MS. One cannot say. There is one thing, however, which stands out more clearly from the pages of this volume than from any other similar one with which the reviewer is acquainted, and that is the network of intrigue which Bismarck and the Kaiser have successively sought to weave about the Austrian Court with the object of the eventual absorption of Austro-Hungary within the confines of the new to-be German Empire. The Archduke Rudolph was of a very independent character, and well aware of the price of the Kaiser's friendship as well as of the machinations of the wily Bismarck. It was essential to the ultimate success of the intrigues emanating from Berlin that either the Archduke should "accept the situation of vassal of the Kaiser" or be removed. The mystery surrounding the death of Prince Rudolph and his mistress, the beautiful Marie Vetsera, at Meyerling has never been satisfactorily cleared up. We heard several more or less circumstantial and "authentic" accounts when in Vienna shortly after the tragedy; but, although one at least had the elements of truth in it, the mystery remains. All that can be said is that the official account was obviously concocted and incorrect. In the pages of the book which M. Hamil Grant edits, there is more than a hint that Berlin was responsible for the end of Prince Rudolph, just as there are many who know the inner intrigues of the Berlin Foreign Office who have more than a suspicion that the diabolical assassination of that other ill-fated Archduke at Serajevo was known in the Wilhelmstrasse before it happened. If the author of this book makes no definite charge of this kind, in his last pages he does nothing to remove the impression created. Those who wish for gossip of Courts, politics, intrigues, and scandal of a not too delicate kind will find entertainment here.

From The Last Days of the Archduke Rudolph (*Grant Richards*).

THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH, AGED 30, IN 1888.

From A Woman and the War (*Chapman & Hall*). THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

A WOMAN AND THE WAR.

By the COUNTESS OF WARWICK. With Portrait. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Nearly thirty chapters on subjects arising from, or suggested by, the war, make up this volume; and the first chapter strikes the key-note, so to speak. It is called "King Edward and the Kaiser," and declares the untruthfulness of those persons and papers which have stated that King Edward "deliberately sought to compass the destruction of the German Empire." "Having heard from his own lips scores of times his attitude towards Germany and the Germans," says Lady Warwick, "it seems to be a duty to set out the plain truth." Then follows a most interesting, short account of King Edward's feelings and actions in relation to the German Court, the conclusions being drawn from general observation and personal knowledge. "Far from seeking to bring war about," Lady Warwick writes, "it is with me an article of faith that had he been living in July, 1914, there would have been no war . . . there is not among the rulers of Europe one who would not have listened when he spoke." With words sympathetic, or critical, or scathing, or protesting, the writer goes on to speak of "War and Marriage," "Woman's War Work on the Land," "Lessons of the Picture Theatre," "Lord Haldane," "Lord French," "Nursing in War Time," "Race Suicide," and kindred subjects. Her style is clear, concise and "personal"; her leaning towards social democracy is avowed, and whether we agree with her or whether we disapprove of her expressed opinions, we shall certainly find much to interest and much to make us think.

LEATHERFACE.

By BARONESS ORCZY. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This story of Belgium three hundred and forty odd years ago, when the little country was trodden under the heel of the Spaniard, and its inhabitants suffered brutal oppression, will undoubtedly rank among the author's best work. Leonora de Vargas is the daughter of the man who invented "new forms of tyranny, new fetters for the curbing of stiff-necked Flemish and Dutch burghers, new methods for wringing rivers of gold out of a living stream of tears and blood," whose brain devised the torture and butchering that Alberic del Rio's hand accomplished; and it is decided that to weaken the rebels, she is to marry into the family of one of their leaders and to become the wife of Laurence van Rycke. But at the last moment Laurence revolts against the union; he runs away, and his younger brother, to avert the danger, takes his place. Whether the marriage serves the purpose it was intended to, or whether love grows out of it, and who the mysterious Leatherface proves to be, the many admirers of Baroness Orczy's writings will not be slow to find out for themselves.

From Seven Years in Vienna. (*Constable*). THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA DRIVING IN VIENNA IN 1908.

From Forty-five Years in China (*Fisher Unwin*). MR. AND MRS. RICHARD IN 1884.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE DE SAINT SIMON.

Abridged translation by FRANCIS ARKWRIGHT. Vol. IV. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

This, the fourth volume of Saint Simon's memoirs in this very excellent and now noted edition covers the years 1710 to 1714, not the least interesting moment of a great period. Among other things, it includes the last campaign in Flanders in which Marlborough took the field, and Villars was the French general in command. Villars receives justice without mercy at the hands of Saint Simon. The year 1712 saw the mysterious death of both the Dauphiness and the Dauphin, that had such serious and far-reaching consequences. The same year noted the treaty of peace with England, the murder of the Duke of Hamilton, who had just been appointed Ambassador to Paris, by Mohun's second in a duel, and the appointment of Shrewsbury instead. But the events of these important years are less to us now than the manner of these wonderful memoirs. For they are told with such an easy mastery of affairs, by a man who was principal in most of the affairs of France, with so much shrewd wit, wisdom, knowledge, and freedom from illusions of any kind, that they rank with Pepys' diary in fascination, and we come to know the persons who appear and reappear through the volumes as if they came to dinner twice a week at our table. So well known are the memoirs that there is no need to offer any analysis of the contents of the volume before us. It is enough to say that it is a very worthy version in English of a very great work. Perhaps we might have been glad of an index in each volume, since they appear only at intervals, but there is something to be said for leaving it to the end, although it is sadly missed in the meantime.

From Eclipse or Empire (*Nisbet*).

PROGRESS FAST BOUND BY PREJUDICE.

A BALKAN FREEBOOTER.

By JAN GORDON. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

A most remarkable book is this story of the daring exploits of Petko Moritch, a Serbian outlaw and comitaj, who, though assaulting a political opponent and getting thrown into prison for it, is driven by the brutality and trickery of the law to adopt a bandit's life, securing an existence by pillage and robbery. All the romance of a Robin Hood, and the prison-breaking genius of a Jack Sheppard seemed to be combined in the

From The Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon (*Stanley Paul*).

VIEW OF MONS.

character of the courageous young Serb, who broke out of durance again and again, facing danger and even death with almost incredible recklessness; his dauntless mind ever contriving fresh enterprises, his sharp tongue ever ready with an impudent jibe for enemy and captor. The fact that the narrative is true, and related to the author by Petko himself, increases its interest a thousandfold, and evokes unstinted admiration for the man who sought adventure and uttered no complaint when called upon to pay the price of his daring. The book is illustrated with many pen-and-ink sketches by the author, and a frontispiece of Petko, drawn from life.

From **A Balkan Freebooter** (*Smith, Elder*).

PETKO AND CHRISTICH ON THE MARCH.

THE MEMOIRS OF ADMIRAL LORD BERESFORD.

Written by HIMSELF. Fourth edition. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The publication in one volume of this most excellent record of a breezy (the inevitable word), almost stormy, rollicking, hard-working, hard-hitting, publicly useful career was certain, and as certain to be highly appreciated. Lord Charles Beresford represents an ancient and noble stock on both sides, tracing his descent from Counts and Kings of Brittany and the sixth century A.D. as well as from the still nobler strain of Brian Boru and the Irish royal races running back nobly into the pre-Christian and holy pagan eras. He entered the Navy when he was twelve, and served first on sailing vessels, with the men Nelson had trained, then on the transition ships when canvas grudgingly accepted the help of steam, and oak submitted to the overlaid armour of iron, and so down to the most modern beauties of our present fleet. His varied career is not unfamiliar, indeed already almost a tradition while it is still developing, and as man, seaman and politician he was and will always be conspicuous. His youth was very properly frolicsome and notorious, and if the child is father of the man the following may without malice stand as a tale in his own words that might carry allegorical weight. He was flag-lieutenant at Plymouth; the members of the Board of Admiralty came down to witness the autumn military manœuvres.

"I offered to drive them all in my coach; and they were settled in their places—Mr. Goschen the First Lord, Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, the Earl of Camperdown, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre—when out of the house came Rear-Admiral Seymour.

"'Get down!' he shouted. 'Gentlemen, you must get down.'

"They asked him why.

"'You don't know that boy,' said Seymour. 'He's not safe. He'll upset you on purpose, just to say he's upset the whole Board of Admiralty!'

"And he actually ordered my guests off my coach, so that they had to go in barouches."

If there is any fault to be found with the book, it is that certain parts are not written by Lord Charles himself. But as they are scrupulously indicated the fault is less.

From **The Memoirs of Admiral Lord Beresford** (*Methuen*).

From an Original Drawing by Phil May.

From **Russia in Arms** (*Nisbet*).

THE COSSACK: A STUDY.

RUSSIA IN ARMS.

By LT.-COL. ROUSTAM BEK. 2s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

As military expert of the *Daily Express*, the author will be known to a wide circle, his work since the war began having made him a large number of friends. Of the Russian Army he is naturally able to speak with authority. Destined for the Navy, he served six years, and was due for promotion to midshipman. But his career in that direction was cut short by his acting as second in a duel. Degraded to the rank of private soldier he served in Turkestan and Pamir and regained his position as an officer. In 1897 he was military

correspondent with the Turkish Army, served through the Boxer rising, went to Afghanistan as agent of the Russian Government, was captured and imprisoned, fought in the Macedonian campaign of 1903, and went through the Russo-Japanese War where his experiences included the siege of Port Arthur and being a prisoner of war in Japan. This book touches lightly upon the history of the Russian Army; it tells of its composition to-day, the training and quality of officers and men, and their deeds against the enemy. How magnificent that education is, how splendid the material, how wholehearted the effort now being made on behalf of the Allies are subjects to which the talented author does full justice.

From Lady Login's Recollections (*Smith, Elder*).

GROUP OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT OSBORNE.

LADY LOGIN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

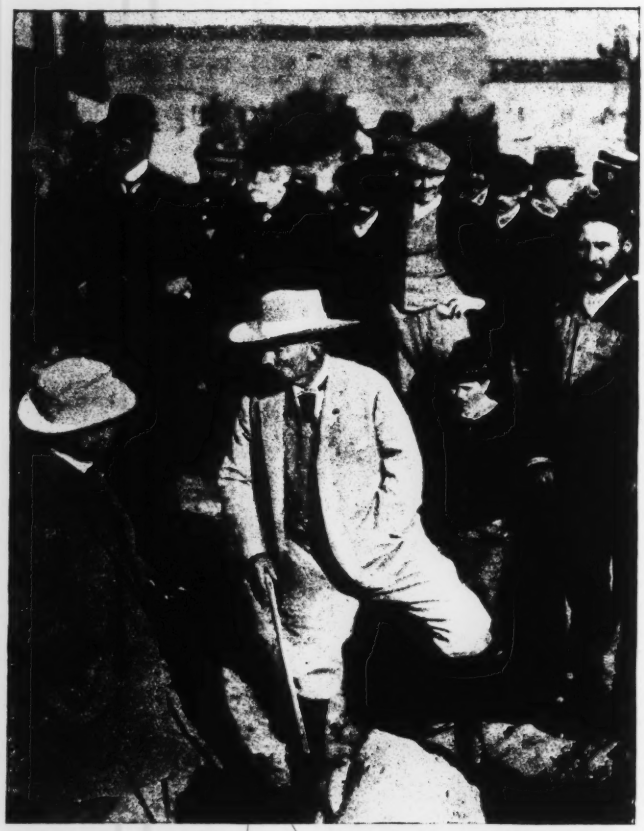
By E. DALHOUSIE LOGIN. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

"Possibly few of her neighbours in later years, who saw her immersed in her garden, poultry-yard, and live-stock, clad in the oldest and shabbiest of garments, tending her bees . . . and with her own hands doing odd jobs of rough carpentry, ever dreamt that in other days she had been equally at home, and happy, in the atmosphere of courts, and the daily duties of official life." In these words Lady Login is spoken of by her daughter and biographer; but in the pages which follow, the biographer has skilfully formed her material into an autobiography, and the charm is complete. We see Lena Campbell, the little girl running about with her brothers and sisters in the old Scottish home; we see her as a young lady travelling to India to stay with her brother, General Charles Campbell; we see her as a bride at Lucknow, where her husband twice held the post of Residency-Surgeon, and was Court Physician to two successive Kings of Oude; and with anecdote and description we have a vivid and extraordinarily interesting picture of life in India before the Mutiny. Intimate glimpses we get of the Lawrences; and of the Maharajah Duleep Singh, his marriage and later years. But the volume is by no means a personal narrative of India only; for we have as lively an account of the Court of St. James's as of the Court of Oude. It is impossible in a short review to do justice to the book in detail, but as a chronicle of official and private life in that great period — the Victorian era, it is thoroughly attractive. Lady Login passed away three years later than her beloved mistress, Queen Victoria, at the age of eighty-four. Her daughter deserves warm praise for her achievement, the result of a self-effacing use of good material.

MEMORIES OF THE FATHERLAND.

By ANNE TOPHAM. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

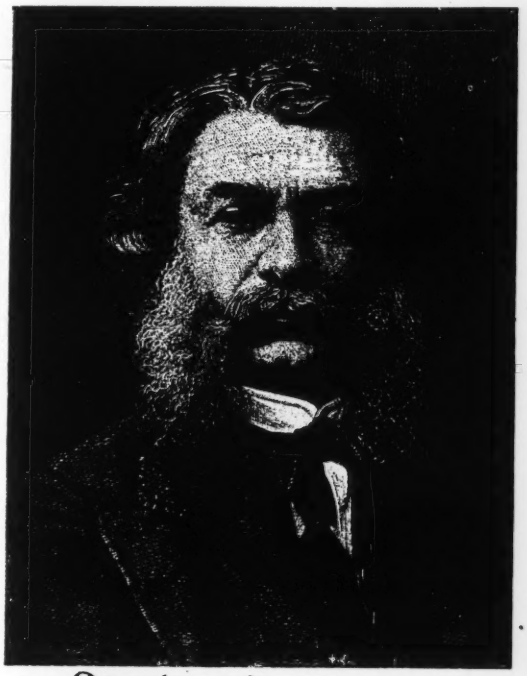
"The picture of Germany as it appeared before the war to those of us who have lived there, has been one on which we have fixed our gaze with a desperate hope that, after all, it was not a travesty of the real thing, that the German people were, as we had believed, a simple-hearted, kindly, industrious, and highly-cultivated people, living up to the same standard of honour as ourselves . . . but day by day the outlines of this picture have become blurred by the horrors and agonies of a warfare of such ruthless type as the modern world has never known." Miss Topham's "Memories" are, however, of the days before the picture had become so blurred, and her long connection with the Imperial Court enables her to write with first-hand knowledge which convinces as well as interests. There is no narrowness in Miss Topham's estimate of the German people of the different classes; good and bad characteristics are discussed; but in every class we seem to find a roughness (mistaken for virility) and a dogged clinging to national



From Memories of the Fatherland (*Methuen*).

WILLIAM II. IN CORFU, SHOWING COUNT BÜLOW THE REMAINS OF A RECENTLY DISCOVERED ANCIENT GREEK TEMPLE.

prejudices. One of these prejudices is the German officers' detestation of France and the French people. It seems to increase with time (speaking of the years before 1914), and "conciliation seems to find no foothold in German schemes of statesmanship. They appear to consider it synonymous with weakness." The figure of the German Emperor stands out very clearly. Miss Topham was for eight years the English governess in the Imperial school room, and had frequent opportunities of noticing and talking to William II. "It was very rarely indeed that any actual criticism of the Emperor's acts was heard in the Palace itself: but one gentleman once said to me," says Miss Topham, "'He is just like a child with a handful of squibs. He throws them about, and likes to hear the noise they make. Some day one of them will fall into a powder-magazine and then he will be dreadfully surprised at the mess he has caused.'"



Dimitry Gregorovitsh.

Author of "The Fisherman," which Messrs. Stanley Paul are publishing.

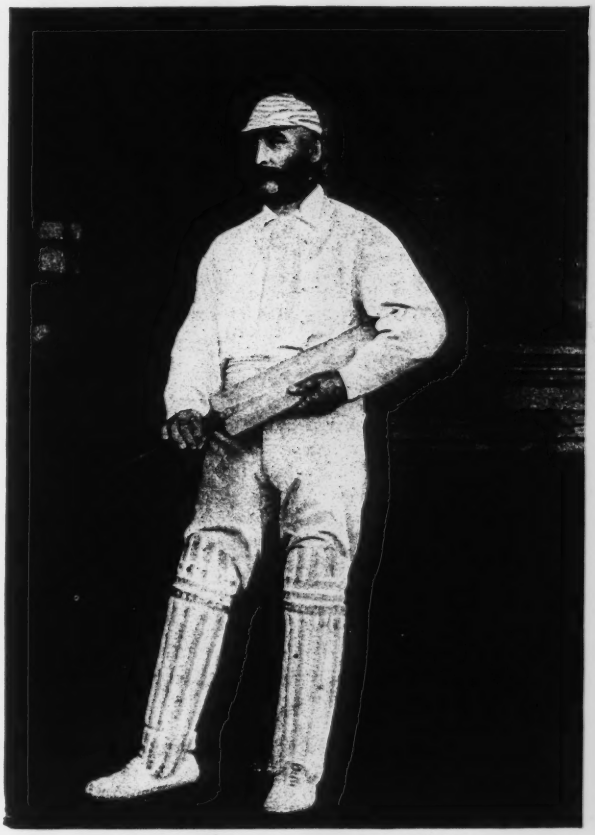
From Lord Kitchener (*Kelly*).

LORD KITCHENER

LORD KITCHENER.

By ERNEST PROTHERO. 2s. net (cloth); 1s. (paper). (Charles H. Kelly.)

This is a concise but fairly complete history of the life of "K. of K." and should have a particular interest for youthful readers. Thus there is a lesson to the younger generation in the story which tells how the boy Kitchener, dreamy and somewhat taciturn, with a leaning towards studiousness, nevertheless managed to "come a cropper" and fail to pass an examination of the private school he attended, so that his father placed him, much to his humiliation, in a local dame school. That experience, however, instead of souring his nature, acted as an incentive to effort and achievement in after-life. That Kitchener was aloof, austere, in fact something of an enigma, is well known. That he had little patience when dealing with effeminate men is also true. The book is garnished with anecdotes—some of them pretty well known—which throw light on these and other traits of his character. The portrait in colours, given as a frontispiece, is a telling likeness of the hero, and there are two other illustrations. Character studies and other literature dealing analytically with the man and his work will doubtless make their appearance after the war. In the meantime this is a useful descriptive record.



From Edward Mills Grace: Cricketer (*Chatto & Windus*).

DR. GRACE AT THE AGE OF 51.

EDWARD MILLS GRACE, CRICKETER.

By F. S. Ashley-Cooper. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

"A thorough cricketer in every sense of the word," as Lillywhite's Guide described him, at one time Dr. Grace was regarded as the finest player in England or the whole world. When he was thirteen years of age he played for West Gloucestershire against All England, and his career as an active cricketer covered a period of sixty years in all, from 1851 to 1910. When he died in 1911, practically every newspaper in the Empire announced his death, and most gave some sketch of his life and career as a cricketer. But in the case of so veritable a king of the great game something more than this seemed necessary, and this volume has accordingly been written, with the knowledge and sanction of his family. Dr. W. G. Grace himself helped the author with his well-stored memory, and had promised to write an introduction, when his own illness prevented him from proceeding further in the matter. The author of the memoir, of course, devotes most of his volume to Dr. E. M. Grace's life and work in the realm of cricket, giving accounts of his principal tours and triumphs, and his influence on the development of the game. But there are also sufficient personal reminiscences to give us the man as an individual character, from his cousin's naive statement: "He had a strong, affectionate nature, and was a staunch friend. At one stage of his life he would propose to any girl almost at a moment's notice," to the chapter in which Mr. P. M. Thornton, Mr. Sydney H. Pardon, Mr. R. E. Bush, Mr. A. C. M. Croome, and Mr. C. E. Horner give their own personal memories of Dr. E. M. Grace. There are many pleasant and good stories and traits recounted, and the book is likely to prove essential to the cricketing shelf of every honest sportsman.

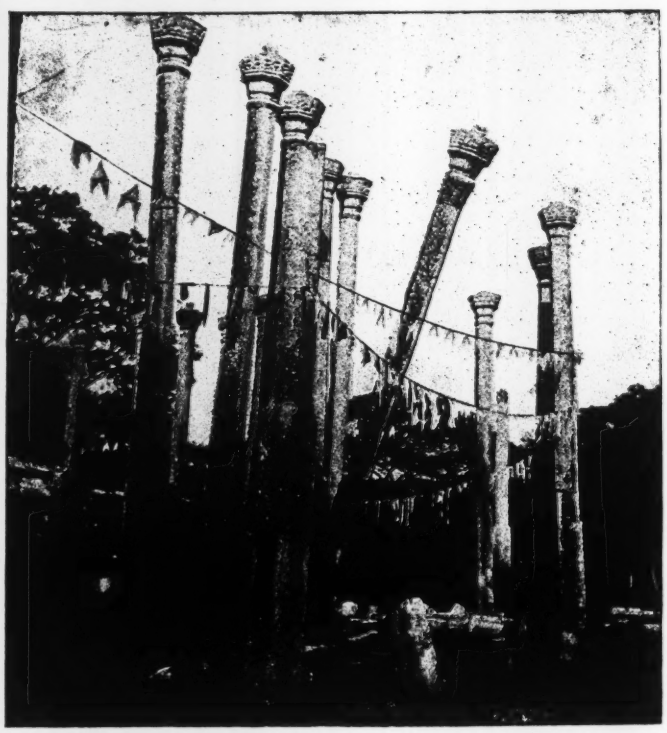
From A Little Guide to Northumberland (*Methuen*). BARBICAN, PRUDHOE CASTLE.

From From The Gulf to Ararat (*Blackwood*). MENDELI.

THE LOST CITIES OF CEYLON.

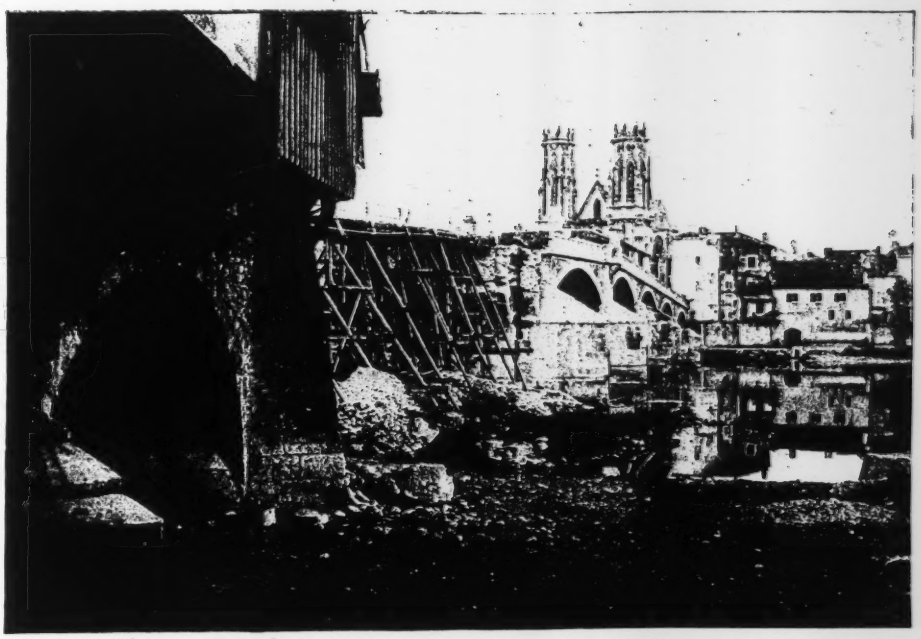
By G. E. Mitton. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

Miss Mitton, whom we remember very pleasantly as the author of "A Bachelor Girl in London," one of the earliest novels depicting the life of "*la femme seule*," has in this volume given an admirably lucid and picturesque account of the beautiful and grotesque examples of carving and architecture which have been unearthed during the last century in the two ancient capitals of Ceylon, Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa, cities that date back to periods anterior to the Christian era. In the brief space at our command it is only possible to say that the photographs she has succeeded in taking manage to give a very clear idea of the high state of preservation in which many of these Sinhalese columns, sculptures and "moon-stones" have been found, and that the prefatory sketch of Sinhalese religion and history which she makes is at once unbiassed and informing. That over-worked epithet wonderful is



From The Lost Cities of Ceylon (*Murray*). THE PILLARS OF THUPARAMA.

the only term that seems reasonably applicable to these relics of a vanished civilisation which Miss Mitton so charmingly pictures for the benefit of the stay-at-home reader. But we shall be very much surprised if, when the war is over, this delightful travel book of hers fails to set a fashion of making pilgrimages to Ceylon. "The Lost Cities of Ceylon" is a work which no reader of THE BOOKMAN ought to overlook.



From The Unbroken Line (*Smith, Elder*).

THE BRIDGE AT PONT-A-MOUSSON.

THE UNBROKEN LINE.

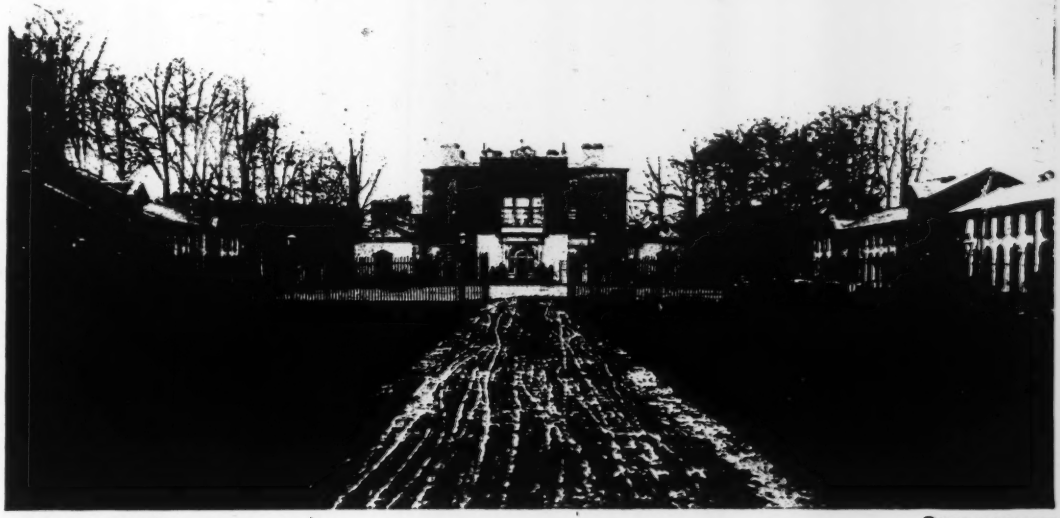
By H. WARNER ALLEN 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

As special correspondent of the British Press with the French Armies the author has had exceptional and unusual opportunities of witnessing almost every phase of the titanic fight being waged by our Allies in the long trench line extending from Switzerland to the North Sea. Of these opportunities he has made the best possible use, and those who have only read his often mutilated dispatches can form no conception of the brilliance of this splendid and inspiring volume. Mr. Allen deals at length with every section of the bulwark from the extreme right, Alsace, through the Vosges, Lorraine, Verdun, the Argonne, the Champagne Pouilleuse, Rheims to Compiègne, and Artois to the extreme left at Nieuport. Faring more fortunately than his colleagues, he has apparently been at liberty to wander where he listed, to see everything worth seeing, and to share the perils, privations, and excitements of the fighting men. His book forms a magnificent tribute to the stubborn valour of the French infantryman, the determination of the whole Army, and the skill with which the war is being conducted. We cannot praise Mr. Allen's book too highly; in default of space and more adequate treatment we can only recommend its purchase and perusal; it ranks amongst the best on the subject.

FROM THE GULF TO ARARAT:

An Expedition through Mesopotamia and Kurdistan. By G. E. HUBBARD. 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

War is a great awakener of interest in geography. All the long story of Mesopotamia from the days of Adam and Eve in Eden, which we may reasonably take to represent as far back as the memory of man recalleth, through the epoch of the Caliphate and the glories of Baghdad, leave us cold compared with the poignancy of the thrust up the Tigris ending in Ctesiphon and Kut. Before the great European-Asiatic War broke out in 1914 there was a Commission busy on the task of delimiting the frontiers between Persian and Turkish territory, a matter of some 1,200 miles, and the source of illimitable fighting and squabbling for past centuries. Other Commissions had worked on the task with no real success, but in the end of 1913 British and Russian Commissioners were attached



From Lord William Beresford V.C. (*Jenkins*).

CURRAGHMORE.

From Trooper Bluegum at the Dardanelles (*Melrose*).

ANZAC COVE, GALLIPOLI.

to a Turko-Persian Commission for settling the frontiers, in the capacity of arbitrators. Mr. Hubbard was the Secretary to the British section, and his record is chiefly one of personal impressions of the tribes and countries through which the commissioners passed. He gives an excellent and proportioned picture of these places and peoples, handling them with a just appreciation both of their present position, their ancient glory and glamour, and their future possibilities, and all with no political preachment whatever. For the glory has departed, yet the new glory will come, while between the two there is a time of flatness, squalor and uncertainty. And yet to a lover of the olden time there is something heartening in his picture of the old Persian Chief at Ushun, preserving the noblest qualities and traditions of his long Kurdish descent. The work of the commission ended on Mount Ararat; how long it is to stand unchanged is another affair, still on the knees of Fate. But Mr. Hubbard has made a good book of what he saw, and there are a number of very satisfactory photographs.

From A Ride through the Balkans (*Robert Scott*).

COLONEL PHILLIPS AND THE AUTHOR AT THE CASTLE OF SCUTARI.

LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD.

Some Memories. By MRS. STUART MENZIES. 12s. 6d. net. (Jenkins.)

One hardly knows what to say about a book of this kind. These joyous sporting and military Nabobs of fortune -how remote they are from not only the "humble shepherd in his cot," but from nearly everybody two miles outside their charmed circle! These brilliant figures, shooting, coaching, commanding armies, winning and losing thousands of pounds in a horse race, risking their necks in flood and field for a silver cup—they are not reality, but a phantasmagoria. Putting aside for the moment all critical preoccupations, one feels like a maid-of-all-work gazing at "Rupert of Hentzau," or some other cloudy symbol of romance, on a cinematograph film. Everything is taken for granted—their expensive shop-window must be displaying genuine commodities, because the gazer in the street outside has no possibility of testing them. But to our muttons. After a career of learning at Eton, Lord William Beresford joined the 9th Lancers in Dublin. In this regiment, before leaving for India, he performed numbers of surprising feats, joking, racing, steeplechasing, coach-driving, playing polo, paying calls and so forth. In India, he joined the Viceroy's (the late Lord Ripon) staff and was appointed A.D.C. to Lord Lytton. More racing, cup-winning and sportiveness brought to a dazzling climax by the Delhi Durbar of 1887. Then the Jowaki expedition and more racing, dancing and flirting. "And why not?" says the author. "A little gentle flirtation is good for everyone's self-respect and keeps them young. After all, what are a few little silken insincerities?" In the Zulu War, Lord William obtained the Victoria Cross. After that, more fashionable gaieties, and some famous bets. Then a career as military secretary, Lord William coping with his difficulties in his usual dazzling way. Follows more racing, more repartees with the "Fair Sex," more gymkhanas, tent-clubs,

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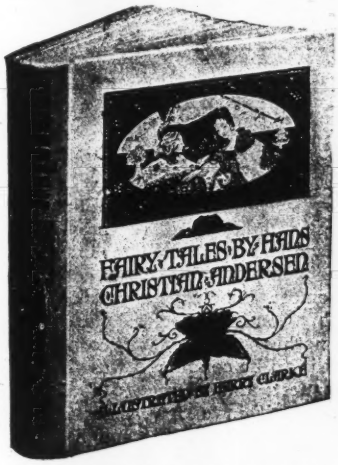

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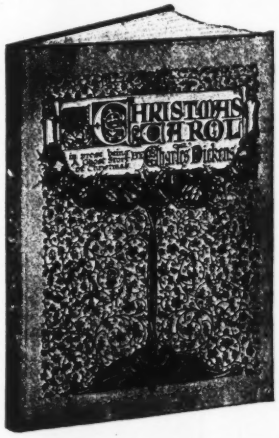

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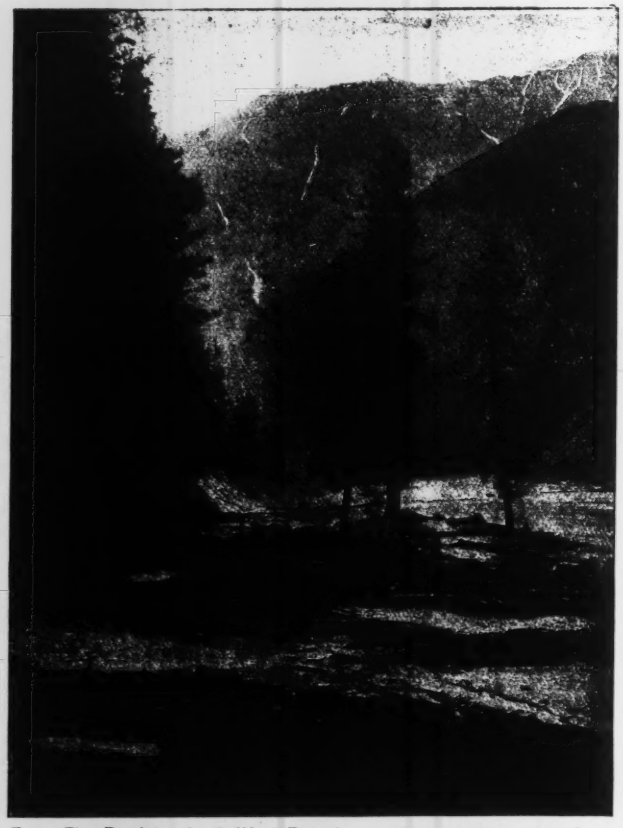


From The Punjab, North-West Frontier Province, and Kashmir (*Cambridge University Press.*)

NEAR NÁRAN, IN KÁJAN GLEN, HAZÁRA.

quadrilles, fancy dress balls and pig-sticking. The next Viceroy was Lord Dufferin, and when there was trouble in Burmah, Lord William accompanied him there. Then more racing and driving experiences, and the tremendous successes on the Turf between 1888 and 1894. A farewell dinner follows (there seems to be a good many of them) and Lord William gets married. This escapade seems to have had a certain chastening effect upon his "irrepressibility" (is not that the word ?), for it is recorded that Lord William "Tells a Story Against Himself." The last chapter but one relates with great enthusiasm how he brought Tod Sloan to England and what happened to Tod Sloan in England. But even the liveliest career must have an end, and Lord William Beresford died in 1900. The volume is plentifully and excellently illustrated.

TROOPER BLUEGUM AT THE DARDANELLES.

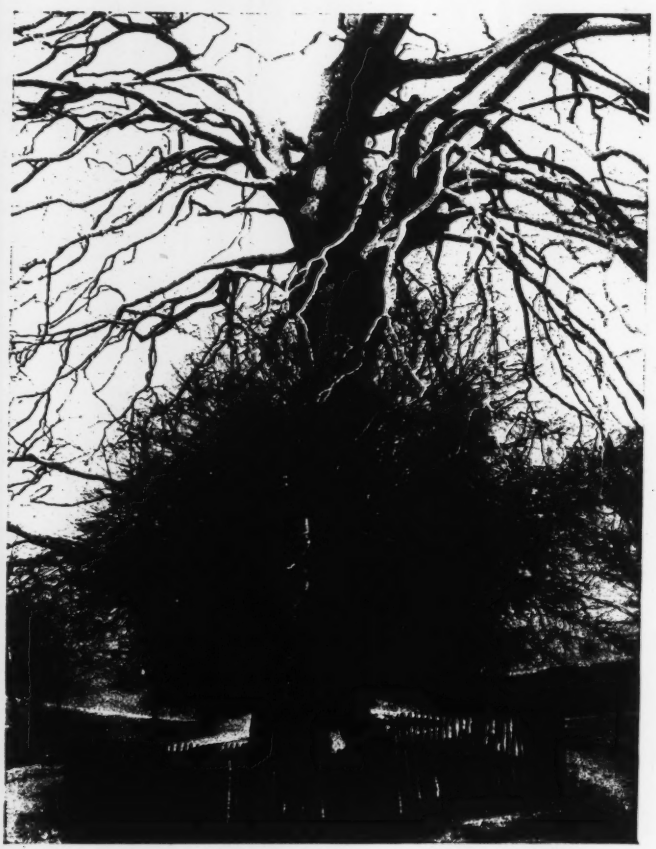
By OLIVER HOGUE. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net (Melrose.)

Mr. Hogue is a journalist who gave up his position on the staff of the *Sydney Morning Herald* to enlist as a trooper. He went with his regiment to Egypt and thence to the Dardanelles, and wrote descriptions of it all, from his training for the Australian Light Horse, at Sydney, to the night and early morning when he with his comrades evacuated Anzac before the Turks knew they had gone. There is some brilliant work in the book; we have had no more powerfully realistic descriptions of the more desperate fighting at Gallipoli than are given in its pages, nor have the pluck and irrepressible gaiety of the Australian soldier in the trenches, in the peril and heat of attack, or anywhere under fire, ever been more blithely and convincingly presented. Ably and interestingly written, this is one of the best first-hand records we have had of the great part that the Anzacs have played in the great war.

THE PUNJAB, NORTH-WEST FRONTIER PROVINCE AND KASHMIR.

By SIR JAMES DOUIE, M.A., K.C.S.I. 6s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

A peculiar interest attaches to the section of Hindustan that forms the theme of this volume. It comprises a territory of a quarter of a million square miles, and through it was launched, necessarily, every invasion of India from the west from time immemorial. Alexander's, the Mongols, all must needs conquer the Punjab first and foremost. The contrary, however, held good for the English. Coming by sea, the great mountain barriers were nothing to them, and consequently the last part of India to be conquered was the valiant Punjab, a hard conquest, and leading to a triumph of administration which within a few years derived a source of military strength from the tough folk that had been so hard to overthrow. It is no small literary feat to present an accurate and well balanced sketch of so great a territory, so diversified from every point of view, race, tribes, flora, fauna, religions, and with so full a history, but Sir James Douie has been most successful in his task. It is true that he was pre-eminently qualified for the attempt, for he spent thirty-five years in the administration of this corner of India, going through all the ranks until finally he was Acting Lieutenant-Governor. He writes with intimate knowledge, clear sense of proportion, and above all with understanding and cordial affection, and the result is admirable. The hundred and fifty illustrations greatly enhance the value of a book whose mere usefulness ought not to be allowed to obscure its charm.



From Tree Wounds and Diseases (*Williams & Norgate*).

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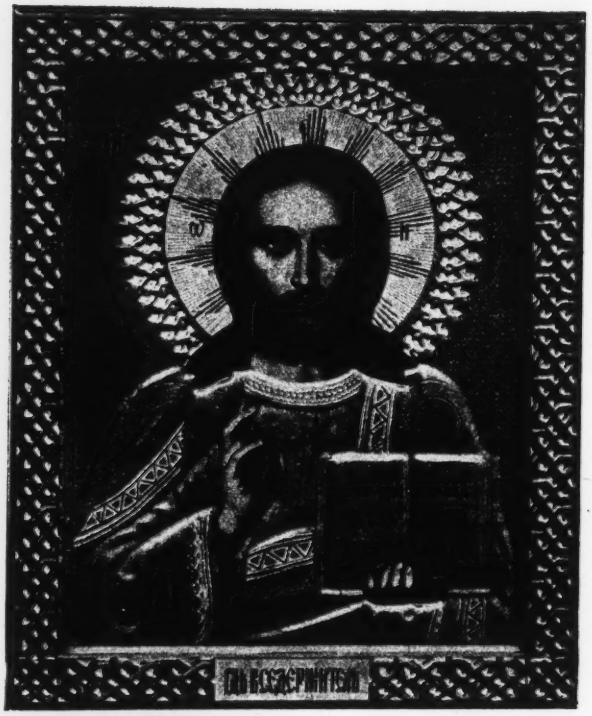

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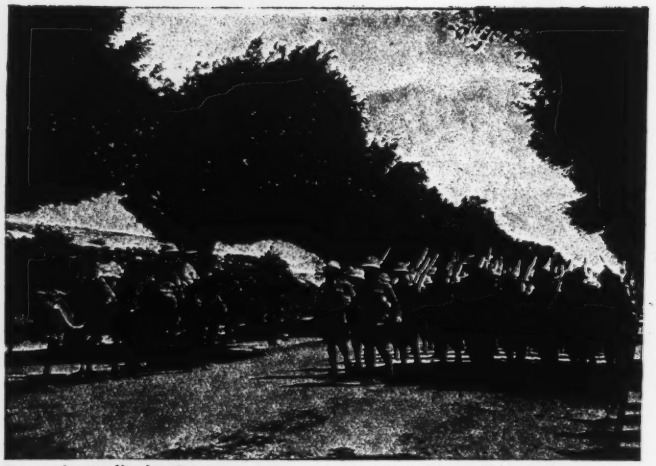

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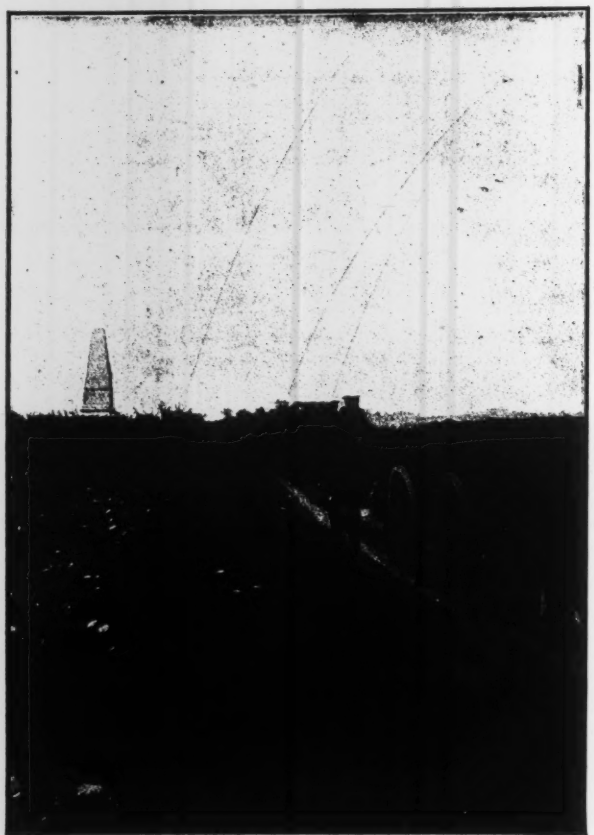

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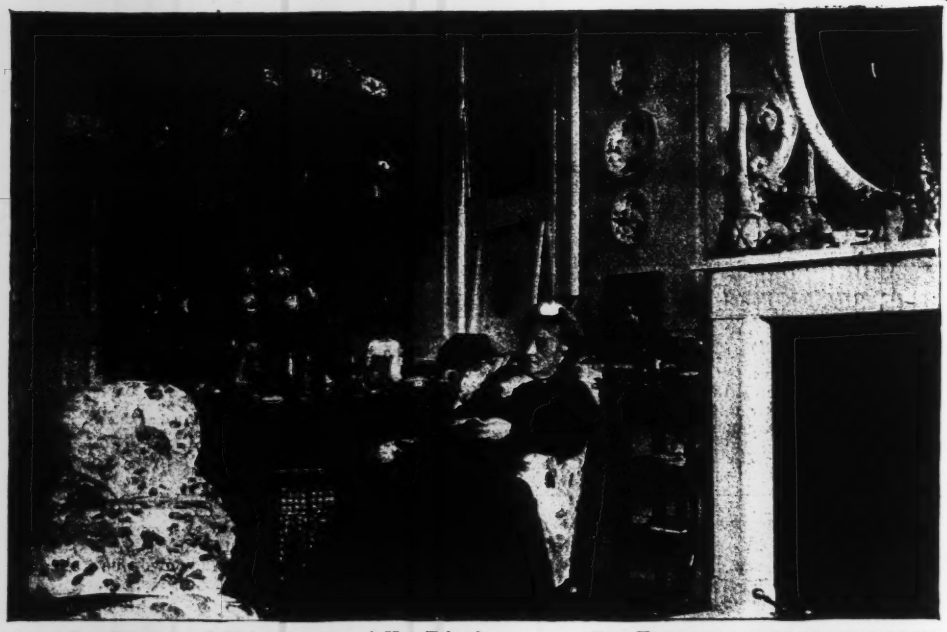

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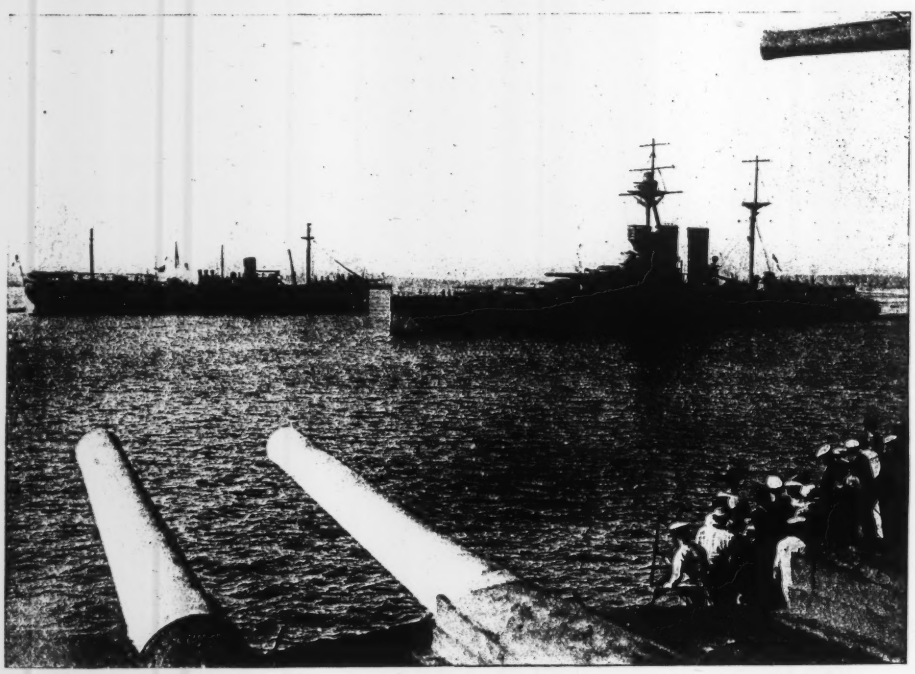

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Stella Peniston is commissioned by her dying father to make a man out of a worm. Not an easy commission, for Stanley Everitt is a work-shy "waster" and philanderer of the most invertebrate order. However, Stella gives him a piece of her mind, and with it some excellent advice, albeit she talks more like an emigration pamphlet than a human being: "Go to Canada and get out of it. . . . I am told it is a large, beautiful, bountiful land where men must prove themselves to be men if they wish to make their way; a country of vast forests, great mountain ranges, the oldest in the world, rolling prairies and still-bosomed lakes where the cry of the loon makes weird music beneath the blue sky. You have been cramped and dwarfed here, have allowed yourself to be stunted by your environment, by the petty round of everyday useless things. . . ." And so on, with the result that not only does Stanley "get out and get on," but Stella, acting up to her preaching, does likewise. The path is made easier by those good-natured homely folk who are becoming Mr. Burgin's particular pets, and by a kindly millionaire who hovers like a beneficent fairy in the background. As a love story "The Girl Who Got Out" has puzzling moments. The reader will be piqued, perhapsirritated, certainly misled, by the spectacle in Chapter III. of a girl "giving her lips," without any encouragement, to the man whom we have just been told she so despises that she would never marry him even if he were the last man in the world. But you must read it and solve the mystery for yourself. For the rest, the story and the humour of it is typical Burgin at his best.

Illustration on the wrapper of "Sapper's" latest Book "Men, Women and Guns" *(Hodder & Stoughton).*

THE GIRL PHILIPPA.

By Robert W. Chambers. 6s. (Appleton.)

Mr. Robert W. Chambers can always be relied upon to give his readers an up-to-date and romantic story, and in "The Girl Philippa" he has, as usual, deftly blent the elements of romance and adventure. The characters are an English officer, an American artist, a Sister of Charity, and the very charming heroine, Philippa, a vivacious French girl, whose origin is wrapped in mystery. The English officer is engaged in secret service work at the outbreak of war, and, while in France, is aided by the American, to whom the centre of dramatic interest is shifted, and with whom the dramatic interest remains till the happy ending with Philippa. The story somewhat lacks grip, but perhaps this is because of the very facility with which the author handles Armaggedon, and his tendency to treat too easily the picturesque aspects of the openingacts of a world drama whichhastumbled Europe into ruins, and revealed the white beauty of the soul of France.

From The Girl Philippa *(Appleton).*

"'I CAN EMPLOY YOU AS A MODEL,' HE SAID."

THE GUN-RUNNERS.

By W. D. Fordyce. Illustrated in Colours. 3s. (Nelson.)

Percy Alden, the son of the British Resident in Penang, was very naturally sent home to an English school, and very naturally made good friends there, one of whom, Cecil Brinscombe, went out to Penang on leaving school to join the police force. In due time Percy also went East, and on the way chummed with a young gentleman of His Majesty's Royal Navy, by name Hollands. On board also was a sinister Dutchman, who turned out to be a notorious gun runner, and when Percy got to Penang, he found Richellmann skulking there, hand in glove with the De Souzas, the younger of whom had been at Felton with Percy and Cecil. Luck and sharp wits soon established a connection between the Dutchman and Eurasian and certain gun running to a rebel Sumatran tribe, and with no little trouble and some danger to Percy the matter came to a head, and plans were made to frustrate the gun runners. But Percy was kidnapped, and sent off to Sumatra in the rifle laden ship, to be a hostage for the Dutchman, for the Sumatran tribe would gladly torture the Resident's son to death if Richellmann was captured. But it is a cardinal maxim for the conduct of life for those who are likely to engage in adventure in the far corners of the earth: *make friends with a British middy.* For just in time Hollands' ship turned up and saved Percy, the guns were taken and so later was Richellmann, who thinking he was betrayed, in the moment of capture shot young De Souza dead. And so the way was clear for Percy—to get into another adventure, but we know nothing of it, for the story ends there.

From The Gun Runners (*Nelson*).

"THE MAN STOLE FORWARD AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE SURROUNDING GLOOM."

From The Bright Eyes of Danger (*Chambers*).
Recently reviewed in The Bookman.

"HIS FACE TURNED SLIGHTLY FROM ME (TROUBLE IN HIS EYES, I THOUGHT)."

THE GRIZZLY.

By James Oliver Curwood. 6s. (Cassell.)

A man may have more than one hobby, but there are some hobbies that refuse to march in pairs. For example, it is not easy to imagine a boy dividing his spare time between plying an active catapult and feeding the gulls on the Embankment. And there would be something equally incongruous in the spectacle of a man killing bears for a hobby and at the same time writing sympathetic studies of bear life. By a frank and disarming confession in the preface to his new animal story, Mr. James Oliver Curwood escapes this incongruity and effectually dispels any suspicion of insincerity. Whatever joy it may once have yielded, killing for the excitement of killing he now regards as little less than murder, and this book is written in the hope that it may "make others feel that the greatest thrill of the hunt is not in killing but in letting live." One has only to read a few chapters in the life of Tyr, the giant grizzly and of Muskwa, the baby tan-faced cub, to know that this change of heart is real and not superficial. Much patient and affectionate observation has gone to the making of this book, and the result is a story that appeals to novel-reader and nature-lover alike.

Mr. Silas Hocking, whose new novel "The Beautiful Alien" Messrs. Sampson Low are publishing.

From The Girl Philippa (*Appleton*).

"ANYWHERE ALONE WITH YOU IN THE WORLD WOULD BE A SUFFICIENT PURPOSE IN LIFE FOR ME."

THE LEOPARD WOMAN

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. With 8 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In the wilds of Central Africa lies the country of M'Tela, a powerful chieftain who owes allegiance to none of the great European nations. His friendship is desired alike by the British and German Governments, the latter, it turns out, having a plan for attacking British territory by an advance through his country —for the time of the story is just previous to the war. Rival expeditions are sent out, the British being in the charge of one Culbertson, better known in Africa as Kingozi. He is unaware of the steps that the Germans are taking in the matter, or of the delay that has attended the fitting-out of their expedition. Accordingly he is unsuspecting of evil when he is overtaken by a mysterious and beautiful Hungarian baroness, whose duty it is to delay him in his march. The relations between Kingozi and the Leopard Woman afford the reader excitement, intrigue, and romance—for theirs is a pretty love-story of more than ordinary complications. "The Leopard Woman" is, in fact, an unusual and highly attractive variant on the usual novel of "international intrigue," and, written by an author who knows his business, it will afford interest and thrills even to the most *blasé* of readers.

THE BATHING-MAN.

By AGNES GWYNNE. 6s. (Lane.)

Jack Saxsonham is one of those unfortunate people who cannot pass examinations. This has brought him into trouble with his father, trouble by which his shady younger brother benefits, for, when the latter takes some money belonging to the old man, it is Jack who is thrown out of the house with contumely. Jack's one accomplishment comes in usefully now. He can speak Italian like a native, and when he elects to disappear and to become *bagnino* at a seaside resort on the Gulf of Genoa he becomes untraceable. His adventures in that capacity, and in those of waiter and — eventually—secretary to a Cardinal Archbishop are described by the author with sympathy and a gentle humour that is one of the main attractions of this novel. This, the Italian "atmosphere," and some clever character sketches, go to the making of a very pleasant and readable—if not particularly exciting—novel.

THE CORRECT THING.

By A. GOWANS WHYTE. 5s. net. (Grafton.)

"'A perfect pair!' sighed Mrs. Turnbull-Syms as they disappeared within the porch." This at the opening of the story. At the finish, the average reader, better informed than Mrs. Turnbull-Syms, will sigh, "How on earth did they come to get married!" For Dr Leonard Stephen and his beautiful bride Norah have hardly left the church before the first difference of opinion between the "perfect pair" arises and develops into a crisis — and a separation. The problem then resolves into this: Should a woman, separated from her husband and secretly in love with another man, expect her husband to remain faithful till death? How this problem is solved to the satisfaction of all parties is unfolded in a story which moves mostly in bohemian Chelsea, has many tense moments, and is distinguished by some clever characterisation.

From The Leopard Woman. By Stewart Edward White (*Hodder and Stoughton*).

From a painting by A. C. Michael.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

A Romance of the Great War.
By Louis Tracy. 3s. 6d. net.
(Chambers.)

From **Day of Wrath**
(*Chambers*).

Cover Design.

Mr. Louis Tracy's new romance concerns the remarkable adventures of a British officer who left Berlin on August 3rd, 1914, and of the lady who, in strange fashion, became his travelling companion and sharer in his extraordinary perils. Again and again things seemed to be absolutely hopeless for Captain Dalroy, but again and again his courage and cool resourcefulness and the assistance of the Belgians and others got him out of the tightest of tight corners. Though he left Berlin under the highest auspices, he was denounced and arrested before reaching the Belgian frontier, but by a ready coup made good his escape and that of the fair Irene. But in Belgium, from the moment that they were flung from the corn wagon on which they were travelling, until they fell in with a small party of British soldiers and finally reached safety, they had a succession of thrilling adventures. Mr. Tracy gives some vivid pictures of the way in which "frightfulness" did its fell work in Belgium, by way of background to the personal adventures of his hero and heroine, and his story will be found full of living interest, and of well-devised hairbreadth escapes. It is a spirited narrative, and one in which the reader with a taste for thrilling episodes will find hearty—if sometimes grim—enjoyment.

From **Pincher Martin, O.D.**
(*Chambers*).

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CRUCIFIXION.

By Newman Flower. 3s. 6d.
(Cassell.)

The story begins well, the reader being at once arrested by the personality of Guilda Lois, a beautiful and famous actress in the 'nineties. She is skilfully drawn, her queer temperament making the dramatic events that follow rapidly on each other's heels, in the first part of the story, seem vividly real. As the story proceeds it becomes melodramatic at times, and loses something of its reality, the War casting its shadow over the close. The story of Guilda is the ever-old, ever-new story of the heartless coquette, who, one day, falls desperately in love, and is willing to renounce the world, her career, and reputation—for love's sake. Guilda does this—and, in consequence, is crucified. The book is uncommonly interesting and ably written, despite its occasional melodrama.

THE AFFAIR ON THE ISLAND.

By H. B. Marriott Watson. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

Erico is an island in the upper reaches of the Amazon River, owned by an almost bankrupt British trading company. It is under the charge of Ackroyd and Haverford, an Englishman and an American respectively. To them come almost simultaneously the news of an outbreak of piracy on a neighbouring tributary, and a party of rich Americans on a pleasure yacht. The latter at once go in pursuit of the pirates, leaving behind them, thanks to the rather clumsy diplomacy of Ackroyd, the beautiful Yolande. It is as well that they did so, for they are attacked and held to ransom by the "pirates," whose rising has taken on the character of a revolution against the Brazilian Government. That is the beginning of a really stirring story of adventure and love, which, in the hands of so skilful and inventive a writer as Mr. Marriott Watson, never for an instant loses its hold upon the reader's imagination. "The Affair on the Island" is a most excellent book of its kind, and we very much doubt whether anything else as exciting will be published this Christmas. It is an ideal present for the men in the trenches.

From Jack and Tommy (*Grant Richards*).

THE STAFF.

COUNT RAVEN.

By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

It comes rather as a surprise to find Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle writing a story about a German spy and his machinations before and during the first stages of the war. Count Raven, indeed, is not an unusual figure in the latest fiction — apparently a charming and polished man of the world, in reality a bully and a liar. But you can at least credit him with the ability to play his cards cleverly. Otherwise he would never have prevailed upon the beautiful Rose Mohun to marry him—however serious her misunderstanding with her rather thick-headed English lover, Lord Medmenham. And it is precisely this marriage which affords the authors an opportunity for the introduction of a swift and effective little drama, which makes an excellent foil to the vapourings of "smart" society and their more leisurely progress at the beginning of the book. "Count Raven," in fact, will give you pleasant amusement for an hour or two, and, while you may be a trifle disappointed to find Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle writing this sort of novel, you will not be surprised to find that they can do it quite as well as anybody else.

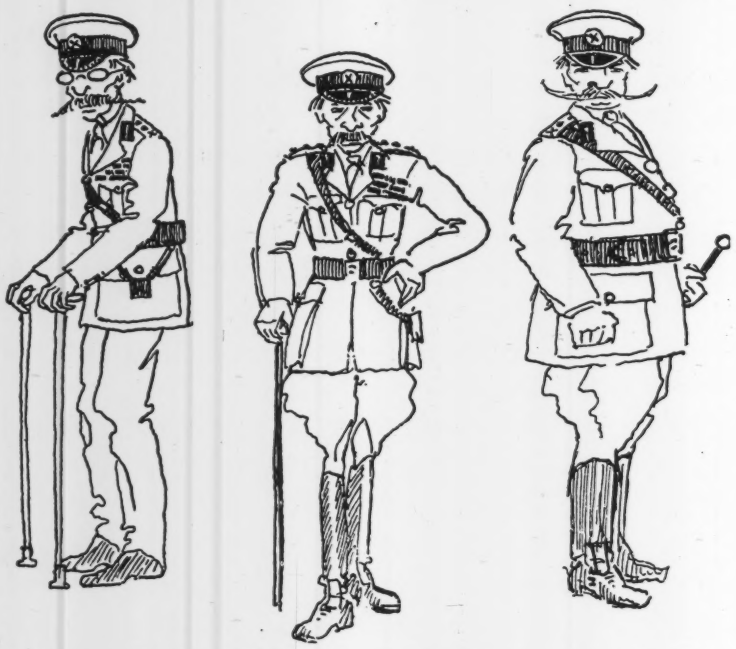
THE HUN HUNTERS.

2s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

These cautionary tales from the trenches have met with such favour that they are already in a third edition. The opening lines disarm the carping critic who might raise objections to verses of a jesting nature being written about those who are doing their "bit" at the front, by assuring all and sundry that the writers of the book themselves

> ". . . have been there too
> And learnt the rule they act upon:
> Laugh at yourself, and 'Carry On.'"

Both drawings and rhymes are delightfully droll from the melancholy story of Sergeant Tombs "who used to play about with bombs," and whose passion for experiment led him to destruction, to the "Happy Story to End Up with, which shows How Good Little Boys who are Polite to their Uncles get Staff Appointments, and Live to a Ripe old Age."



From The Hun Hunters: Cautionary Tales from the Trenches (*Grant Richards*).

"GENERALS ARE CHOSEN, I AM TOLD, FOR BEING VERY, VERY OLD."

A DIARY OF THE GREAT WARR.

By Samuel Pepys, Junr. Illustrated by M. Watson Williams. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

It was a very happy idea, this, of recording the progress of the great war in the gossipy, unique style that has made Pepys' Diary one of the most delightful as well as one of the most historically valuable diaries ever kept ; and the anonymous author of this book has carried out the idea with the most complete success. He affects to be a descendant of the great Pepys and would seem to have inherited along with the same peculiarities of literary expression the same weaknesses of character that distinguished his ancestor. He is much given to philandering, and has occasional trouble with his wife ; he is insatiably curious, especially in the small things of everyday life ; his vanity is irrepressible ; he is careful over money and inclined to be niggardly except when he is spending it on himself, but even for himself if he can get a free seat at the theatre or a lunch at the cost of a friend he hugs himself joyously over the shillings saved. The whole character of the man grows upon you from the reports of his own doings and thinkings with an amazing vividness ; his conceit, his meanness, his inquisitiveness and his delicious humour are all made to seem as unconscious as were Pepys' own, and it is its apparent unconsciousness that is half the fun of his humour. Beginning in July, 1914, he chatters of his home affairs, his friends, and the happenings in the world around him, and presently gives a full account of where he went and what he did, from being up betimes in the morning and having "plaguy trouble with our Ermyntrude," the servant, who was "in tears for fear of the warr" and wanted to go home to her mother, to his going to see Arnold Bennett's "Great Adventure" at "the Kingsway playhouse" in the evening, then coming out and passing through the crowds in Trafalgar Square to learn "at the Club news that the Germans will not have our terms, and their soldiers already in Belgium. So the warr is begun for us at last." Thereafter, in the same intimate, familiar fashion he follows its course, making the most of all the impossible rumours and of the stories of spies and squabbles of newspapers and politicians down to the end of December 1915. But through it all runs the story of his own private life ; his amours, his domestic troubles, his resolves to economise, which usually take the form of cutting down his wife's allowances and the luxuries of his servants ; his visits to friends in the country, dinings with friends in town, and the talk that passes between them on current affairs. It is impossible in a review to convey any adequate idea of the fascination of the book. There is no other war book like it ; one reads it with continual amusement, and only hopes it will be continued in a second volume and, if the war lasts long enough, in a third. It is one of those good things of which we cannot have too much.

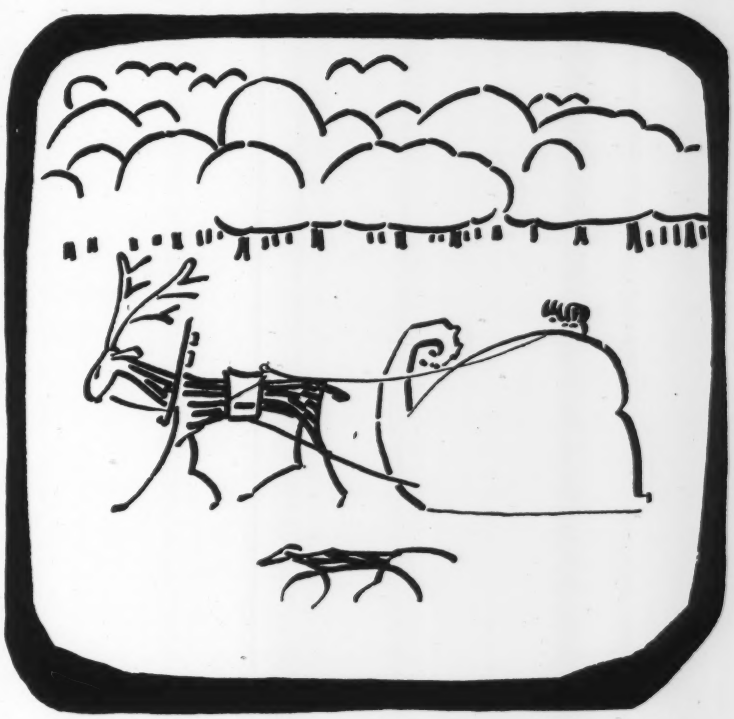
From A Diary of the Great Warr. By Saml. Pepys Junr. (*John Lane*).

"Cook being unbearably puffed up of her Lieutenant."

THE GREY SHEPHERD.

By J. E. Buckrose. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The sub-title is, "The Growth of a Legend," and the story is a Christmas idyll of country-life in England. It is not exactly like the earlier novels of this authoress ; she has struck out a fresh path, but she makes it pleasant wayfaring for her readers, and it goes without saying that the book is daintily written. Wyman the shepherd is the central figure ; his chivalrous love and his dogs fill most of the pages. Cicely was never to be his ; she married, and went away from him and his flute. "Perhaps she would be an ambassadress some day ; yet she would surely go through the great world with the fresh heart of a girl, because she had once loved a shepherd enough to give the world up for him. In this is the reward of all those who have known true love—that their hearts can never grow old." Wyman has his dog, however, and a dog is a great consolation to those who must live open-air lives. The authoress has written out of these slight materials a little tale which carries an appeal of its own. It is charged with emotion, but not too heavily charged ; the pathos is not overdone, and although the end is not marriage-bells, the book leaves a serene impression on the reader's mind. Kindness, unselfishness, and a healthy delight in the fresh air, characterise the pages of this idyll ; it is a seasonable volume, and alive with genuine feeling.



From Twelve Occupations (*Elkin Mathews*).

Sledges and Skates.

FLOWER OF THE GORSE.

By Louis Tracy. 6s. (Cassell.)

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MARIA AND THE DUCHESS.

From **War Phases According to Maria** (*John Lane*).

was, and she'd already had one convalescent with golden curls but he was off in two days —cured. As if I didn't know better!" And Maria sniffed. She goes on to talk of the way the photographers were encouraged, of the jealousy of the amateur assistant nurses who were always photographed from left to right and never had the middle place because Mrs. Dill-Pinkie always took that, and always insisted on having the pick of the convalescents, so as to wash their faces and comb their hair. She even reports that the golden-haired one had run away in the night in his pyjamas leaving a note to say he was homesick for the trenches. There is no tonic like laughter for such days as these, and the sparkling, lively, irresponsible humour of "War Phases" is one of the best tonics of the kind to be had.

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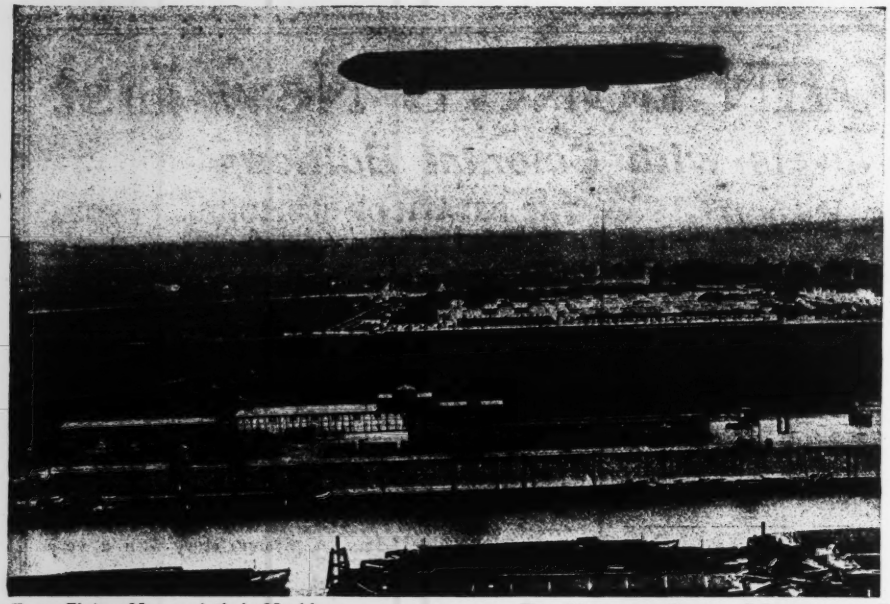

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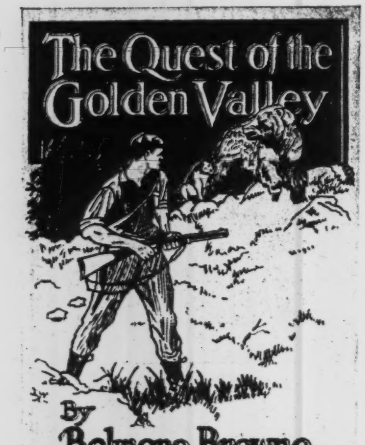

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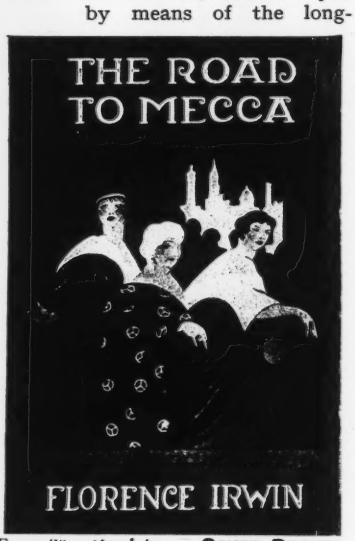

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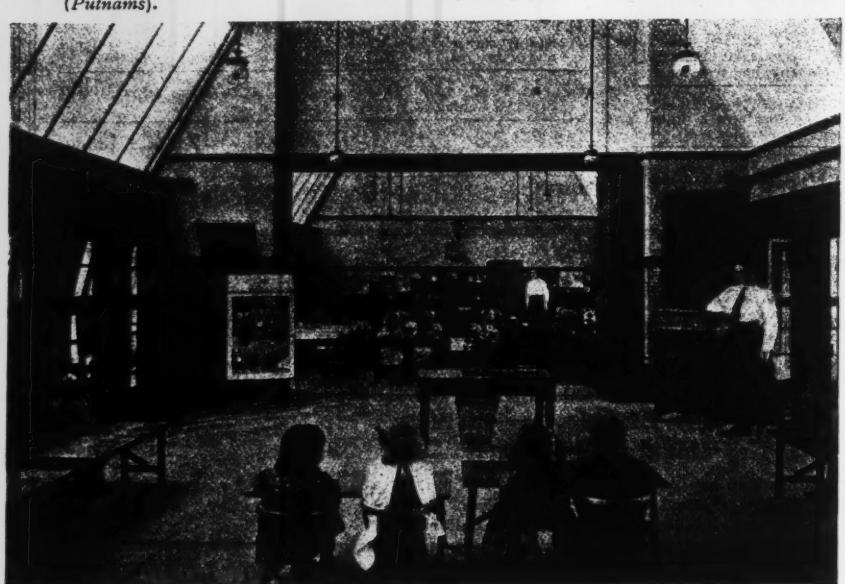

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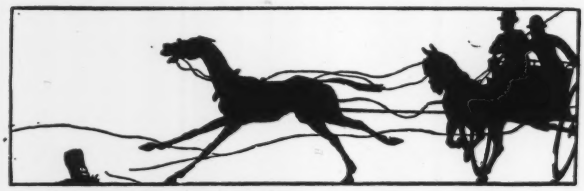

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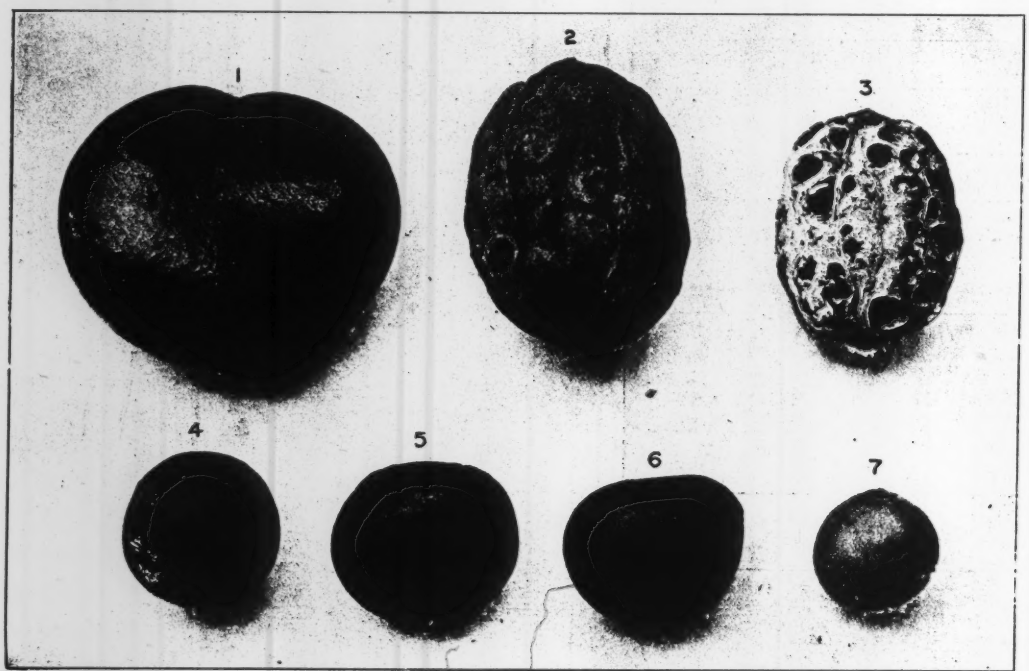

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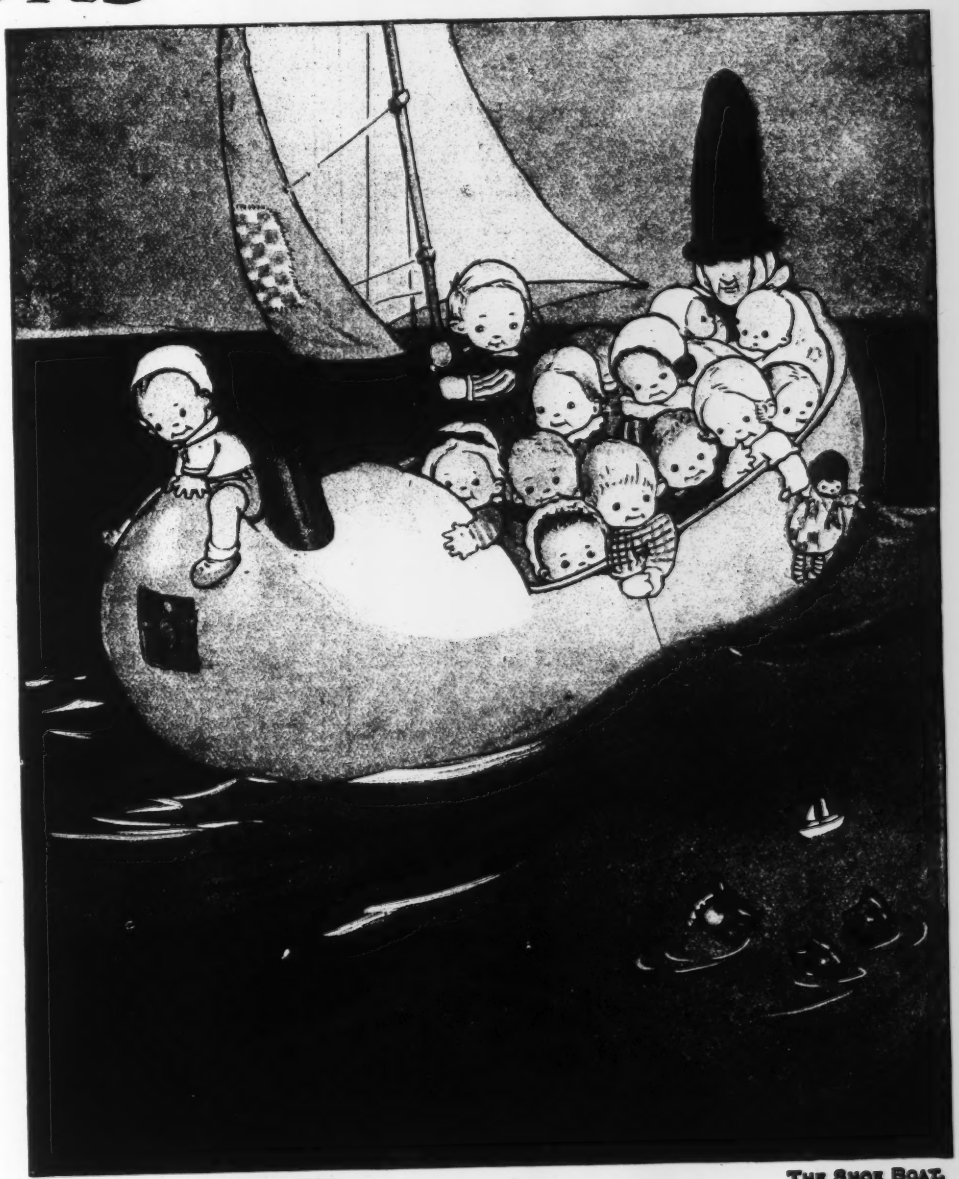

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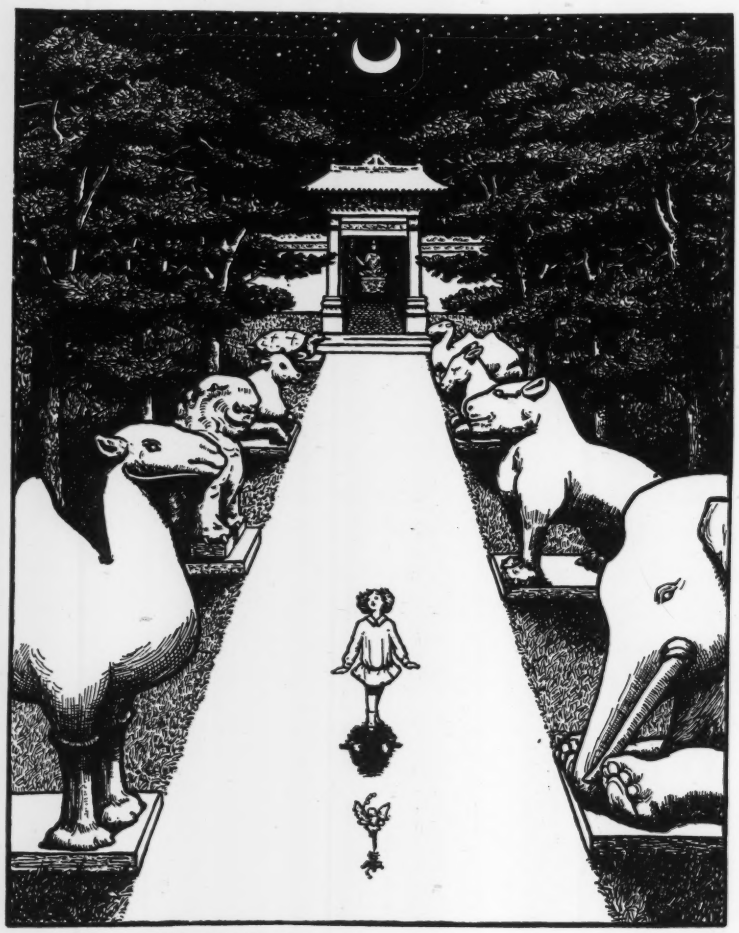

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PILOT, AND OTHER STORIES.

By HARRY PLUNKETT GREENE. With Illustrations by H. J. FORD. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

A little branch of literature which stands out clearly, and deserves its position, is that which tells of "The Dog" in prose, and in verse. Dog stories and poems are not extremely numerous, but quite often they are very good indeed; and "Pilot" is a dog-story which will stand high up in the list of "highly commended." Mr. Plunkett Greene tells here of the doings of a Labrador retriever—"the kindest dog that ever was seen, and he was always laughing." Pilot was a poacher, an incorrigible, and a humorist; and Mr. Greene has done him justice, and has avoided most admirably the usual pitfall in such stories—sentimentality. Humour, imagination and feeling lie in the other stories which bring the number up to half a dozen, but "Pilot" is first and, we think, best. The volume makes its own special appeal, and part of this appeal is due to the clever work of the artist, who has proved both in colour and in pen-and-ink that he has enjoyed the book and sees eye to eye with the author.

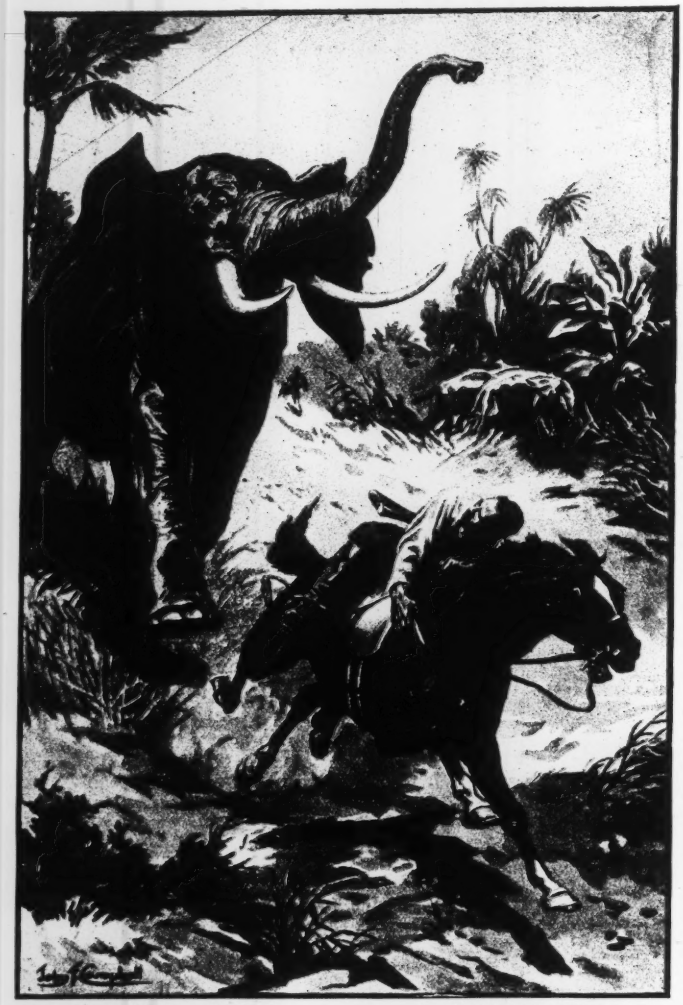
From Pilot, and Other Stories (*Macmillan*).

PILOT AND DAMSON.

THE PIRATES OF THE SKY.

By STEPHEN GAILLARD. With 3 Illustrations by LEON D'ERNO. 6s. (Harrap.)

An anarchistical Cossack has founded a world-wide Brotherhood with the millennium as its object. Meantime, however, the Cause is in need of funds, and as the Russian has also invented an aeroplane far more powerful and efficient than any the world has yet seen, the means of obtaining them are ready to his hand. He gathers round him a band of followers (mostly far less high-minded than himself), makes his base on an inaccessible Andean volcano, and starts to ravage and plunder the cities of North America. A pushful journalist and an intrepid aviator do their best to fight against him—and both find wedded happiness in the pursuit. But the eventual debacle is caused rather by internal dissension than by any of the efforts of Bogdan's enemies. The story is of the Jules Verne type, the author making up in spirit for what he lacks in his knowledge of aeroplanes—which, truth to tell, is a good deal. Not that that, however, is of any real moment in a book of this description, especially when its author has the narrative ability of Mr. Gaillard. "The Pirates of the Sky," in short, is a rattling good yarn of adventure.



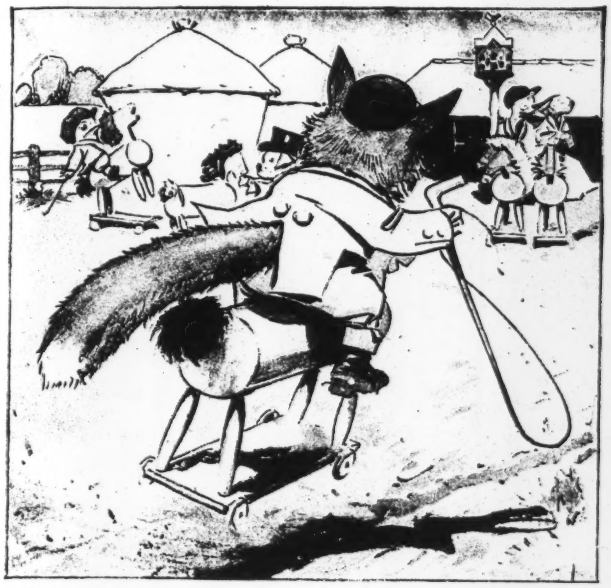
From Daring Deeds of Hunters and Trappers (*Seeley, Service*).

AN INFURIATED ELEPHANT.

COLLINS'S ADVENTURE ANNUAL.

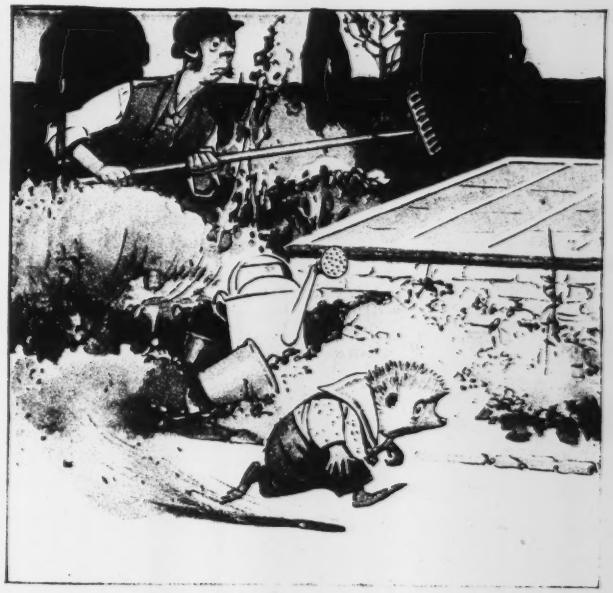
Illustrated in Colour and in Black-and-White. 5s. net. (Collins.)

This is the second number of an excellent annual for boys, and it contains a well-chosen selection of stories and articles exactly suited to the very exacting public for which they are intended. The uppermost theme in every boy's mind just now is war, our war, and half the tales in the volume are concerned with the great struggle now raging in Europe. Besides the wholesome stories (in which it may be observed that a high appreciation of France is paramount, a French boy being the favourite hero, a circumstance that is instructive as regards English psychology at the moment), there are clear, detailed and satisfying articles on aircraft, big guns, explosives and the like, which convey a reasonable amount of useful and necessary information and may be read profitably by boys of a larger growth. There are so many annuals for younger readers nowadays, and they are all so good in their kind, that it is difficult to make a selection, but you will be safe with Collins's anyhow. Altogether, this publication deserves high commendation as just the thing an honest normal boy will appreciate and enjoy.



From Mr. Fox: How He Went a Hunting. (*Warne.*)

HE RIDES OUT TO MEET THE OTHER HUNTSMEN.



From Mr. Prickles: How He Got Lost. (*Warne.*)

".... CHASES MR. PRICKLES WITH A RAKE."

THE ELEPHANT.

By AGNES HERBERT. (Hutchinson.)

A book for all who love the lore of the jungle and prefer their natural history presented in vivid biographical glimpses rather than in dusty glass cases. As becomes an adequate biography, "our hero"—the expression is the author's—is introduced at the moment of his birth: "He lay a weakling, unable to stand upon his pillarlike legs. . . . Not more than thirty-five inches high, the little animal had bulky limbs and a soft, smooth, pinkish skin altogether dissimilar to his mother's uneven bark-like covering, which rasped the calf file-wise as her flexible trunk played over his body tenderly, touching him here and there." And so, with a wealth of detail that can only be gleaned by patient and courageous observation, the author traces the jungle-life of the baby African elephant through snares and perils, thrills and joys, to a lusty prime and a bad-tempered old age. Coming from the pen of so experienced a traveller, the book makes absorbing reading for the animal lover and incidentally corrects more than one natural history fable in its course. It is illustrated most effectively by Winifred Austin.

IN FAR NORTH-EAST SIBERIA.

By J. W. SHKLOVSKY. Translated by L. EDWARDS and Z. SHKLOVSKY. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The farthest north-east of the Kolyma region is officially described as "unsuitable for human habitation," and the unhappy exiles who are transported there are recruited from the worst criminals. Most readers of this volume will probably conclude that the same official description could truthfully be applied to most of the ground covered in these travels. The writer passes lightly over the hardships of his undertaking, but the unvarnished tale records a story of astonishing endurance and cheerfulness amid scenes of no less astonishing squalor and primitive bestiality. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since the date of these travels, but they have not been supplanted and form a real contribution to the study of anthropology. The book is full of exciting incidents, and is a real accession to travel literature. The translation appears to be excellently done, and the book is equipped with a very good index and a large number of interesting and valuable illustrations.

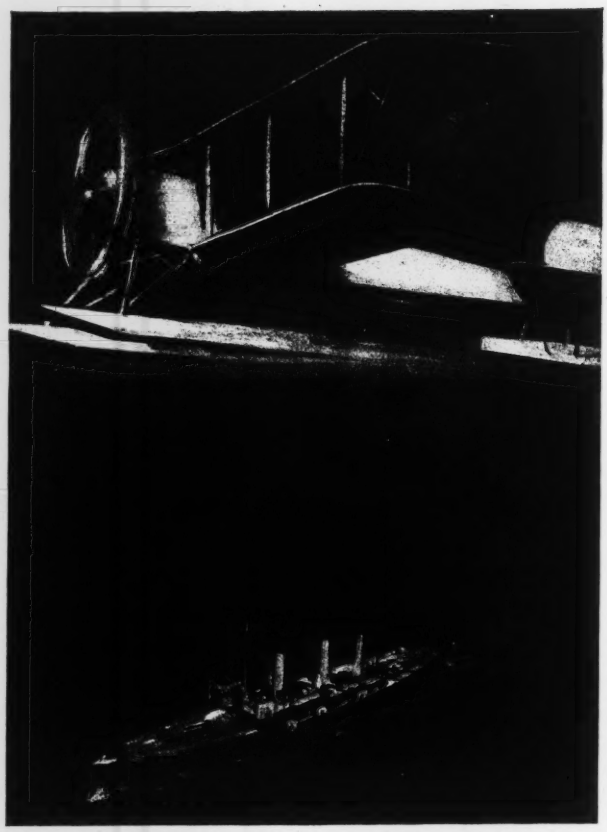
From The Elephant (*Hutchinson*).

"HE CAUGHT HIS ANTAGONIST WELL UNDER THE THROAT."

DREADNOUGHTS OF THE DOGGER.

By ROBERT LEIGHTON. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Robert Leighton has justly been acclaimed as the successor to Henty. His stories for boys are always sure of a hearty reception, and his latest "Dreadnoughts of the Dogger"—a tale of the war on the North Sea—contains all the elements that make for popularity. Full of adventures of the most exciting type, it relates the experiences of a gallant young Sea Scout who plays a noble part in the world-war, running many risks and performing many heroic deeds. The thrilling events in which he and his friends participate will keep boy-readers intensely interested for hours, for Mr. Leighton knows how to tell exactly the kind of story boys like. The action is brisk and vigorous, and the plot is developed in a succession of thrilling and vividly described incidents. The adventure-loving boy whose mind is impressed with the glamour of war will wish for no better reading.



From **Dreadnoughts of the Dogger** (*Ward, Lock*).

"A HUGE AIRSHIP AND A NUMBER OF AEROPLANES CAME OUT FROM HELIGOLAND."

HEMPFIELD

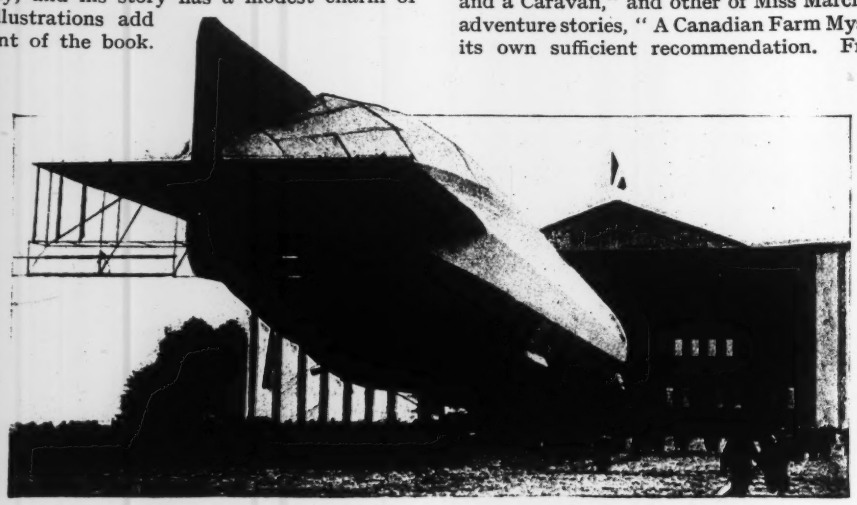
By DAVID GRAYSON. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Another of Mr. Grayson's sketches of an American "Cranford." For America has its Cranfords. New York is no more equivalent to America than Paris is to France, and little villages like "Hempfield" have their human and quiet interest for the observant eye. In these days of bloodshed and international issues, it is refreshing to slip aside for an hour to enjoy the inner life of this little community, to read about a country newspaper and how it is printed, and to follow the pretty love-thread that runs through the story. Mr. Grayson can etch this sort of picture delicately, and his story has a modest charm of its own. The illustrations add to the enjoyment of the book. It is true that the reader on this side of the Atlantic gets a start on one page, a start which the author probably did not mean to give. "I think sometimes that we do not yet appreciate"—he is writing primarily for Americans—"the influence of that great burst of idealism, which was the Civil War, upon the lives of the men of that generation, nor the part which Lincoln played in moulding the character of his time. Men who, even as boys, passed through the fire of that great time and learned to suffer with Lincoln could never again be quite small." Alas! Then and now! The European reader can hardly help reflecting, as he reads this passage, and wondering where that wave of idealism has spent its force. However, Mr. Grayson does not mean us to reflect at all in this way. He is out to interest us in the love-affairs of Anthy and Nort Carr, in the homely affairs of Hempfield, and in the atmosphere of village life. There is a quiet philosophy about the story which rests the mind, and the reader lays it down with a pleasant feeling of order and human interests. Even a country printing office can be made to yield romance. "One of the best ways to attract and interest other people is by going about one's own business as though it were the most wonderful and fascinating thing in the world. People soon begin to look on wistfully, begin to wonder what all this activity and triumphant joyousness is about, and are presently drawn to it as bees are drawn by a blooming clover field." This was how the office of what a rival called "The Weakly Star" began to be important and interesting for Hempfield. There is a dour Scotch compositor, there is also a Lincoln veteran, but the most vital figures are the woman in charge and the assistant, who play the eternal game of He and She.

A CANADIAN FARM MYSTERY, OR PAM THE PIONEER.

By BESSIE MARCHANT. Illustrated by CYRUS CUNEO. (Blackie.)

To those who have read "The Unknown Island," "A Girl and a Caravan," and other of Miss Marchant's captivating adventure stories, "A Canadian Farm Mystery" comes with its own sufficient recommendation. From the moment when Pam has her happy inspiration, to the end, where the mystery is solved in the last chapter but one, the youthful reader will find herself involved in suspense and surprise enough to hold her literally absorbed. A capital story, well contrived and very brightly written.



From **All About Inventions and Discoveries** (*Cassell*).

GERMAN ZEPPELIN.

THE IVORY SNUFF-BOX.

By ARNOLD FREDERICKS. 6s. (Simpkin.)

On his wedding-night Duvall is haled from the side of his wife to undertake a case of international importance—the story is set in the pre-war time—which necessitates his immediate departure from Paris to London. For Duvall is a great American detective, employed at present by the French Secret Service. On arriving in London he finds that the French ambassador has lost an ivory snuff-box, containing—well, what it contains is, rather unnecessarily, made a mystery for the greater part of the story. The scene soon shifts from London to Brussels, whither Duvall's wife, Grace, has preceded him. Here is enacted a particularly tense little drama, in which the villainous Dr. Hartmann, whose nationality it is unnecessary to particularise, plays a leading part. Mr. Arnold Fredericks knows how to write a good detective yarn, and "The Ivory Snuff-Box" is a good deal above the average of its class. It is a genuinely exciting story, and, as its publishers point out, it has the advantage of a continuous love interest. As a railway-train novel, you will find it hard to beat "The Ivory Snuff-Box."

From **The Marvels of Aviation** (*Seeley, Service*).

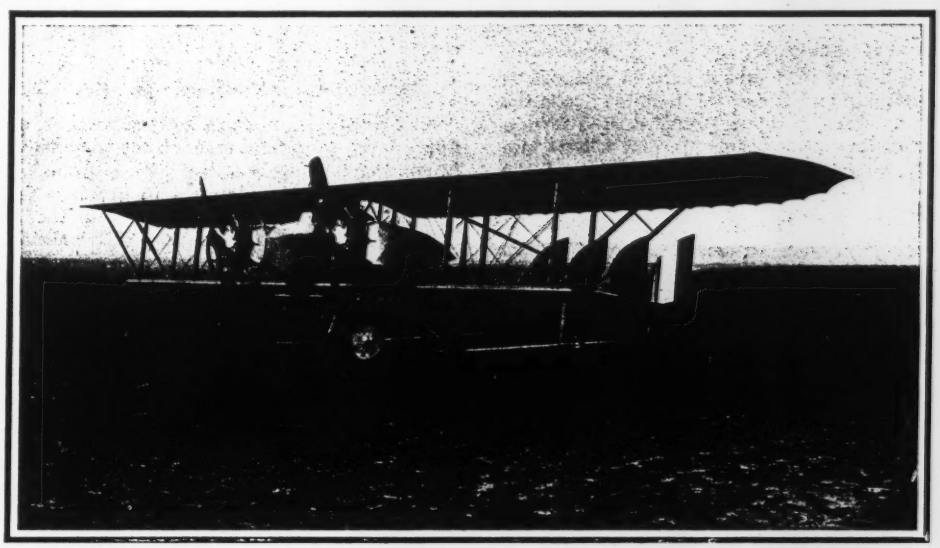
PAULHAN ON HIS HISTORIC FLIGHT FROM LONDON TO MANCHESTER IN APRIL, 1910.

ROUNTREE'S RIDICULOUS RABBITS:

The Furlimbunnie Family and Fun in the Furlimbunnie Inglenook.

Illustrated in Colour and Black-and-White by HARRY ROUNTREE. 1s. each. (H. Stevenson and Co.)

Here are two delightfully amusing little books designed for young children. Both are very fully illustrated in Mr. Harry Rountree's most effective manner—and only those who have children themselves can know how much that means, how deeply the inhabitants of the nursery appreciate the funny animals and the absurd antics that the artist knows so well how to depict. The text of each volume is brief—rather too brief, for the nonsense verse in which it is presented is above the average in quality. You will make no mistake this Christmas in expending a couple of shillings on "Rountree's Ridiculous Rabbits."



From **Aircraft of To-day** (*Seeley, Service*).

A "BRITISH CAUDRON" BIPLANE.

HEROINES OF THE WORLD WAR

By E. W. WALTERS. 2s. 6d. net. (Charles H. Kelly.)

This is a history of some of the women whose heroism and self-devotion in the great war have made their names illustrious. Nurse Edith Cavell, and "her valour, her tenderness, and her unmerited suffering," are portrayed in simple words. "I must have no hatred or bitterness to anyone." "The officer in charge shot her while she lay helpless." Simple words best fit the story of this great tragedy which supplies its own eloquence. Emilienne Moreau, heroine of Loos, whose silent courage amid experiences that drove weaker souls to madness and frenzy won for her the Croix de Guerre; Mabel Dearmer, reformer, heroine and martyr; Sister Myra Ivanovna, who, after ministering to the Russian sick and wounded, led a bayonet charge, and died, a frail girl of twenty, amidst her victorious soldiers; of Nurse Joan Martin-Nicholson, of Phyllis Campbell—of all these and others whose names on earth are dark, the book tells, and, after the war, the stories will remain amongst the imperishable records of our race. The chapter on "The Retreat in Serbia" is a story in itself, and the chapters on "Heroines All" and "Women Doctors" effectively round off a record of the heights to which human nature can rise as well (in the case of a brutish and blood-besotted people) of the depths to which it can sink. In no former war have women played a larger and in none have they played a more heroic part than they are playing in this.

From **Buster Brown and his Chum Tige** (*Chambers*).

CINDERELLA AT THE ZOO.

Verses by B. PARKER. Illustrated by N. PARKER. 6s. net. (Chambers.)

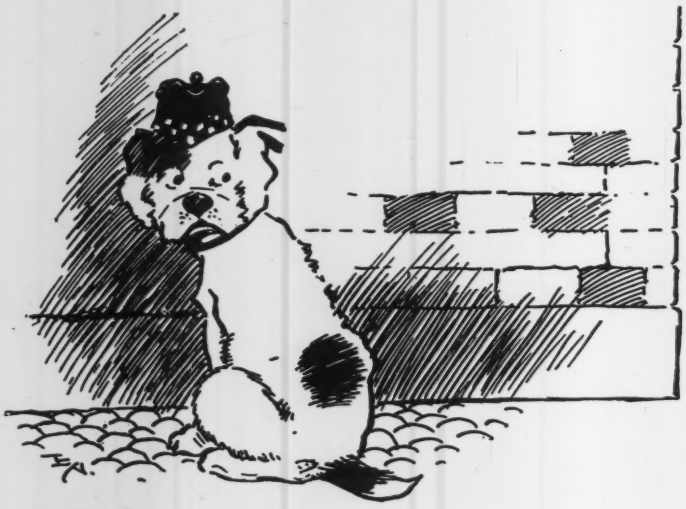
"I think for any girl or boy
There's not a place so full of joy
To visit as the London Zoo.
If you have been, you'll think so, too."

So sings Mr. B. Parker on his first page, but it would be even more full of joy if such things happened at the real Zoo as happen in these amusing pages. For here you have the animals, delightfully pictured in colour by Mr. N. Parker, all taking part in a grand pantomime of "Cinderella"—a dainty gazelle playing the heroine's part, a camel and a giraffe acting as the two proud sisters, a llama as Cinderella's step-mother, a hippopotamus as her father, the best brown bear as the Prince; and so on—all the story being unfolded in neat and clever verses and in sixteen large drawings in colour and more in line than the present reviewer has had time to count. It is a real children's book of the most delightful kind.

RAGS.

By ERNEST NOBLE. Illustrated. 3s. net. (Duckworth.)

This diary of a dog of war, told mainly in pictures, is thoroughly entertaining and one of the funniest books the war has produced. Rags, a comical rough-haired terrier, is disconsolate when his master joins up, and follows him to the barracks, where he becomes the mascot of the regiment. After making his presence felt by numerous pranks, cleverly depicted in Mr. Noble's pen-and-ink drawings, he stows himself away in a transport and is taken to France with the soldiers. Here he encounters more breathless adventures, finally receiving a "blighty" wound in the paw, going into hospital with his master, and being invalided home, safe and sound, the proud possessor of the V.C. The book will please youngsters immensely, and the soldier-dog Rags is undoubtedly destined to become a beloved inhabitant of the nursery.



From **Rags** (*Duckworth*).

WHAT KATY DID AT SCHOOL.

By SUSAN COOLRIDGE. 1s. (Nelson.)

Published in the "Children's Bookshelf" series, this favourite old story comes up anew in a delightful picture-book form, profusely illustrated with full-page drawings in colour by Miss Elsie Anna Wood. A classic among girls' stories, "What Katy Did at School" holds its ground, despite all later comers, and in this edition is admirably suitable as a Christmas gift for girls of all ages with a taste for reading.

From **Peacock Pie.**

A new edition of Mr. Walter de la Mare's book of verse for children, with illustrations by W. Heath Robinson.

(*Constable*).

THE SECRET VALLEY.

By MRS. HOBART HAMPDEN. 3s. (Wells Gardner, Darton.)

Mrs. Hobart Hampden's Indian stories are always warmly appreciated by young readers, for they strike a new note in children's books and deal with surroundings which are not only wrapped in mystery to the average Britisher, but which lend themselves to all manner of unusual, thrilling situations. "The Secret Valley" is a charming tale about three little English children, camping with their parents in the heart of an Indian forest, and describes how they discover in a forest temple a man of their own race who is under the influence of an old priest, and is believed by the native worshippers to be a god. He is a strange, wild creature, like a big baby, and has made friends with the animals of the jungle—even with the savage, solitary elephant, Ganesh. In his company, the children have all kinds of weird and wonderful experiences, and go in search of the Secret Valley where it is alleged the elephants crawl away to die. Whether they ever find the valley, and how they rescue the human "god" and establish his real identity, the writer tells in her graphic, intensely interesting way. Originality is the keynote of the book; it breaks from hackneyed ideas, and provides novelty and wholesome excitement for boys and girls alike.

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

By ELEANOR FARJEON. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

There is one thing to be glad of at the outset, and this is that a rather indefinite young lady named Joan was born on an undisclosed date one Monday morning, for we are assured in a dedicatory verse that:

"If little Joan had never been born,
These songs would have never been sung,"

and that would have been real matter for regret. For they are dainty, catchy, whimsical, queer, quaint songs that you read with great enjoyment even when they are most frivolous and trivial. For instance, the references to such ancient places as Clifford's Inn and Clement's Inn, to King's Cross and Bishopsgate, to Battersea and Pimlico and other places are undeniably disrespectful, to say the least of them, but it is only their fun, after all, and capital fun too. They are nursery rhymes of a new and jolly sort, and the illustrations of Mr. Macdonald Gill catch the odd, tricksy spirit of them very happily.

From Nursery Rhymes of London Town (*Duckworth*). KING'S CROSS.

TEDDY TAIL IN FAIRYLAND.

By CHARLES FOLKARD. 1s. 6d. net. (Black.)

Here is another rollicking "Teddy Tail" book, brimful of merry adventures told in verse and illustrated with a quantity of clever drawings. Mr. Charles Folkard has ingeniously woven together the well-known fairy tales and the amazing experiences of the famous mouse, Teddy Tail. Teddy, through the unsolicited assistance of Jack Frost, finds himself transported to Fairyland, where he renders service to the Babes in the Wood, Red Riding Hood and her grandmother, falls in with Dick Whittington, rides to London on the Cat's back, and drives Cinderella to the ball. It is he and no other who puts to flight the Forty Thieves, finds the Sleeping Beauty, climbs Jack's beanstalk, and, after numerous contests with giants and dragons, seeks shelter at last in the house of the Three Bears. The whole production is a delightful picture-book which will give children untold amusement and will bring Teddy an even wider circle of admirers—for a more comical, more venturesome character than Teddy Tail it would be difficult to find.

THE RIVAL CAPTAINS.

By RICHARD BIRD. 3s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

The popularity of the public school story never fluctuates among boys. Other types of story come and go, but the school story, with its capacity for all manner of adventure and accidents, holds a permanent place in every boy's heart. "The Rival Captains" is a rattling good yarn which will thoroughly appeal to the school-boy spirit. The rivalry between Colquhoun, the House Captain, and Watt, the Sports Captain of Dipcote School, forms the substance of an excellent story. How Watt is tempted to sacrifice the honour of Dipcote to his jealousy, and how Colquhoun, in spite of all opposition, at last succeeds in capturing the regard of the whole school, makes an absorbingly interesting tale in which there is a wealth of fun and excitement, thrilling "footer" matches, and a panorama of lively incidents.

From Teddy Tail in Fairy Land (*Black*).

"INSIDE THE CASTLE DOOR SO HIGH
WE HEARD AN AWFUL FUSS.
A GREAT TWO-HEADED GIANT THEN
RUSHED OUT AND MADE FOR US."

WITH JOFFRE AT VERDUN.

By CAPTAIN F. S. BRERETON. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

Two young Frenchmen, both of them enjoying the advantage of having been at an English public school, and of English tailoring, etc., are in Berlin at the outbreak of the present Great War. They find themselves promptly ensconced in Ruhleben, where they do not enjoy themselves, but after some time of dreary captivity, in company with an Englishman also held in Ruhleben they manage to escape from the camp, and after many humdrum and thrilling episodes and adventures, they arrive at Louvain, whence a Belgian patriot helps them by underground passage to get into Dutch territory. So to England, and then the three part, the Englishman to join Kitchener's army, the Frenchmen, who had both, of course, been through their military service, to join the colours, and to form part of the forces covering Verdun. There they were in February, 1916, when the German onslaught was launched against the fortress, and they shared in the grim unequal struggle first in the trenches, and then in Fort Douaumont, of whose capture by the Brandenburgers a vivid detailed and dramatic picture is given, while the heroes are responsible for many fine feats of daring and courage. Of course the book was written before the French Army wrote in blood and flame the most recent chapter in the true story of Verdun, the recapture of Douaumont and Vaux, but it gives the reader a stirring and noble picture of the terrific weight of the German attack and of the courage and fighting power of the French troops who resisted that irresistible blow, worried the attack till it slackened, and then suddenly stiffened up and swept the Germans back.

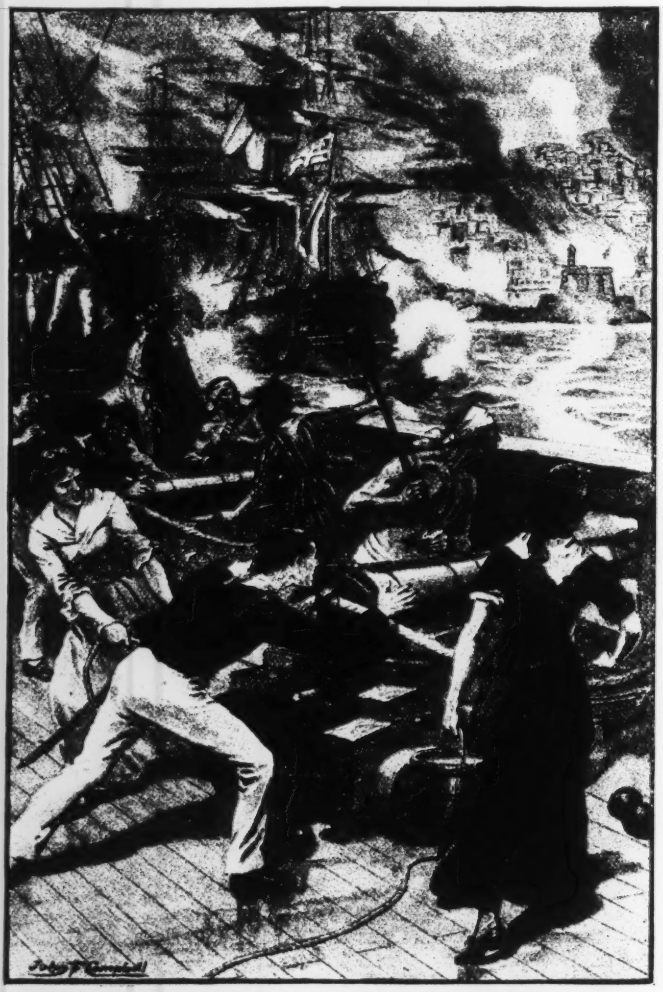
From With Joffre at Verdun (*Blackie*).

"THE SERGEANT OF HENRI'S PLATOON, ONE ARM DANGLING HELPLESS BY HIS SIDE, STRETCHED OUT A BRAWNY HAND AND GRIPPED OUR HERO'S."

HALF A GIPSY.

By CHRISTINE FIELD. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

Mr. Melrose has been in difficulties over the publication of "Half a Gipsy," for after sending in the MS. from a Russian address the author has been unfindable, and remains so. Accordingly a committee of three—Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. C. K. Shorter and Miss Smith Dampier—have consented to look after the author's interests, and have agreed to the publishing proposal put before them. It is hoped that the publication of the novel will lead to the discovery of the author. Meanwhile, "Half a Gipsy" is a pleasant and interesting story of the adventures of an English governess in Russia, with particular stress upon her love affair with a great singer, who supplies the book with its rather meaningless and unattractive title. "Christine Field" depicts life in the higher social circles of Russia vividly and with much skill. She is evidently a close observer. "Half a Gipsy," in fact, is a novel that is well worth reading, and if, as seems likely, it is a first attempt, it must be acknowledged that the author shows much promise for the future.



From Daring Deeds of Famous Pirates (*Seeley, Service*).

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF PIONEERS.

By ERIC WOOD. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

A glorious book this for the youngster with the spirit of adventure in his composition—and what youngster is without it nowadays?—containing, as it does, descriptions of the struggles and trials of the advance guard in a dozen different fields of human progress. Here are related in vivid, entrancing fashion the adventures and hairbreadth escapes of the trappers Radisson and Hearne; the discoveries of the scientists Simpson, Davy, and others; the travels of Mungo Park, and the work of Brooke of Sarawak; the missionary journeys of Livingstone; and the explorations of Speke, Grant, Baker, Cameron, and Stanley. Other chapters tell of the men who conquered the air, of the lady who gallantly attempted to unveil the mystery of Lhasa, of those who fought and suffered for liberty, of those who wrested the secrets from the heart of Australia, of those who tried to open up a trade route through the Land of the Yellow Man, and of those who carried the steel tracks through forests, over mountains, and across deserts. Special space is devoted to the story of Burke and Wills, the discovery of the Poles, and the search for El Dorado. Mr. Wood makes us proud of our record, for it is the Englishman who has led the van in most of these daring enterprises.

From Rounding up the Raider (*Blackie*).

A NAVAL VENTURE

By FLEET-SURGEON T. T. JEANS, R.N. With 6 Illustrations by FRANK GILLETT, R.I., and a Map. 6s. (Blackie.)

Fleet-Surgeon Jeans's books for boys are already well known; and they have been widely appreciated for their freshness and high spirits. But in "A Naval Venture" we have no hesitation in saying that he has beaten his previous best. Here, bound up with an interesting and attractive story, he presents us with a stirring account of the part played by the Navy in the ill-fated Gallipoli expedition. It is written with all the vigour and humour of his earlier work and it possesses also the carefulness in matters of detail which could only be given to it by one who has taken part in the adventures that he describes so vividly. "A Naval Venture," indeed, is a good deal more than a story designed for the entertainment of boys. It is history in its best and most attractive form, and we fully concur with its publishers' claim that it "gives a picture more realistic than any portrayed by special correspondents." We have every hope that as a literary venture this thrilling story will meet with the success it so fully deserves.

From A Naval Venture (*Blackie*). "AIM LOW, SONNY! AIM LOW. YOU WILL SEE YOUR BULLET-SPLASHES."

make a very attractive trio of heroes for this naval yarn. The Japanese ship was unlucky enough to fall in with the *Pelikan*, a German commerce raider plying her furtive and dangerous job in the Southern Ocean, and while all the crew and passengers were sent off in the ship's boats, the three British officers were taken on board the German ship and held as prisoners. The luck and the brisk alert resourcefulness of the young British navy stand them in good stead, and one of them escapes, and finds his way to one of the cruisers that are in pursuit of the *Pelikan*. The German ship makes good her escape to the German East African coast, having first picked up an Argentine steamer laden with reservists and munitions meant for the defence of the German Colony. Again luck, daring and deftness help the British subs to discover the German plans: the *Pelikan* goes up a river for some miles, and landing guns and torpedo tubes, and disguising herself as a palm-clothed island, prepares to fight desperately before succumbing to the British forces closing in upon her. The two subs manage to get away and capture a canoe, in which they are picked up at sea by one of a monitor flotilla, and find it in command of the third of their trio. The end of all is of course the defeat of the German force and its capture. The tale is bright, adventurous, wholesome and the incidents have a kind of solid basis in the career of the *Moewe* and the fate of the *Koenigsberg*.

From The Boy's Book of Pioneers (*Cassell*). "THE WHITES PUT UP A VALIANT FIGHT."

ROUNDING UP THE RAIDER.

By PERCY F. WESTERMAN. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

Young England, young Scotland, young Ireland in the persons of three young naval officers coming home from Singapore on a Japanese liner,

From **Wanted, An English Girl** (*Partridge*).

From **The Tuck-Shop Girl** (*Chambers*).

"THEO HAD TAKEN THE FIRE IN HAND AND WAS COAXING IT TO BURN."

MRS. MANNING'S WARDS.

By MAY BALDWIN. 4s. (Chambers.)

Mrs. Manning lived at Bowcester, but she had no friends there. To everyone she was just a stiff, disagreeable, miserly, mean woman who would not permit acquaintances. And when it was known that she was to have two wards, a boy and a girl, there was much speculation, and definite prophecy of a miserable time for the wards. They arrived, Cuthbert and Jessica Standish, and while Mrs. Manning certainly was neither kind nor cordial, they made good friends in the rector and his wife. Life was not easy, for though Cuthbert was a fine, engaging young gentleman, Jessica was a very shy, fastidious girl, finding it impossible to express her affectionate feelings and equally impossible to conceal her shrinking from people of inferior manners and ethics. But in the end good breeding and true sweetness of character won through, and Mrs. Manning

From **Mrs. Manning's Wards** (*Chambers*).

"WHAT DO YOU WANT? I HAVE NO MONEY."

was conquered. Then it appeared that the wards were really of a noble family, and Cuthbert the heir to his uncle, Lord Bentley, with only one life between him and the title. His father had been director of an unfortunate company which smashed, involving many people, but Lord Bentley finally paid all creditors, left Cuthbert much money in his will, and immediately got himself killed hunting, with the most satisfactory results for Mrs. Manning and her wards.

THE TUCK-SHOP GIRL.

A School Story of Girl Guides. By ELSIE JEANETTE OXENHAM. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

Miss Oxenham's new story is surely one that will be highly popular with all schoolgirls and more especially, perhaps, with those who belong to the Girl Guides, for while bright and fresh in manner it is charmingly natural

and attractive in matter. We see a small Scots girl who has been brought up to a more or less lonely life in the north who comes to a London suburb to stay with an uncle, that she may go to a school. Owing to the illness of her aunt at the time of her arrival, she and Jock are sent to lodge at a quaint cottage notable for the many pets that are kept there by "Mrs. Noah." They early make the acquaintance of Prue, the tuckshop girl, and Jinty, the impulsive little Scot, has already by unconventional methods learned a good deal about the school to which she is to be sent, and has even done considerable mischief there before she becomes a pupil. Her way of doing things on the spur of the moment, without any consideration, leads her again and again into trouble so that the word "jintyism" comes to be devised for her particular doings, and it is a formidable list of jintyisms that has been drawn up before the close. It is a pleasant and engaging story, and Prue will come to be regarded as a friend by many readers.

From Jim and Wally (*Ward, Lock*).

"'HOLD TIGHT TO THE RAIL,' JIM'S VOICE SAID IN NORAH'S EAR."

JIM AND WALLY.

By MARY GRANT BRUCE. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Jim and Wally are two plucky Australian soldiers who, being severely "gassed" in France, are invalided home to England, where Jim's father and sister are awaiting them in a state of feverish anxiety. The little party, happy at being reunited, take a trip over to Ireland, and after a restful holiday—far removed from the strife and bloodshed and the agonising strain of waiting for news—are instrumental in actively serving their King and Country, in that corner of the globe. How this comes to pass, bringing them a thrilling nocturnal experience, in which everybody concerned plays a valiant part, readers must discover for themselves; suffice it to say that this is a book which will be hugely enjoyed by girls and boys alike, and is one of the most striking war-stories for young people we have read this Christn as.

From Three Sailor Girls (*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

"'OH YES, BUT I WISH YOU'D GO BELOW!'"

From The Fortune Face (*Nelson*).

"YES, SURE ENOUGH IT IS THE FORTUNE FACE! BEHOLD!"

CASSELL'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.

3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Cassell's Annual is as good as ever this year, with stories and verse by all the favourite writers for children, and illustrations in line and colour. Funny tales, mystery tales, tales about good children, and tales about naughty children throng its pages, and jostle with almost every other kind of tale imaginable. While as for the pictures—well, such names as Harry Rountree, Mabel Lucie Attwell, Arthur Rackham, C. E. Brock and others call forth anticipations, which a glance into the volume more than adequately justifies.

THREE SAILOR GIRLS.

By E. E. Cowper. Illustrated in Colour by N. Tenison. 3s. 6d. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Many girl readers may have met before now the three sailor heroines of this thrilling story—the twins, Gillian and Jacqueline Armitage and their friend, Cecil Brand. Those who have actually made their acquaintance will come to this volume with all the excitement which greets a good sequel. But those who have never met these sailor girls before will be even better off, for they will be able to double their pleasure by going back to the earlier book. The first chapter of this new book finds the three girls in consultation. Cecil, the eldest, a really clever sailor, has proposed a cruise round the coast in a safe fishing lugger; the twins fear that their mother will not consent. Mrs. Armitage did consent, however, secretly comforted by the limits which the war regulations placed upon all boats, and on a glorious sunny, calm day the start was made. But before that start was actually made, the note of mystery in the story has been struck, and we feel sure that our three heroines are fated to meet with adventures. Well, with war on land and sea there is plenty

FAIRY-TAILORS.

From Cassell's Children's Annual (*Cassell*).

of opportunity for sharp girls to see important and dangerous things, if important and dangerous things are happening, and the trip which began as a pleasure cruise became a serious matter before it came to an end; and the sailor-girls had the great pride of feeling that they had helped their country in a valuable way, even though they had undergone some rather dreadful hours before they brought things to a successful close. It would not be fair to tell the story; we will only heartily recommend it.

THE FORTUNE FACE.

By W. B. Cooke. 3s. 6d. net. (Nelson.)

This is a story of the eighteenth century in which a young lad called Dick Raven, loitering on the Cornish coast with a fowling-piece on his shoulder and an alert eye for unwary rabbits, catches sight of a stranger in a lonely cove, reputed to be haunted, carving a curious inscription on a piece of rock. Little he guesses as he lies full length upon the turf watching the man's operations, that this incident is the forerunner to a series of exciting adventures, and that he is a to be a prime mover in them. When the stranger has gone, he takes an impression of the inscription on the rock, which is quite unintelligible to him, but which commences to disclose a secret his grandfather has been tracking down for years. The old scheme of a treasure island is worked out in an entirely fresh way, and the advent of two rival parties hunting for the treasure simultaneously, each a menace to the other, creates plenty of thrills. Dick has several narrow escape and shows himself on each occasion to be a noble, manly fellow possessed of fortitude and honour. It is a wholesome, spirited romance, written by one who knows to a detail the kind of book boys like to read.

From The Masterpieces of La Fontaine
Illustrated by Van Quiller Allan
(*Blackwell*).

SCENES FROM SOME OF THE FABLES.

From Dainty Work for Busy Fingers
(*Partridge*).

THE MAGIC KISS.

By Christine Chaundler. 1s. net. (Cassell.)

This dainty story-book for children, contains all the charm and grace of a real old-fashioned fairy-tale, with enchanting illustrations by Miss Florence Mary Anderson. Little Pierrot loves the beautiful Princess Elva, but he is only a page in her father's court and may not play with her as the other fairies do. One day the wicked goblins cast a spell over her and take all her beauty away; she is distracted with grief, but Pierrot determines to break the spell and travels far and wide, daring all sorts of perils to try to discover an antidote. Just when he thinks he has succeeded in his quest, the stupid court alchemists spoil his recipe and Pierrot and the Princess are in despair. But after all the poor little page lights on the right cure, and everything ends up in the happy fairy-tale manner.

COVER DESIGN.
From Stand By
(*Pearsons*).

From A Young Lion of Flanders (*Headley*).

"I WANTED TO BE A HERO; TELL THEM I DID NOT DIE A COWARD."

OLIVER HASTINGS, V.C.

A Realistic Story of the Great War By ESCOTT LYNN. Illustrated. 5s. (Chambers.)

In a previous story Mr. Escott Lynn has told of the earlier adventures in the Great War of Oliver Hastings and his close chum Vivian Drummond. In the new book he takes up the record of their experiences from the summer of 1915 when they were appointed to the Wessex battalion commanded by Oliver's father. Their new adventures begin from the very first day on which they reach their new training camp, and they are instrumental in saving a loaded troop train from destruction by the machinations of a German spy. That same spy turns up again and again until at last he is captured and shot. Before that time the reader has followed the adventures of the comrade-heroes in France and out to the East, and has had many vivid descriptions of fighting and of the episodes which attend those marked out for adventurous careers. Oliver and Vivian, after service in France, get sent East on a special mission, and have experiences at Salonika and Gallipoli before

From Oliver Hastings, V.C. (*Chambers*).

"AS YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER, I COMMAND YOU, GO TO YOUR MEN, SIR."

they return to the Western front and knowledge of the new honours that have been awarded them. Their story is told in a bright and spirited fashion which will delight the youthful readers for whom it is designed.

From Dicky—Knight-Errant (*Ward, Lock*).

"'I SHALL HAND YOU OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES, OF COURSE,' ANSWERED DICKY, GRAVELY."

DICKY, KNIGHT-ERRANT.

By ISABEL M. PEACOCKE. With Illustrations by HAROLD COPPING. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Richard John Stanley, otherwise "Dicky," was nine years old and a Boy Scout; and being just that age he

was in far greater dread of losing his dignity than if he had been nineteen. He had, therefore, his trials when his mother called him "darling," or wanted to kiss him; and when other people, too, thought him a *little* boy. But Dicky was really a manly boy, and quite the right material for a Boy Scout. The story is told in eight chapters, and each chapter has as its motto one of the Scouts' Rules, beginning with "A Scout's duty is to help others"; and ending with "A Scout is prompt and resourceful." The amount of "helping" that Dicky managed was immense, and it included such important things as the bringing together of parted lovers, and even the securing of a German spy or two. Very exciting are some of the young Scout's doings, and we are happy and relieved to find that before we close the book, Dicky has become simultaneously a corporal and a hero. The story goes quickly, and is never mawkish; it is written with touches of humour, and yet with a distinct tenderness for the very youthful knight-errant; and if any Boy Scout happens to acquire the book as a Christmas gift, he might do very much worse than take hints from Richard John Stanley's code of honour.

From The Chummy Book (*Nelson*).

THE SALUTE.

THE WONDER BOOK OF SOLDIERS.

Edited by HARRY GOLDING. Illustrated. 3s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

This is not only a wonder book—it is also a wonderful book. That so little money can buy so much is among the surprises it gives you. It was first published just before the war, and ran through several large editions, and is here presented in a new and improved form with many fresh features based on the experience we have gained in warfare in the last two and a half years. Briefly, though it is intended for boys and girls, it is an up-to-date primer on all subjects of military interest. There are ten admirable colour plates by well-known military artists, and nearly three hundred photographs depicting almost every phase of Army life in peace and war. The writers of the many articles know how to convey information in a bright and attractive manner, and in its new and ampler form there can be no doubt that "The Wonder Book of Soldiers" will score a bigger success than ever.

From The Wonder Book of Soldiers (*Ward, Lock*).

DINNER IN THE TRENCHES.

MORE ABOUT THE SQUIRRELS.

By ELEANOR TYRRELL. (Nelson.)

Responding to requests from unknown friends in all parts of the world, Miss

Eleanor Tyrrell has published another book about her squirrel pets which all animal-lovers will greatly appreciate. Fritz, a beautiful German squirrel, has enjoyed the liberty of her garden for four years, and of him and his various companions Miss Tyrrell writes with tender sympathy. "There came a day at the end of June," she tells us, "when Fritz brought a son and heir to the nuts on the stump. The stump, I must explain, was near the squirrel house in the back garden and was in full view of my window. The youngster was a lovely colour, almost orange, with a smart, bushy tail. Fritz at this time was changing his tail and was a lamentable object in that respect—his shiny little appendix had hardly a hair on it. I was amused at his elderly paterfamilias ways—'twizzling' his bald tail in mock anger and carefully hiding away several nuts for future occasions. And this reminds me that I never saw him bury his nuts as the Surrey squirrels did. He preferred to hide them in the forks of the trees, or in the ivy, or in deserted birds' nests." Some of the anecdotes are lively, while others are distinctly pathetic, but Miss Tyrrell's untiring interest in the ways and manners of her pets will be highly esteemed by those who understand and share her affection for all dumb creatures. Miss Honor Appleton's pen and brush have beautified the book with several delightful drawings.

From More About Squirrels (*Nelson*).

"LAURENCE HID HIMSELF IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE."

JUDY AND THE OTHERS.

By VIOLET BRADBY. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Children who love a really natural story about children should find "Judy and the Others" much to their taste. It is a sympathetic study of an artistic family circle, in which Judy does her best to shoulder the duties of her dead mother. Judy is a high-spirited, unselfish girl, and though longing to continue her studies, she stifles her longing and keeps house for her father and brothers and sister. The chapter in which Judy engages a general servant, and the interview between her and Selina Smith are decidedly amusing. Judy's father is an architect, and the whole family are vegetarians, and wear "art" dresses and sandals: people look upon them as cranks, but they are far from being cranks, as the story shows: and the many friends and acquaintances they meet, as the plot develops, keep the reader highly entertained throughout. How Judy's "wishing-well" wish came true, and how an unexpected happening sets everything running smoothly and relieves Judy, is told ably and interestingly. The book has a number of delightful illustrations by H. M. Brock.

MOTHER MARY.

A Story for Girls. By L. T. MEADE. Illustrated by JOHN PETTS. 4s. (Chambers.)

There is perhaps something of a sameness about the stories of Mrs. L. T. Meade—a sameness of characterisation and of "situation," and readers of "Mother Mary" will find the story a variant of such imbroglios as she has dealt with many times. Here we have a highly successful Harley Street doctor whose wife has died a couple of years earlier, and who suddenly has it brought home to him that his twin daughters, aged sixteen, and their two brothers need more looking after than he can possibly give them. He promptly marries a young woman of four-and-twenty, and the development of the story is largely concerned with the relations of the rebellious twins to their stepmother. The two girls—very different in character—have formed a couple of friendships, Marjorie with the fine daughter of a big shopkeeper, and Rose with an unsatisfactory girl of a lower class. Out of the latter friendship develops all the trouble which makes misery in the Harley Street home, and sows distrust and suspicion among loving people. It is, perhaps, not precisely a convincing story, but its incidents are varied, and it will please those readers who have found entertainment in Mrs. Meade's earlier romances of girl-life.

From The Cradle Ship (*Cassell*). HIGH ABOVE THE TOWN.

STORIES FOR THE STORY HOUR.

By ADA M. MARZIALS. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

This is a hint for Father Xmas: "If you know a particularly nice grown-up person who tells fairy tales to small children, put a copy of this book in her (or his) stocking—and you will open up an entirely new world for the children *and* the story-teller." For here is a book-ful of new and original fairy tales, told with "just the right touch," by Miss Ada M. Marzials: there is a quality of freshness and vivacity that makes the stories uncommonly attractive. It is hopeless to try and choose a favourite from among the tales—they are all good; whether it is "The Cobbler," "The Twilight Fairy," "The Bowl of Mist," or the story of Hickamore and Hackamore, who (and this may be news to you) are "on the King's Kitchen Door." What happened to them, and how the gloomy King, failing to get them to come round to the front door, eventually managed to see them, is a story that will delight the heart of every child who hears it. How many children know who Hickamore and Hackamore are? You see them nearly every day of your life, only you don't know that these are their real names. Probably you call them—but it is hardly fair to tell. Miss Marzials is to be cordially thanked; and so will Father Xmas be, if he is wise enough to take a hint.

THE CRADLE-SHIP.

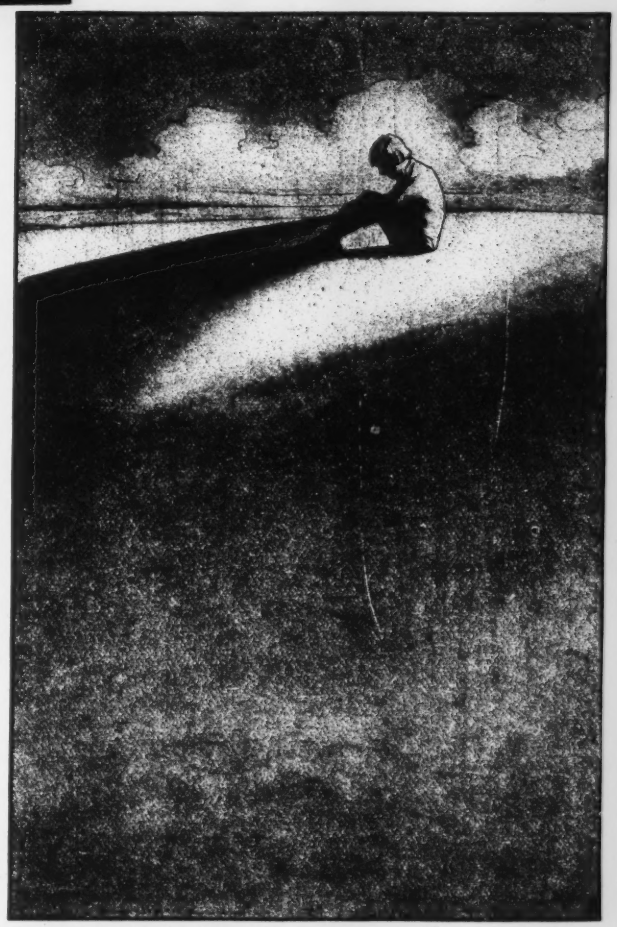
By EDITH HOWES. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

This charming story-book is in reality a guide to Babyland, and, besides being a thoroughly enjoyable fairy tale, contains a vast amount of instructive information told in an exceedingly attractive manner. Miss Howes reveals Nature's mysteries in the course of a pleasing and cleverly-written narrative which shows how two little children with their father and fairy-mother fly away to Babyland in a magic cradle-ship, and are initiated into the wonders of the animal-world. The four beautiful colour plates by Miss Florence Mary Anderson add considerably to the value of the book, which Miss Howes has written in the hope that it may be of permanent benefit to young people. We feel sure that parents will greatly appreciate the writer's object and will be glad to put such a helpful volume into their children's hands, so that they may learn of the wonders of life in the most agreeable way imaginable. "The Cradle Ship" fills a long-felt want in uniting common sense with idealism, and fact with fancy, on the world-old question of creation which so often puzzles the youthful mind.

THE MARVELS OF SCIENTIFIC INVENTION.

By THOMAS W. CORBIN. With 14 Illustrations from Photographs and 15 Diagrams. 3s. 6d. (Seeley, Service.)

The first volume of the Marvel Library makes an excellent start to that series. It is well printed, attractively produced and fully illustrated—and, above all, it is inexpensive. Mr. Corbin, too, is an admirable writer of popular science, and in the subject he has set himself he makes good use of his opportunities. His nineteen chapters, excellent descriptions of the difficulties with which inventors have had to contest, and of the methods of manufacture of—among other things—modern artillery, torpedoes, submarines, wireless telegraphy, and colour photography. Other chapters treat of mines, freezing, smelting, and kindred subjects. The book is written in a concise and simple manner, with a careful avoidance—so far as is possible—of any kind of technical language. "The Marvels of Scientific Invention" is a model of its kind.



From Stories for the Story Hour (*Harrap*). WHERE DO STORIES COME FROM?

From The Strand Fairy Book (*Newnes*).

"WHILST HE THUS RESTED SHE PLACED ON HIM A SUIT OF GOLDEN ARMOUR."

CHRISTOPHER'S ADVENTURES IN GOBLIN LAND.

By JANET S. TRAILL. 1s. 3d. net. (Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell.)

Christopher is a little boy who plays "pretend games" and indulges in "thinks." One day, wearying of amusing himself with his playthings, he curls up in an arm-chair and begins to "think"—and almost at once he becomes involved in the drollest and most surprising happenings you ever heard of. The clock on the mantelpiece commences to talk, and directs him to Goblinland, to which wonderful place he journeys in his toy train accompanied by his gollywog. Together they visit the Goblin nursery, are introduced to the Goblin King and are able to take a peep at Toyland, before the nursery clock sends Christopher a telegram telling him it is time to go home again. The Goblins are queer, deadly solemn little creatures, and Miss Traill ingeniously introduces many fantastic ideas, all manner of funny Goblin customs, and quaint adventures, which children will find uncommonly diverting. The book is cleverly illustrated by Leslie P. Hope.

THE STRAND FAIRY BOOK.

(Newnes).

It is quite a mistaken idea that the modern child does not care about fairy-stories; the host of fairy books every Christmas calls into existence is evidence to the contrary. As a matter of fact, the old "impossible" fairy-story never loses its allurement for fanciful young readers, and consequently the "Strand Fairy Book" with its collection of tales which are both new and entertaining, will meet with an eager reception from many quarters. The fortunate Wittysplinter, the King's favourite, who is cute enough to outwit giants, subdue fiery steeds, and baffle all his enemies; who triumphs in every undertaking and is never once thwarted, deserves to rank among such gallants as Jack of Beanstalk fame, and the persevering Dick Whittington. The same can be said of Lillekort too, for Lillekort slays a monster with fifteen heads; and of courageous Prince Azgid, and the many other heroes who figure through the pages. The stories grip the imagination and are every one of them well worth reading. They are profusely illustrated with line drawings and a handsome frontispiece in colour.

From The Strand Fairy Book (*Newnes*).

"WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR THAT WHEEL?"

From The Arabian Nights' Entertainments (*Seeley, Service*).

"I PERCEIVED THAT HE WAS SITTING UPON A THRONE ADORNED WITH PEARLS AND JEWELS."

MADGE MOSTYN'S NIECES.

By L. T. MEADE. 5s. (Chambers.)

Miss Madge Mostyn, a quiet, middle-aged lady, through her own kind-heartedness and generosity, suddenly finds her house besieged by an army of nieces, separated from their parents for various reasons, and entrusted to her motherly care. She is obliged to secure governesses to attend to their education and upbringing, and obtains the services of a mysterious young person who passes by the name of Clotilda Mountjoy, but is in reality concealing her true identity. Coralie, one of the nieces, and the least lovable of them all, accidentally discovers this secret and uses it as a weapon against Clotilda, to blackmail her, so to speak, into obeying her wishes. The deception of

the unfortunate governess, and the dishonour and selfishness of Coralie, bring disaster to Miss Mostyn's unconventional little school; but peace and happiness are restored ultimately when repentant confessions are made, mysteries cleared up, and a spirit of love and sympathy established in the houseful of girls. The plot is well worked out, and girls who enjoy Mrs. L. T. Meade's stories will find this one comes fully up to their expectations.

ENGLISH NURSERY RHYMES.

Selected and Edited by L. Edna Walter, B.Sc., A.C.G.I. Harmonised by Lucy E. Broadwood. Illustrated by Dorothy M. Wheeler. Price 5s. net. (Black.)

Three ladies share the honour of producing one of the most charming of this year's Christmas books for children. One lady has selected and edited a number of our favourite old nursery rhymes, choosing the words and music from the most authentic sources. Another lady has harmonised these good old tunes, so that the lucky children who get this book can sing the rhymes—while someone plays the accompaniment on the piano. And the third lady (though she is mentioned last her share is far from being the least) has completed the work by adding a number of most beautiful and appropriate illustrations. In colour and design these pictures are delightful—each one so perfect that one wants to take it out and frame it, so as to have it always before one's eyes. The artist has been very generous with her gift, for there are thirty-two full page pictures in colour, besides decorative borders and about sixty headings and tailpieces. Altogether it is a book that is sure to be warmly welcomed by English children the world over.

From English Nursery Rhymes (*Black*). "Boys and Girls Come out to Play."

THE FAIRIES OF THE ELEMENTS.

By Gertrude E. Beetham. 1s. net. (Warne).

Quaint and picturesque fancies distinguish Miss Beetham's little book "The Fairies of the Elements." Her stories are woven around the fairies of Nature—water-sprites, air-sprites, flower-sprites, and other dream-creatures who have their home in the imagination of every happy child. The story of the little wandering stream of Cam Fell which runs down into the valley, bubbling with merriment, and ultimately develops into a staid river, surging into the mighty ocean to bear forward the powerful battleships and so take its share in its country's warfare, is a pretty idea and told in a simple style children will understand. "Ariel Wins," "The Flowers Put Their Heads Together," "The Quarrel of the Sprites" and "Billie and the Butterfly" are equally well written, and together make a book of attractive qualities. There is an elegant coloured frontispiece, and several choice little drawings in pen-and-ink.

From Fairies of the Elements (*Warne*). "Were not these the good fairies?"

MISS QUIXOTE.

By Violet M. Methley. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Ariel Falkiner deserves the half satiric, half affectionate, name of Miss Quixote, for surely there has never been either in real life or fiction a girl who so complicated things by her habit of self-sacrifice. In love with Andrew Carstairs, she disguises her own feelings, gives up her hospital post, and sets out on a voyage to Australia with the intention of looking after his sweetheart Daisy Alsager, a friendless girl, who has been ordered this long sea trip as a means of recuperation. The passage is exciting for Ariel, as she arouses the jealousy of a foreign pianist named Isolde Casanova, and the latter tries twice to murder her. On the boat acting as steward is a mysterious personage

From The Rosebud Annual (*Clarke*). THE ANGLER.

called Brown. He saves Ariel when she is flung overboard, and later is of great assistance to Daisy, Ariel, and Dr. Evans when they are cast away owing to the boat going down. Ariel and Brown fall in love with each other, but on their return to England she disappears, believing that he is the husband or lover of her friend Diva Tressilian. Of course the mystery is easily explained, and the end happy.

THE HONEST LAWYER.

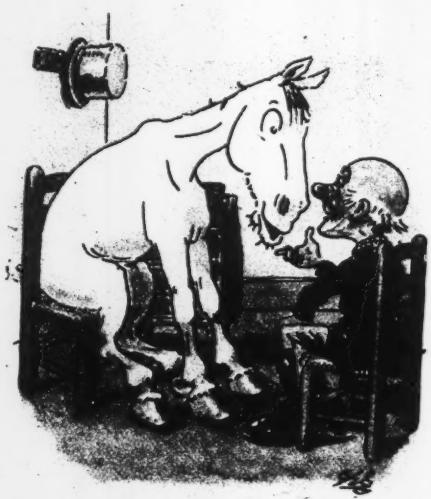
By G. V. McFADDEN. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

Greatly daring is any author, especially of the younger school, who lays the scenes of his story in Wessex, because of the comparison the reader is at once forced to make. Although a literary giant strides like a Colossus across that favoured land, Mr. McFadden fully justifies his right to make early nineteenth century Dorchester the venue of his excellent novel, which cannot be neglected by anyone who wants to keep abreast of the best fiction of the hour. The honest lawyer, who, under extraordinary circumstances, receives an offer of marriage from a charming lady of the manor, possesses an impressive individuality, and the duel which takes place between the two strongly-conceived characters grips the attention, and most readers will derive pleasure from the rustic chorus accompanying it. The intrusion of an aristocratic rogue, the infatuation of a country girl for the hero, and the complications arising out of a forged will, provide material for plenty of action. We think, however, the author would do well to consider more seriously the art of compression, his tendency being to talk too much about his characters. "The Honest Lawyer" has our hearty recommendation.

OLD NOT-TOO-BRIGHT AND LILY-WHITE.

By HAROLD SIMPSON.
1s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s Little Wonder Books are just the kind of books that bring an immeasurable amount of pleasure to children, and none of the series has fulfilled this function more thoroughly than does "Old Not-Too-Bright and Lily-White." Mr. G. E. Shepheard's amusing pictures, and Mr. Harold Simpson's entertaining verse combine to make a most fascinating little book; the humour is fresh and spontaneous, and the doings of the funny old man and his comical white horse cannot fail to provoke laughter. As a little Christmas gift for the small people nothing could be more acceptable.



From Old Not-too-Bright and Lily-White (*Ward, Lock*). "THE HORSE, A LITTLE CHARY, TOOK A CHAIR, AS HE WAS BID."

THE ADVENTURES OF TROOPER PEEK-A-BOO.

Told by MAY BRYON. Illustrated by CHLOE PRESTON. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Peek-a-Boos are an institution by now and always quite sure of a hearty welcome wherever they show their absurd chubby cheeks and goggle-eyes. An army without a Peek-a-Boo in it would, of course, be gravely behind the times, so it was quite in the nature of things for Timothy Peek-a-Boo to sell up his farm, mount his horse, and ride off to remedy this shortcoming in the British forces. Miss May Bryon recounts his amazing adventures with her usual whimsical humour, and Miss Chloe Preston's pictures are as amusing as ever. If there are any unfortunate children who have not yet made the acquaintance of the

From The Adventures of Trooper Peek-a-Boo (*Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton*).

DIBS PITCHED TROOPER PEEK-A-BOO OVER HIS HEAD.

Peek-a-Boos, it is to be hoped that through the generosity of their kind friends and relations they will be introduced to these quaint little people *this* Christmas, at all events. To give a child a Peek-a-Boo book is to give it a big helping of happiness.

From The Chunkies (*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

kind to please the little people. This year he offers them another budget of good things—twelve colour plates, a great number of clever drawings, a wealth of stories and pleasant verses—a rich feast for the small gods and goddesses of the nursery. There is only just enough about the war to keep you in mind of it—the charming frontispiece, "News from the Front," is of the coming of good news, for the mother and little daughter are smiling over the letter they are reading; and there is the same spirit of happiness and the joy of life running all through the book. It is a wonder book, but a joyous wonder book, and one that in interest and amusement it would be difficult to excel.

THREE MEN—AND TRODDLES.

By R. ANDOM. (Newnes.)

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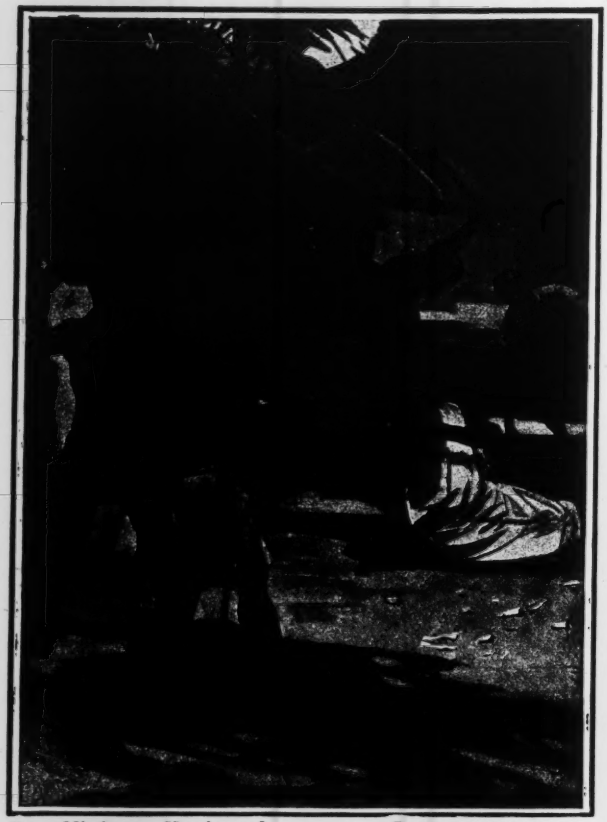

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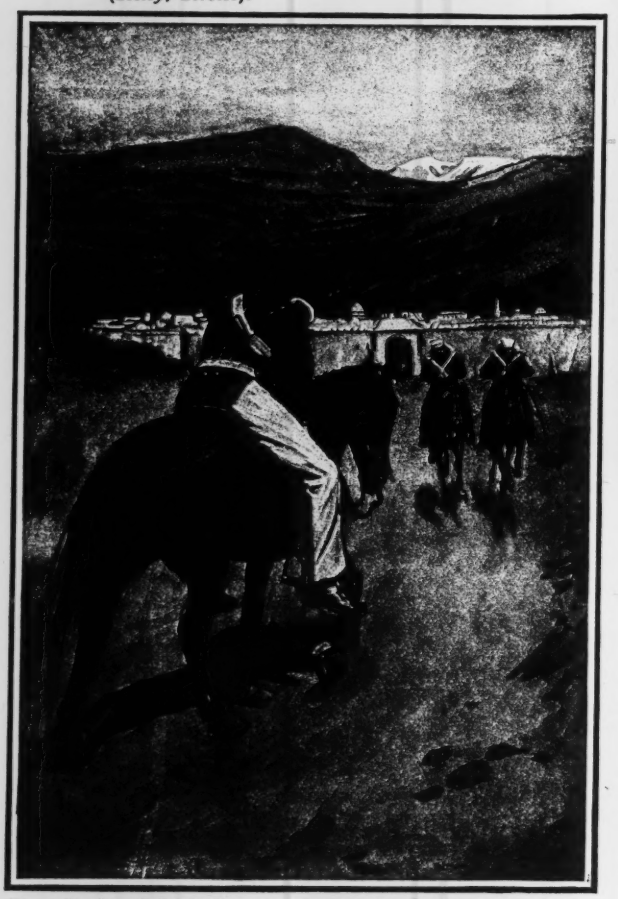

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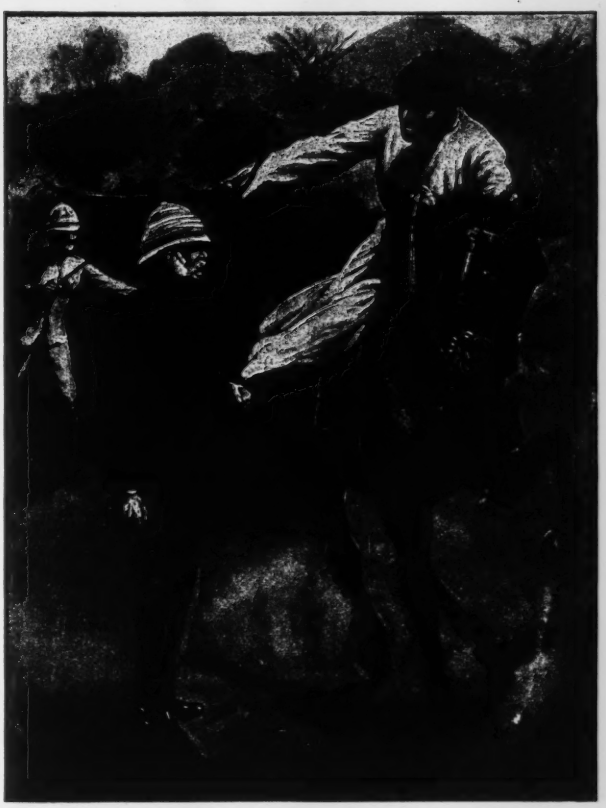

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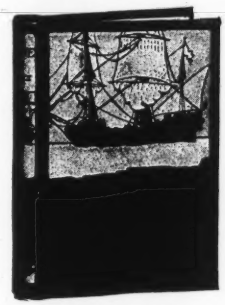

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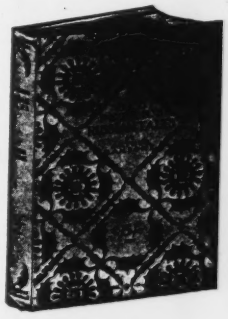

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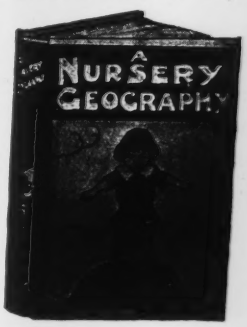

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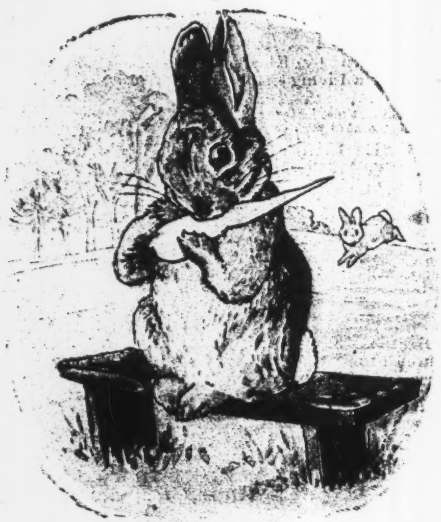

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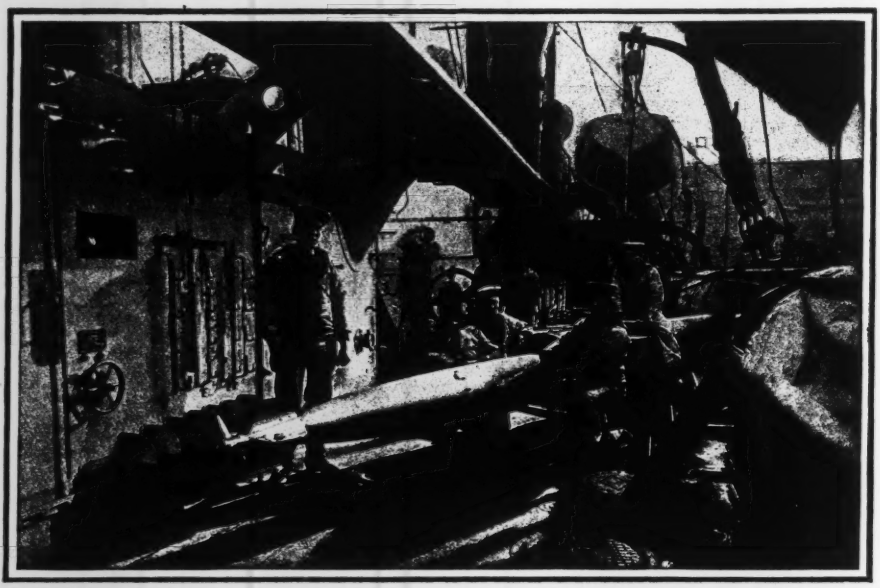

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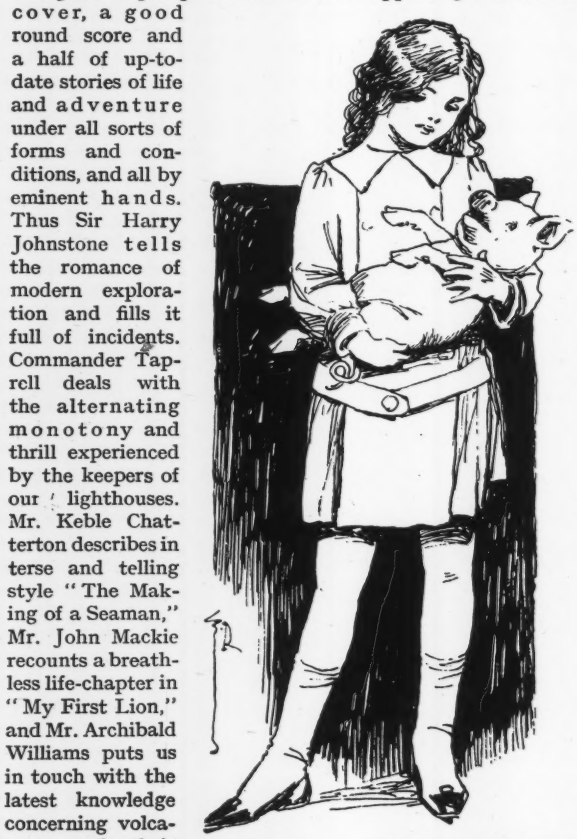

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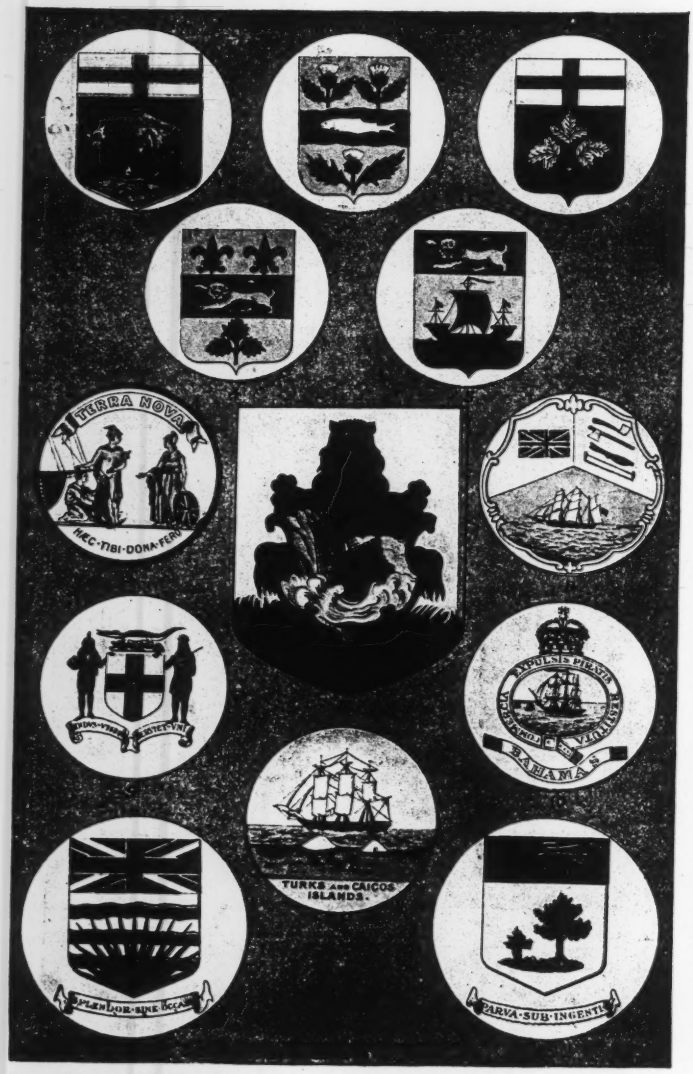

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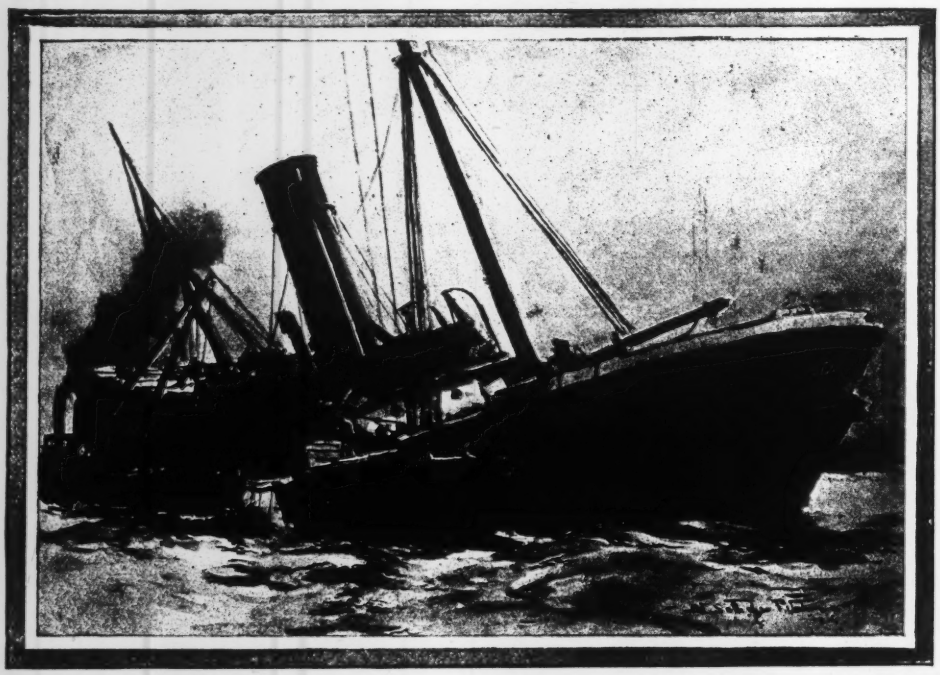
For nine successive years Herbert Strang's popular Annual has appeared with the other good things of Christmas-time to delight the hearts of its large and ever multiplying circle of readers. This year, it is no exaggeration to say it is even better than on any previous occasion. The atmosphere of war permeates its pages; there are exciting battle stories; and a host of excellent articles concerning warfare on land and sea: articles about Zeppelins, submarines, mine-sweepers, trench-railways, the use of fire in warfare, the British Empire, and kindred subjects, all of which will prove absorbingly interesting, and are eminently instructive. Tales and articles on a wide variety of other themes abound, including the always enjoyable school-story, and a contribution by the Editor of the *Cinema* showing how the picture play is produced. In fact everything that will appeal to the young manhood of the nation has been thought of and provided, and the result is a book that will be a most acceptable Christmas gift for any boy, and a never-failing source of pleasure to the lucky possessor.



From Herbert Strang's Annual
(*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

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From A Christmas Carol (*Kelly*).

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From Emdeé (*Macmillan*).

"CAN EMDEÉ GUESS WHAT HE HAS COME FOR?"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By CHARLES DICKENS. 3s. 6d. net. (Chas. H. Kelly.)

Of the story itself there is nothing to say, except that its appearance testifies to the ever-green memory of the author and the extent to which his Christmas tales have become interwoven with the traditions of Yule-tide. For the rest it is excellently printed, and the numerous illustrations by Gordon Robinson, four of them being full-page plates in colour, are not unworthy of the book. After a long familiarity with Cruikshank, "Phiz" and Mahoney, one is always apprehensive of a new illustrator of Dickens. It is not that our visualising of a Dickens character has become stereotyped, but a certain rigid standard has grown up in the mind—the pictured figure must conform to certain delicate criteria. The artist must have the "Dickens touch." In this respect we are glad to find that Mr. Robinson does not disappoint us. Scrooge is not exactly the Scrooge in our minds, but still it *is* Scrooge, and Bob Cratchit, Tiny Tim and the rest are much as our fancy paints them. The pen-and-ink sketches are really good work; the coloured illustrations we feel are just a trifle too vivid. A little more of the dim and

From Collins' Adventure Annual (*Collins*).

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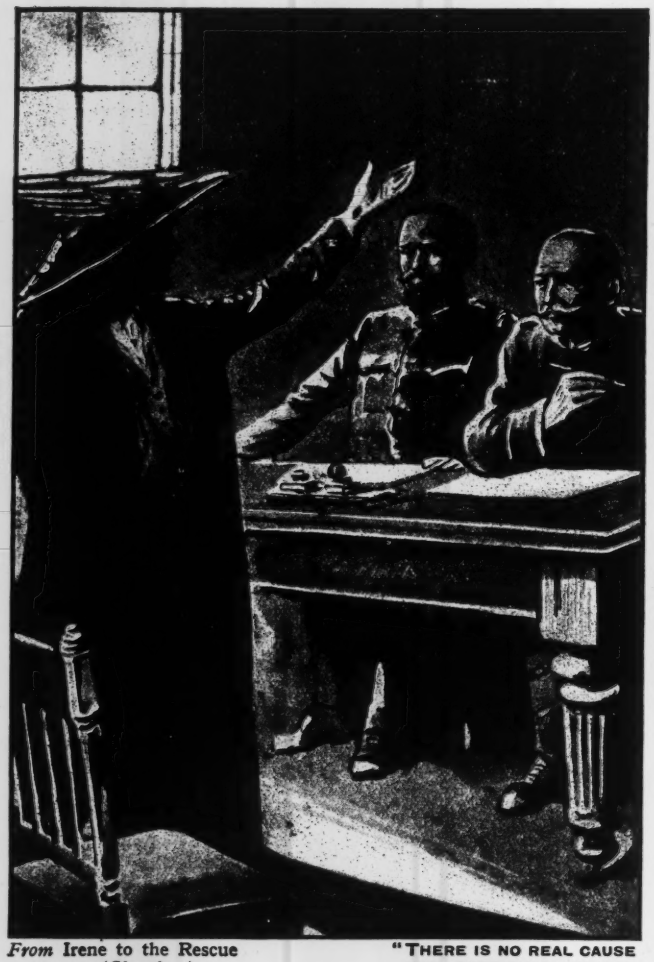
mystic side of things in the ghost pictures, for instance, would have been welcome. The binding of the book, too, is rather lacking in distinction, the result perhaps of the dearth of labour and material. Nevertheless, it makes an excellent gift-book for the season.

EDMÉE.

A Tale of the French Revolution. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. With Illustrations by G. DEMAIN HAMMOND. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)



From Irene to the Rescue (*Chambers*).

"THERE IS NO REAL CAUSE FOR SUSPICION AGAINST THE FAMILY."

A story by Mrs. Molesworth is always a safe choice to make when Christmas is drawing near. And from those young readers who have not yet enjoyed the story of Edmée's portrait, this volume, with its charming illustrations to double its attractiveness, will receive a warm welcome. In the old farmhouse of Belle Prairie hung, in the best parlour, the portrait of a little girl; and the Marcel children had been promised by their mother that some day they should hear the story of it. So, on Madame Marcel's birthday, the promise is fulfilled, and with breathless interest the children listen and learn that the lovely little child of the picture is their own great-grandmother, Edmée de Valmont, who lived at the time of the terrible French Revolution; and they hear, too, of the joys and sorrows which befell her, and the great dangers from which she escaped by the help of her faithful and devoted foster-brother, Pierre. It is a touching story, and will help in a wise and thoroughly enjoyable way to teach without seeming to teach something of the history of that troubled period and of the causes which led to it.

From John of Daunt (*Ward, Lock*).

"'WHEN YOU SAY WICKED WORDS,' SAID THE LITTLE BOY."

From Me and Jake (*Kelly*).

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THE RUSSIAN STORY BOOK.

By RICHARD WILSON. With 16 Illustrations in Colour and 34 in Line by FRANK C. PAPÉ. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The fifteen stories which compose this exceedingly attractive volume have been retold by Mr. Richard Wilson mainly from the song-cycles of Kiev and Novgorod, and the book is "an endeavour to show by means of some of the early legends the ideals and point of view of the Russian nation while it was in the process of being made." This, however, is no more than a purpose which should invest with interest for others a book which is primarily intended for the entertainment of boys and girls in their early teens. And a splendid entertainment it is—a glittering pageant of colour and action. There are no fairy stories like the old ones, and here are some of the oldest and strangest and most beautiful, retold by a practised and skilful writer. For Mr. Papé's illustrations, whether in colour or line, scarcely any praise could be too high. They are altogether worthy of the stories which have inspired them.

From The Russian Story Book (*Macmillan*).

FALCON THE HUNTER.

IRENE TO THE RESCUE.

The Story of an English Girl's Fight for the Right. By MAY BALDWIN. Illustrated by J. PETTS. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

It is the story of a plucky young Englishwoman that Miss May Baldwin tells in her new volume, and one that will surely please the youthful readers for whom it is written. The action for the most part takes place in France, where Irene and her mother are visiting that mother's sister—widow of a French landed proprietor—a few years before the outbreak of war. Irene has been brought up to believe that Maurice de Larney is her cousin and the son of her aunt, but chance makes known to her the truth that instead of being half-English, the youth is half-German. Then when the war breaks out Irene, comfortably in England, learns that Maurice and his aunts are prisoners, suspected of having assisted the enemy; she recalls her promise to her aunt and boldly goes to France and sets about establishing the innocence of the trio who have been denounced by panic-stricken villagers. By sheer pluck and pertinacity the girl goes on accumulating evidence, cheering the prisoners, and making herself famous by the indomitable courage with which she frankly confronts the authorities, and finally establishes her case, and demonstrates that she was right in her convictions despite the seeming weight of evidence. It is a bright and healthy romance.

JOHN OF DAUNT.

By ETHEL TURNER. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Ethel Turner's work is too well known in this country to need any preliminary remarks on her delightful style and able treatment of her subjects. It is sufficient to say that "John of Daunt" is told in a way that makes it a worthy successor to the many charming studies of Australian child life that have already issued from the pen of this gifted writer. This story concerning John is presented in a particularly skilful way—the time covered from first page to last being *one day*. And yet, as we close the book, we feel as if we have known John for years and years—for eight years, to be exact, for that is his age at the present time. Although we are only given a day's adventures, yet we get silhouette pictures of past happenings that build up a complete portrait of this entirely lovable and thoroughly boyish boy. But it is not all about John. Of course there is Dinky (his mother), and his father, and Dee, and many another: and what they all do on this day of adventures is well worth finding out. It is a book that will appeal to children and grown-ups alike; a delightful and realistic book that leaves many a pleasant memory in its wake.

ME AND JAKE.

By JOHN SALISBURY. 1s. 6d. net. (Kelly.)

Mr. John Salisbury retells in North-country dialect the experiences of some Durham miners and members of their families. His object is to make known the stories of their conversion, that by their example others may be led to abandon drinking and gambling and to accept the Christian faith. The confessions are quite genuine, the author assures us, correct names of persons and places being used, and photographs of "Harry" and "Jake" and "Uncle Richard" and their various companions are scattered through the pages, to give a final touch of reality to a very human and homely little book. It teaches in its simple fashion lessons in temperance and good living that help to make life happier for those who learn them. It will interest young and older readers alike.

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By Dorothea Moore. 6s. net. (Partridge.)

Answering an advertisement for an English girl to be a companion to a German schoolgirl during the holidays, Gillian Courtney finds herself, at the outbreak of war, stranded in Insterburg, a small, "buffer" state between Germany and France. Surrounded by unscrupulous enemies, she is yet able through her quick wits and dauntless courage, to frustrate their plans, and succeeds in rendering patriotic services both to her country and to friends who, like herself, are in the midst of danger. Miss Dorothea Moore has written a tale of topical interest, teeming with thrilling events and alive with excitement; it is admirably suitable for girls of twelve years old and upwards.

A MADCAP FAMILY.

By Amy le Feuvre. 2s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)

Sybil Donaghvan, adopted by her grandmother at an early age, has never known the companionship of other children, and is consequently inclined to be spoilt and vain for she is a very clever little violinist. Quite suddenly to her dismay she is transported from her grandmother's luxurious home to the heart of her own unknown family, and finds herself lonely and desolate, surrounded by a band of merry, mischievous brothers and sisters whose madcap ways astonish, amuse and aggravate her alternately. It takes some time, and many tears of anger and mortification, before she grows accustomed to the new rough-and-tumble life, where, instead of being an only child, pampered and petted, she is merely one of several, not expected to be offended at teasing and ridicule, and forced to think of others as well as herself. But Miss Le Feuvre shows how Sybil grows to love this at last even better than the more sedate, egotistical existence at her grandmother's, and how she learns the true meaning of those lines:

From The Black Princess. (*Simpkin Marshall.*)

"ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A KING WHO LIVED IN A CASTLE.'

> "And in me there dwells no greatness
> Save it be some far-off touch
> Of greatness to know well I am not great."

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Illustrated by René Bull. 6s. net. (Constable.)

Ten pictures in colour and a hundred drawings in black-and-white beautify this sumptuous edition of "The Arabian Nights." The full-page plates are gems of art, every one worthy of a frame; the artist with a generous application of gold and red and subtle shades of blue, has contrived to capture the true Oriental splendour of glowing life and jewelled wealth and luxury. No less decorative are the pen-and-ink illustrations in the text, combining to give a renewed value to these ever-fascinating old fairy tales.

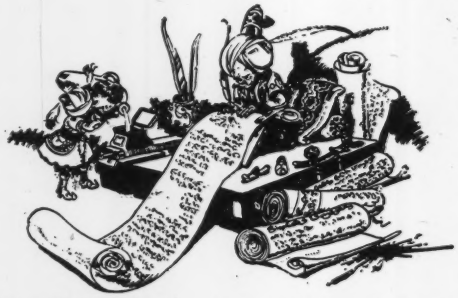
From Nursery Rhymes (*Warne*).

"I HAD A LITTLE HEN, THE PRETTIEST EVER SEEN."

THE GIRLS AT HIS BILLET.

By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions). 6s. (Hutchinson.)

It is hard to write of "Berta Ruck's" latest essay in humour and high spirits in the usual stock phrases of the reviewer. "The Girls at His Billet" doesn't fit them. It is written in a bright, sparkling, schoolgirl English which is as far removed from the efforts of the ordinary novelist as Land's End from John o'Groats. No serious person would call it literature. But at the same time it is extraordinarily typical, and it serves admirably to depict as amusing a character as recent fiction offers. Elizabeth has a triple love-story to tell, that of herself and her two sisters. In these days of war there is nothing especially original about it or about any of the situations to which it gives rise. But there is something so jolly, so inconsequent about the whole thing that you are bound to be swept off your feet by it if you have the slightest sense of humour. Thank you, Mrs. Oliver Onions—a delightful story!



From The Arabian Nights. (*Constable*).

". . . ORDERED ONE OF HIS SECRETARIES TO WRITE THEM."

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